

SHOOTING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, By H. V. MORTON. (Illustrated.)

# Country Life

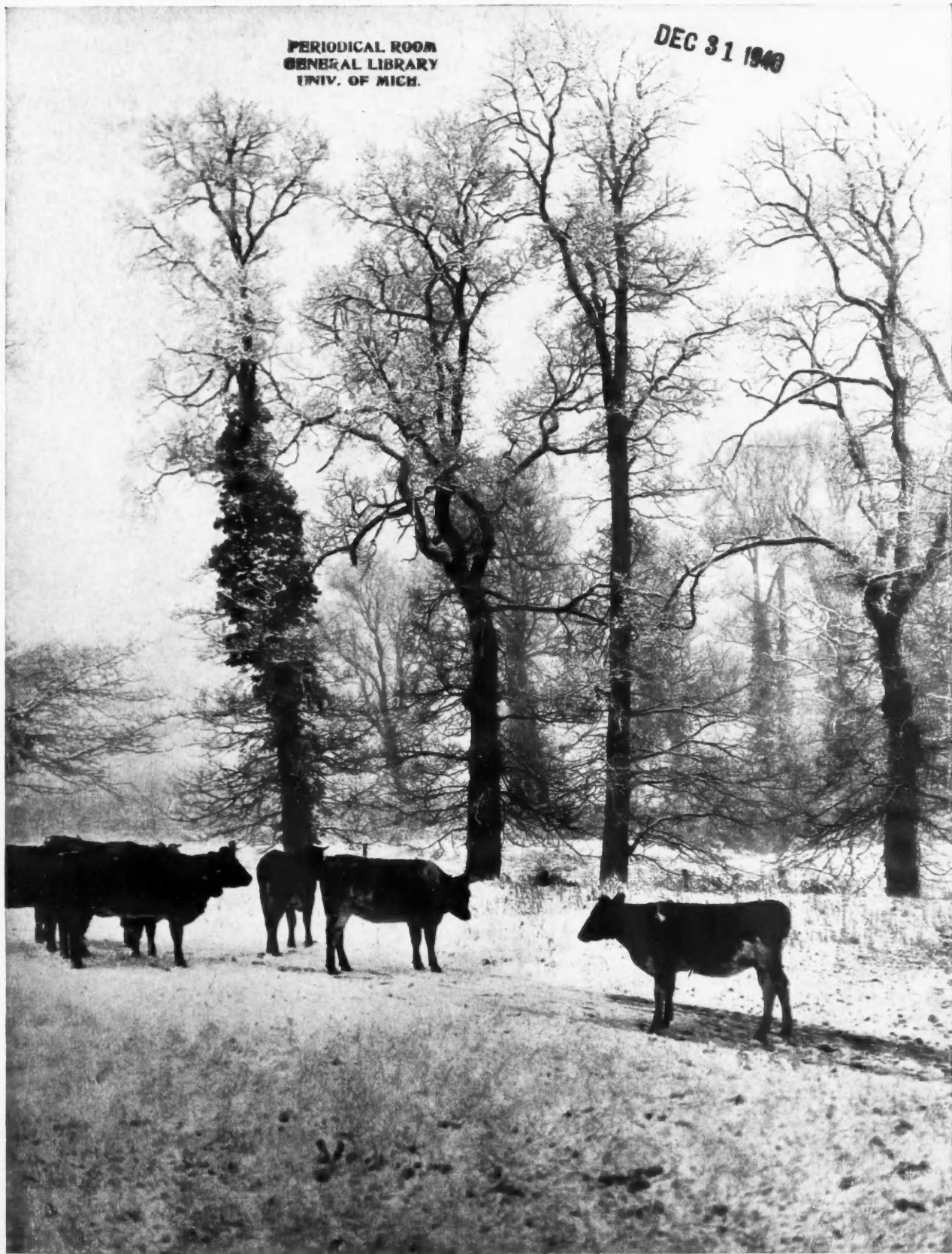
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NOVEMBER 30<sup>TH</sup> 1940

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## MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

## GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted AT THE RATE OF 2D. PER WORD prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

FURS that have not been tortured in traps. Ask for List from Major VAN DER BYL, Wappingham, Towcester.

SAVE money on Coal, Furnace Coke and Anthracite. Buy direct at Summer prices from the Colliery. Small trucks sent anywhere; smaller quantities by road to many districts. Coal from 24s. 6d. per ton. Write for particulars (free), BUCKLE COLLIERY Co., 84, Hales, Cheltenham.

MONOMARKS.—Special war facilities. Permanent postal address, 5s. yearly.—Write BM/MOX017, W.C.1.

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DICTAPHONE!—Dictaphone Office Dictating Set for Sale.—HOLDING, 4, Coldstream Place, Blackburn.

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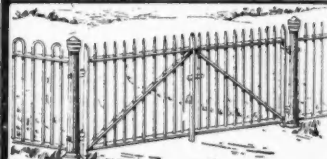
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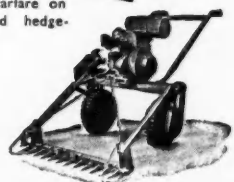


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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE  
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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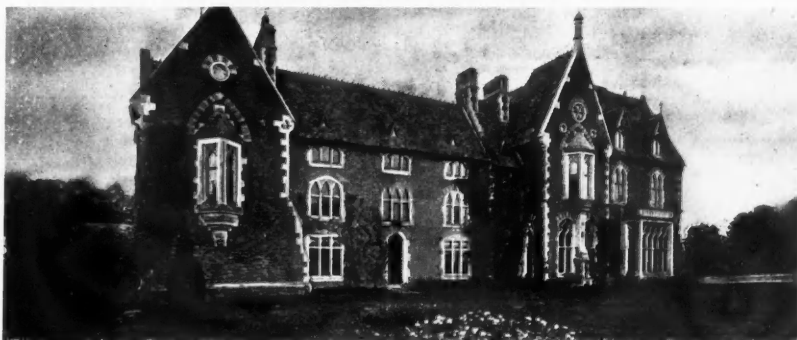
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A CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE.



with lounge and 3 other reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 bath, rooms.

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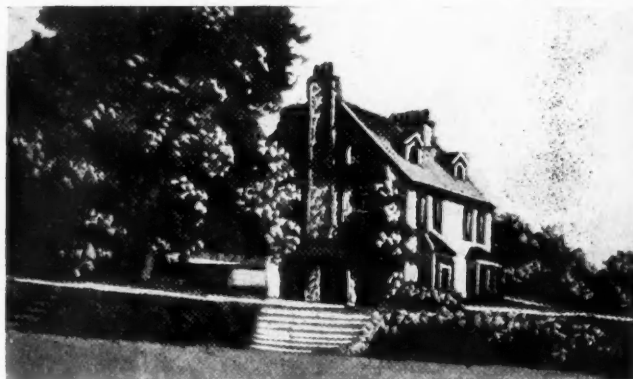
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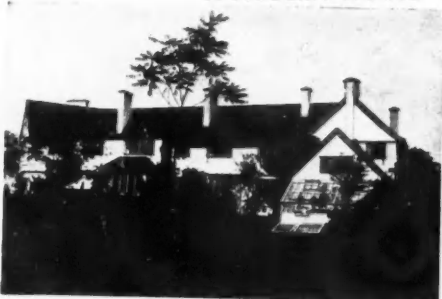
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Charming Grounds, kitchen garden and large indoor badminton court. Golf 1 mile.

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Stabling and garage premises.

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3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating.

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3 Garages. Stabling. Model Farmery.

GARDENS and LAND extending to 30 ACRES.

Agents: MAPLE & CO., as above.



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Telephone: Regent 8222 (Private Branch Exchange). Telegrams: "Selaniet, Piccy, London."



## BETWEEN DENHAM AND GERRARDS CROSS

*Pleasant position facing South-West. Close to Golf Course.*

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

**THIS MODERN QUEEN ANNE STYLE RESIDENCE ON TWO FLOORS.**



*In delightful woodland setting and approached by drive.*

SMALL ENTRANCE LOBBY WITH LOGGIA AT REAR,  
SPACIOUS DRAWING AND DINING ROOMS,  
MAIDS' SITTING ROOM,  
5 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS (2 with h. and c.),  
2 BATHROOMS AND COMPLETE OFFICES.

**PARQUET FLOORING THROUGHOUT THE GROUND FLOOR.**

*Electric light. Main water. Central heating.*

BRICK-BUILT GARAGE. KITCHEN GARDEN, WOODLAND, ETC.

**In all about 1¼ ACRES.**

**PRICE £3,100**

*Agents: HAMPTON & SONS LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (B. 48,853.) (REG. 8222.)*

## A SUMPTUOUSLY APPOINTED AND CHARMING RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE UNIQUE SITUATION, WITHIN 30 MINUTES FROM TOWN FOR SALE FREEHOLD FULLY AND LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED

IDEAL FOR PRIVATE OCCUPATION,  
SCHOOL OR BUSINESS FIRM'S CLUB.

Oak panelled hall and lounge,  
fine Ballroom,  
3 other reception rooms, 2 staircases,  
11 bed and dressing rooms,  
4 bathrooms, complete offices.

**INDOOR SWIMMING POOL**

*Central heating. All Co.'s services.*

*Excellent condition.*



COTTAGE. STABLING. GARAGE.  
HEATED GLASSHOUSES.

**LOVELY GROUNDS**

Water garden, hard tennis court, kitchen  
garden, paddock (for playing field) in all

**ABOUT 16 ACRES**

*Would be Let Furnished.*

*Most strongly recommended.*

*HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (S.33,224.) (REG. 8222.)*

## HERTS—HARPENDEN

*Occupying a secluded situation about a mile from the Station.*

**TO BE SOLD, THIS ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE**

having south-east aspect and containing:

ENTRANCE HALL, DRAWING ROOM (about 21ft. by 20ft.), DINING ROOM,  
MORNING ROOM, SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM AND USUAL OFFICES,  
PRINCIPAL BEDROOM SUITE WITH DRESSING AND BATHROOM,  
6 OTHER BEDROOMS AND 2 BATHROOMS.

*Polished floors throughout.*

*Co.'s electric light and power. Gas and water*

**GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.**

WELL LAID-OUT GROUNDS with grass tennis court, rose garden, water garden,  
formal garden, large orchard and a 2-acre paddock.

**In all about 4¼ ACRES. PRICE £4,500 FREEHOLD**

*Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (R.1857.) (REG. 8222.)*



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HAMPTON & SONS have many urgent enquiries for

**FIRST-CLASS AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS  
DAIRY AND MIXED FARMS  
FOR OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT**

Owners, Solicitors, Trustees and others, please communicate with  
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## OSBORN & MERCER

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
PICCADILLY, W.1.

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

### DORSET

In Parklands, adjoining Downs  
South aspect. Panoramic views.  
Long carriage drive.

#### GEORGIAN HOUSE



3 reception, 6 bedrooms (with lav. basins),  
2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating.

STABLING. COTTAGE. SQUASH COURT.

#### 11 ACRES

Immediate Sale desired.

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (17,085.)

### BUCKS

500ft. up, commanding exceptionally good views.  
A WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE  
with 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.  
Main Services. Central Heating.

For Sale with over 5 ACRES

Agents OSBORN & MERCER. (17,245.)

### ONLY £1,900

Some 300ft. up in a "safe" rural area.

#### A GEORGIAN HOUSE

with 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, modern  
conveniences. Stabling. Garage.

Well-timbered Grounds, with paddock, etc.; in all

#### ABOUT 2½ ACRES

Sole Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 2,122.)

### NORTHANTS

### SOMERSET-WILTS-DORSET BORDERS

#### A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE

with modern appointments and containing 3 reception,  
9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

2 Cottages. Stabling. Paddocks.

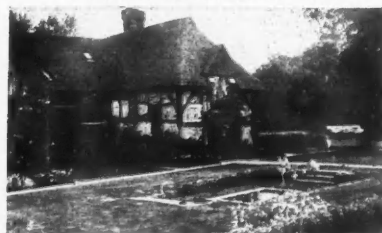
For Sale with 24 ACRES (or less if required).

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,183.)

### GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

#### DELIGHTFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE RESTORED & MODERNISED

In rural country with splendid views.



3 reception, 9 bedrooms (all with lavatory basins,  
h. & c.), 2 bathrooms.

A wealth of old oak, open fireplaces, etc.

Main services. Central heating

FINE OLD TITHE BARN CONVERTED INTO  
A COTTAGE.

Beautiful gardens, some woodland, pasture, etc.

#### ABOUT 20 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,006.)

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LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS

37, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1

### COUNTRY PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ADMIRABLY SUITED FOR OFFICES, SCHOOL OR  
OTHER INSTITUTION.

#### 30 MILES NORTH-WEST OF LONDON

SAFE AREA. Close station (good train service), shops, etc.

#### SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE

with the advantage of

ALL MAIN SERVICES AND CENTRAL  
HEATING.

Hall, 5 reception rooms (one 30 ft. by 21 ft.), 9-10 bedrooms,  
2 bathrooms, good domestic offices, conservatory.

Also  
BUNGALOW OF FOUR ROOMS.

FREEHOLD £6,000 OPEN TO OFFER  
IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

Particulars from Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South  
Audley Street, W.1. (Tel. 21,985.)

### SURREY. OLD TUDOR COTTAGE

6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING  
COMPANY'S WATER.

OLD TUDOR BARN used as a garage.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

#### PRICE £3,000 WITH SEVEN ACRES

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Audley Street, W.1. (Tel. 18,085.)

### WAR DAMAGE

and

#### REQUISITION CLAIMS

are dealt with by a

STAFF OF EXPERIENCED SURVEYORS.

COLLINS & COLLINS,

37, South Audley Street, W.1. (Gro. 3231.)

### AGRICULTURAL LAND

#### WANTED

FOR INVESTMENT.

#### A TRUST FUND OF £150,000

has been set aside  
for the purchase of

HIGH-CLASS FARMS.

and is available in sums of

£5,000 UPWARDS TO SHOW 4 PER CENT.

OWNER-OCCUPIER OR SITTING TENANTS  
can remain undisturbed.

Only good quality land considered.

Particulars to Messrs. COLLINS & COLLINS, 37, South  
Audley Street, London, W.1.

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 2252  
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## CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

### SUSSEX FARM BARGAIN

Excellent dairy holding of

#### 162 ACRES

the subject of considerable expenditure.

Picturesque old farm house with 3 bedrooms, bathroom,  
2 reception rooms, kitchen, larder, etc.

Garage. Capital Cottage.

Excellent farmbuildings. Valuable road frontages.

#### PRICE £4,250

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### CHILTERN HILLS

500ft. up, easily accessible to London and designed  
by Mr. P. Morley Horder.

#### AN EXCELLENT MODERN HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (5 basins),  
2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating.  
Garage.

Delightful Gardens with Tennis Court and Orchard.

#### 2 ACRES PRICE £5,000

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### WILTS. ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS

#### EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.  
Every convenience and comfort.

Garage. Stabling. 2 lodges.

Lovely gardens and park

#### ABOUT 84 ACRES

#### FREEHOLD FOR SALE

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### CHESHIRE

ON BORDERS OF DERBYSHIRE AND STAFFORDSHIRE.  
Macclesfield 4 miles. Manchester 23 miles. Good approach roads.



The FARMHOUSE has 6 rooms. The FARMBUILDINGS are modern and of stone and at present  
house a pedigree herd of Shorthorns. Live and dead stock could be purchased. Tying for 23 head, also  
several good loose boxes. Can accommodate up to 40 head. Stables, pigsties, etc. Excellent electric  
and water supply. Good road approach to all fields. The whole within a ring fence. The  
residence and a few acres could be sold separately. Immediate possession.

W. H. SUTTON & SONS, Estate Agents, Auctioneers, Surveyors and Valuers 60, Spring Gardens,  
Manchester, and at Bank Square, Wilmslow.

COUNTRY HOUSE,  
adjoining grouse  
moors, magnificent  
scenery.

MODEL HOME FARM  
with 75 Acres, also  
Small Farm adjoining  
of 20 Acres with good  
house and buildings.  
The HOUSE, built of  
local stone in 1921, is  
Cotswold in character  
and contains: 2 reception  
and library -  
billiards room, 6-7 bed-  
rooms. Rock garden  
containing rare speci-  
mens.

### TO LET

#### ST. BRIAVELS CASTLE (GLOS.)

Safe area. In seclusion of Wye Valley.



SMALL MEDIAEVAL CASTLE, only 1½ Acres.—  
Inexpensive upkeep, comprising: Front hall, dining  
room, drawing room, chapel (or courtroom), smoking room,  
dungeon, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc., and usual domestic  
quarters. Water, drainage and electric light.

For further particulars apply to:

Messrs. J. CARTER JONAS & SONS,  
11, King Edward Street, OXFORD.

# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines)

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
12, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

## £3 PER ACRE GRAZING LAND IN DEVON FOR SALE

A compact holding of some 250 ACRES of some of the RICHEST LAND IN THE COUNTY, and carrying a delightful GEORGIAN HOUSE—modernised and containing 6 bed, 2 bath and 4 reception rooms, etc.

Electricity throughout; h. and c. water in all bedrooms.

All requisite and SUPERIOR BUILDINGS.

BAILIFF'S HOUSE AND COTTAGES.

Full particulars from GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

Free in the Market.

## SURREY HILLS

Rural but very accessible. ½ mile of station with excellent service.

7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, first-rate offices. All Co.'s services. Main drainage.

LOGGIA. GARAGE. A.R.P. SHELTER.

1½ ACRES of delightful Gardens, with Tennis Lawn and bounded by Stream.

PRICE and full particulars from Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.1125.)



## SOUTH DOWNS

Reach of excellent electric trains to London.



## CHARMING MODERN HOUSE

with all main services and fitted basins in bedrooms.

7 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms. Garage.

2 ACRES SECLUDED GARDEN, kitchen garden, orchard.

PRICE £3,500

The contents can be purchased if desired; 15 acres grass-land also available.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.2006.)

Quite fresh in the Market.

## HAMPSHIRE

In a very secluded and quiet position in well-timbered country.

## FOR SALE

A HOUSE OF DISTINCT CHARACTER standing in about 20 ACRES

and containing 12 bed and dressing (h. and c. basins), 3 bath and 4 reception rooms, etc. Co.'s services.

STABLING. GARAGE AND FLAT.

Low Price for Quick Sale

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

Free in the Market.

£7,000.

## MIDLANDS

Handy for Station with admirable express rail services, yet amidst unspoiled rural surroundings.

9 bed (h. & c. basins in most), 2 bath and 4 reception rooms. Co.'s Services. Central Heating.

GARAGES for 3. STABLING. LODGE.

Matured Grounds with Hard Court and 2 useful Paddocks.

Full particulars from GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

## £4,500 WITH 4½ ACRES, NEAR EXETER

High up with a glorious panorama and recently completely modernised.

7 bedrooms (some h. & c. basins), 2 bath and 3 reception rooms. Co.'s Services.

GARAGE. STABLE. COTTAGE.

Well-timbered and most attractive Gardens, Tennis Lawn and a Paddock.

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.7144.)

## BERKSHIRE DOWNS

OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE.

2 miles station.

## SMALL MODERN HOUSE

FACING SOUTH.

6 BED (some fitted basins), BATH, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

Main water, electricity and drainage.

GARAGE (3 cars).

Tennis court, walled kitchen garden, orchard, paddock.

13 ACRES. FOR SALE

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4700.)

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.  
'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

# TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR "DURATION"

£1,000 p.a.

About 22 MILES South of LONDON.

Near station and village, but rural.

## DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER COUNTRY HOUSE

Excellent order. Main services. Telephone. Central heating. "Aga" cooker.

16 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 7 reception.

Large garage and stores. Cottage. Beautiful inexpensive grounds. HARD and grass TENNIS COURTS, etc.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (3973.)

£2,000 FREEHOLD BARGAIN

## WELSH BORDERS

Trout and Salmon Fishing available. Hunting. Golf. Secluded position near small Town and Station.

## MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE in excellent order.

3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7-8 bedrooms.

Main services. Telephone. Radiators. "Aga" cooker.

Garage. Charming productive Garden of about an Acre.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,917.)

## GLOS.

NOT TO LET. £7,500

ACCESSIBLE LONDON AND BRISTOL.

## LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE

20 BEDROOMS. 4 RECEPTION. 4 BATHROOMS.

Electric light. Central heating. Main water.

3 COTTAGES. GARAGES.

50 ACRES

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (14,352.)

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

BERKS In small town between Newbury and Oxford.

## XVIIIth CENTURY HOUSE

3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7-9 bedrooms.

ALSO 4 rooms, quite separate, let at £60 p.a. on lease.

All main services. Constant hot water.

STABLING for 2. GARAGE.

Secluded walled garden.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,427.)

## EAST DEVON

## HISTORICAL MANOR HOUSE

7 bedrooms, 3-4 reception rooms.

2 cottages, stabling, farmbuildings.

150 acres rich meadow and pasture, remainder arable and orchard.

200 ACRES. 1 MILE TROUT FISHING

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,935.)

£5,000

20 ACRES

OXON—BUCKS (borders; about 12 miles from High Wycombe and Henley; 300ft. up on Chilterns).

## DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 8 bedrooms.

Electric light. Telephone.

STABLING. COTTAGE. GARAGE.

## HARD TENNIS COURT. CHARMING GARDENS

Kitchen garden, pasture and woodland.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (13,227.)

In the lovely country between

## PENSHURST & EAST GRINSTEAD

Overlooking the Ashdown Forest.

## A DELIGHTFUL ELIZABETHAN COTTAGE

Full of old oak, but modernised; electric light, telephone, gas.

Lounge with deep ingle, 2 other receptions.

Cloakroom, bathroom, 4 bedrooms.

Cellar. Double Garage.

Pretty Gardens. Fruit and vegetables and pasture

ABOUT 9 ACRES

Furnished, Rent 5½ gns. per week.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

Also at  
RUGBY,  
BIRMINGHAM,

# JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

OXFORD,  
CHIPPING  
NORTON.

## FARMS FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

WORCESTERSHIRE.—270 acres, 2 residences, fine buildings, 7 cottages. A really first-class proposition. (L.R. 15,618.)

WILTSHIRE.—500 acres, Cotswold type Manor House, 4 cottages, cow houses for 52. (L.R. 10,013.)

BEDFORDSHIRE.—100 acres (or 225 acres). Magnificent cow houses for accredited herd, nice house, main water and electricity. (L.R. 15,694.)

OXFORDSHIRE.—157 acres (150 pasture) with excellent house and buildings. (L.R. 15,197.)

N. DORSET.—140 acres (grass farm), roomy house, ample buildings. (L.R. 8162.)

CENTRAL MIDLANDS.—215 acres, superior residence, good district. (L.R. 15,502.)

DEVON.—550 acres, 4 cottages, fine range of buildings. (L.R. 15,487.)

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

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## 440 ACRES 2 MILES OF FISHING

One of the most attractive investment propositions in the market at the present time.

The property includes a very nice old FARMHOUSE, with excellent buildings. There are 5 Cottages.

Main water and electricity are available.

The estate would, if required, be divided and sold with less land.

Full details on application to JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 14,458A.)

## FARMS FOR SALE AS INVESTMENT

SHROPSHIRE.—350 acres, 2 good houses and 2 sets of buildings, 3 cottages. To show 5 per cent. (L.R. 15,702.)

DORSET.—530 acres, superior residence and magnificent buildings, 6 cottages (2 tenancies). To show 4 per cent. (L.R. 10,385.)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—320 acres, farmhouse, 2 cottages. To show 4 per cent. (L.R. 19,320.)

WILTSHIRE.—205 acres, good farmhouse, cottage and buildings. To show about 4½ per cent. (L.R. 10,461.)

DEVON.—223 acres, house of real character, 3 cottages, plenty of good buildings. To show 4 per cent. (L.R. 15,172.)

COTSWOLDS.—460 acres, 3 cottages. To show 4½ per cent. (L.R. 15,316.)

HAMPSHIRE.—350 acres, 4 cottages, fine set of buildings and good residence. To show about 5 per cent. (L.R. 15,479.)

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5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines.)  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

### SOUTH-WEST SURREY

PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE IN THE GEORGIAN STYLE



IN ALL ABOUT 2½ ACRES.

LONDON ABOUT 45 MILES.

#### ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

affording every labour-saving device that modern ingenuity can provide.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS. 10 BEDROOMS.  
8 BATHROOMS.

GARAGE.

LODGE.

Central heating; main water and electricity;  
modern drainage.

SECLUDED GROUNDS SCREENED BY FINE  
TREES, WIDE LAWNS, HERBACEOUS BORDERS,  
FORMAL GARDENS, ETC.



TO BE LET FURNISHED OR MIGHT BE SOLD FREEHOLD

Further particulars of CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,008.)

**SOMERSET** (Yeovil 7 miles).—Attractive STONE-BUILT HOUSE with old mullion windows, standing in finely timbered grounds. 3-4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices. Electric light; main water. Garage and stabling. Gardener's cottage. Charming Gardens and Grounds, interspersed with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES. Hunting and Golf. For SALE Freehold at a Reduced Price. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

**BERKSHIRE** (about 12 miles from Reading, and conveniently placed in a village).—4 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Electric light; part central heating. Garage for 4 cars with rooms for chauffeur. Grass tennis court. Over 12 acres of grounds. Well-stocked kitchen gardens.

TO LET FURNISHED AT A REASONABLE RENT,  
or FOR SALE.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (8950.)

**DORSETSHIRE**.—A Fine RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, comprising Charming Old Tudor Residence, 2 excellent Farms of 900 Acres; 15 Cottages. Pastureland in hand. Fishing and sporting rights.

IN ALL ABOUT 1,000 ACRES.

Surrounded by a ring fence.

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

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NORTHAMPTON  
LEEDS

## JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

CIRENCESTER  
YEovil  
DUBLIN

STOPS HOUSE, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

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### A QUIET AND SAFE RETREAT

MAGNIFICENT POSITION IN LAKE DISTRICT.  
XVth CENTURY FARMHOUSE



12 Guineas per Week.

Particulars and photographs from JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 14, Curzon Street, W.1. (Tel.: Gros. 1811.)

containing 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom.

142 Acres Let Off.

Commodious outbuildings.

Trout and salmon fishing.

PRICE FREEHOLD  
£6,000

Furniture could be taken over at valuation. Or would be Let Furnished for duration.

### LEICESTERSHIRE

SAFE AREA. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.  
CHARMING ELIZABETHAN HOUSE

In perfect order.

3 reception rooms.

6 bedrooms.

Bathroom.

Company's electric light.

PRETTY GARDEN.

GARAGES.

Stabling.

Model Cow House.

25 ACRES.



FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE FIGURE

Strongly recommended by the Agents JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton. (Tel.: Northampton 2615.) (9,244.)

### FARMS AND ESTATES FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

viz:—

#### FRUIT AND MIXED FARM of 95 ACRES

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHELTENHAM.

Interesting OLD TIMBERED HOUSE, with 6 bedrooms, etc. Co.'s electric light, gas and water. Good garden.

AMPLE FARMBUILDINGS.

FOR SALE with 8½ or up to 95 ACRES

JACKSON STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester. (Tel.: Cirencester 334-5.) (Fo. 5,187.)

#### 740 ACRES VERY RICH LOAM LAND

with GOOD HOUSE, 5 Cottages, very extensive Farm Buildings, all in a ring fence, including Pasture 390, Arable 220, Orchard 40, Woodlands 87; mile of fishing.

HEREFORDSHIRE—in the Golden Valley.

WITH POSSESSION OR WOULD RENT BACK.

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#### HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS

CIRENCESTER 5 MILES.

Perfect characterised RESIDENCE in lovely situation. 3 reception, 5 bed., etc. Cottage. Outbuildings.

112 ACRES LAND (let at £132 10s. p.a.).

No Tithe or Land Tax. Stream.

FOR SALE (Immediate Possession of House) PRICE £6,500.

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#### WEST OF THE COTSWOLDS

NEAR CIRENCESTER

#### SOUND MIXED ESTATE OF 490 ACRES

Level lying and with some matured timber.

GOOD RESIDENCE. 4 COTTAGES.

3 Sets of Buildings in good repair.

EARLY POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT.

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### FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET

TO LET FURNISHED.

**DERBYSHIRE** (in the renowned Dove Dale country, away from industrial areas).—Well-equipped, modernised RESIDENCE; 2 reception, 5 excellent bedrooms, bathroom; electricity, central heating; garage; gardens, grounds. Attractively furnished. Rent 5 guineas per week.—Apply, RICHARDSON & LINNELL, F.A.I., St. James's Sale Rooms, Derby.

**DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES**  
THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2.6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,

(Est. 1884.)

EXETER.

**HERTS** (16 miles north-west).—A well-built HOUSE: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception, etc.; large detached garage; excellent walled garden, greenhouse, conservatory, etc.; all main services. Executors' Sale and immediate possession will be given. A real bargain at £1,950 Freehold.—Sole Agents, BROAD & PATEY, Watford.

### FARM FOR SALE

**NEAR DAVENTRY** (Northants).—Choice FARM, 160 Acres. Picturesque stone Farmhouse; Company's electricity; good buildings. Reasonable price. No tithe. Early vacant possession.—Apply, HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO., Land Agents and Surveyors, Market Harborough.

**LEICESTERSHIRE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES**  
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(ESTABLISHED 1809.) MARKET HARBOURGH.  
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### 30 MILES FROM LONDON IN LOVELY UNSPOILT COUNTRY



THIS BEAUTIFUL PERIOD HOUSE, RICH IN CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES AND THOROUGHLY UP TO DATE, WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING, ETC. 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 12 BEDROOMS, BATHROOMS, STABLING, GARAGES, SEVERAL COTTAGES, LOVELY OLD GARDENS OF SINGULAR CHARM WITH ORNAMENTAL WATER. MODEL HOME FARM.

#### FOR SALE WITH 120 ACRES

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#### Beautifully Appointed STONE-BUILT HOUSE

in splendid order. Up-to-date in every respect.

Electricity. Radiators throughout. Wash basins (h. and c.) to bedrooms. 4 charming reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths. Stabling. Garages. Cottage.

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modernised and improved regardless of cost and in exceptionally good order; lounge hall, 4 reception model domestic offices, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; Esse cooker; central heating throughout; basins in nearly all bedrooms; electricity and water from mains. Large garage, entrance lodge, stabling, separate cottage. Beautiful well-timbered grounds with

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SIX ACRES of valuable woodland (mostly oaks) and 7 enclosures of pasture.

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IDEAL SAFETY AREA ON A SLOPE OF THE CHILTERN HILLS; 23 MILES LONDON

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3 RECEPTION. 6 BEDROOMS. 2 BATHROOMS.

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ON THE FRINGE OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.  
3 MILES FROM KENDAL.

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IN A BEAUTIFUL SITUATION 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, FACING SOUTH WITH EXTENSIVE VIEWS OVERLOOKING MORECAMBE BAY, WHICH IS ABOUT 5 MILES DISTANT.

LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, LOGGIA,  
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COMPANY'S WATER, MODERN DRAINAGE; ELECTRICITY AVAILABLE. GARAGE.

#### LOVELY GROUNDS

with hard and grass tennis courts, shrubbery and woodland; rest pasture; in all

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£5,500

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2,965 ACRES. GROSS RENTS £2,601. OUTGOINGS £400

FOR SALE AS A WHOLE OR IN 3 LOTS, FORMING EXCELLENT INVESTMENTS

LOT 1. LANGTON HOUSE, FARM, 9 COTTAGES, BUILDING LAND AND WOODLANDS. 737 ACRES. GROSS RENTS £946 (ESTIMATED). TITHE £176.

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A RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF 500 TO 1,500 ACRES  
WITH NOT TOO LARGE A RESIDENCE

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ONLY £2,950

LOVELY SITUATION: WELL AWAY FROM DANGER ZONES.

A COUNTRY RETREAT WHICH SHOULD BE PERFECTLY SAFE



#### A CHARMING OLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE

in excellent condition and equipped with modern conveniences: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and dressing room.

Electric lighting from own plant.

Double garage, stabling.

THE GARDENS are beautiful because of their natural formation, are profusely wooded, and there is a wonderful array of rhododendron plantations bordered by pretty streams and waterfalls. The total area is about

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A SAFE AREA IN DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY.

With extensive views of the Quantock and Blackdown Hills.

£2,000 WITH 2 ACRES



A quaint and picturesque HOUSE about 300 years old. Restored and modernised. The situation is peaceful and secluded, with 'bus service near, and the rooms are unusually spacious. 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Lighting and cooking by cylinder petrol gas (efficient and economical) constant hot water service, septic tank drainage. Garage.

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FOR SALE FREEHOLD with 16½ ACRES

AN EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

with a very homely atmosphere; on 2 floors only and in perfect order.

Lounge hall, drawing room (30ft. long), dining room, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electric light and power, partial central heating, running water in bedrooms.

2 Garages. Exceptionally good stabling with 6 roomy loose boxes.

Charming gardens, orchard and large paddock.

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**SMALL ESTATE**  
with House with about 10 bedrooms and modern conveniences.  
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**SUBSTANTIAL AGRICULTURAL ESTATE**  
up to  
**3,000 ACRES**  
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**SMALL PERIOD OR GOOD MODERN  
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in secluded position.  
**ABOUT £10,000 AVAILABLE**  
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**OLD OR MODERN CHARACTER HOUSE**  
Away from towns and development.  
About 8-10 bedrooms and enough land for protection.  
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Really exceptional  
**QUEEN ANNE OR EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSE**  
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Price of secondary importance for right property.  
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TO BE LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.



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4 reception, and billiards room, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath rooms.  
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Garages for 5. Stabling for 10.  
**BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS. 20 ACRES.**  
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**DELIGHTFUL TUDOR RESIDENCE**  
in rural surroundings.  
Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath room, modern offices  
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COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT, POWER AND WATER.  
Large barn, stabling, outbuildings.  
**ABOUT 7 ACRES**  
**UNFURNISHED ON LEASE £225 PER ANNUM**  
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**AN ORIGINAL STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN HOUSE**  
Approached by a long drive with Entrance Lodge and enjoying panoramic views  
3 or 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms.  
**Electric light. Ample gravity water. Swimming pool. Garages. Kennels.**  
**28 ACRES ONLY £3,500 Or including 2 Farms and Woodland,**  
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**MAGNIFICENT POSITION ON THE BLACKDOWN HILLS.**  
**STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE**  
Hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bath rooms; electric light and  
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**30 OR 166 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD**  
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4 MILES FROM DORCHESTER.

### GEORGIAN-STYLE HOUSE

containing  
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2 BATH ROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING.  
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ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS AND  
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**20 ACRES ONLY £4,950**

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**WANTED.** by middle-aged lady and gentleman of  
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1 mile station. Electric service.  
**Well-built and Comfortable HOUSE**  
4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.  
All main services. Central heating.  
Garages (3). Lodge. 2 Cottages. Stabling.  
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**OVER 12 ACRES. £6,000 OR OFFER**  
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3 reception, 13 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.  
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c.4

IN WELL-WOODED AND UNDULATING COUNTRY, ONLY 1 MILE FROM THE STATION.

## PICTURESQUE MODERN THATCHED RESIDENCE

built with the finest materials and workmanship  
throughout.

Entrance porch and inner hall, 3 large reception  
rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, com-  
plete offices, servants' hall.

All main services including central heating.

## GOOD GARAGE.

Cottage with 2 bedrooms and bathroom, etc.

AIR-RAID SHELTER CONSTRUCTED OF  
RE-INFORCED CONCRETE 18IN. THICK.

Electric light and heating.

WELL ESTABLISHED AND DELIGHTFUL  
GROUNDS.

Yew hedges, kitchen and fruit gardens, tennis lawn  
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2 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

2 RECEPTION.

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BATHROOM.

GARAGE.



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Orchard and several enclosures of grassland

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A CHARMING  
RESIDENCE

3 reception.

7 bedrooms.

Bathroom.

Central heating.

Electric light and  
main services.

GARAGE 2 CARS.

EXCELLENT  
GARDEN

with lawn and kitchen  
garden.

## BORDERS OF NOTTS AND LEICESTER

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Occupying a very favoured position with views over open country; about 7 miles  
from Nottingham.

Exceptionally Choice Residence of unusual design and with many  
Features. For Sale Freehold.

Large drawing room,  
dining room, 4 good  
bedrooms, bathroom,  
usual offices; cottage,  
garage, stabling.

Central heating.

Modern drainage.

Co.'s electric light and  
water.

The grounds include  
fountains in the  
Spanish and French  
styles, pergolas, crazy  
paving, terrace, kit-  
chen garden, orchard,  
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4 ACRES

Shooting in district.

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IN THE LOVELY HILL COUNTRY FOR WHICH THIS DISTRICT IS FAMED; 3 MILES FROM STATION, WITH ELECTRIC TRAINS TO  
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## RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY

including a most

## ATTRACTIVE FLINT-BUILT FARMHOUSE

FOR THE OCCUPATION OF THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

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DRESSING ROOM.

2 BATHROOMS.

DETACHED FULL-SIZE BILLIARD ROOM.

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Complete central heating.

GARAGE FOR 4.

10 LOOSE BOXES.

COWHOUSE, FARMERY AND COTTAGE.

SMALL BUT PRETTY GARDENS WITH WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, ABOUT 8 ACRES OF WOODLAND AND AN AREA OF GRASSLAND.

The total extending in all to

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Combining country quietude with the amenities of a small  
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RESIDENCE

enjoying a pleasing prospect of the surrounding country  
and distant view of the Downs.

3 reception, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating. Fitted basins.

GARAGE. OUTBUILDINGS. LODGE.

Shady gardens, hard tennis court, prolific  
kitchen garden and a paddock.

In all about

6 1/2 ACRES

FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500

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## UNIQUE RESIDENCE

designed specially for the present owner and in excellent  
order throughout; adjoining golf course and accessible  
to station.

Entrance and sitting hall, 25ft. by 25ft.; lounge, 40ft.  
by 30ft.; dining room, 20ft. by 20ft.; verandah, 6 good  
bedrooms arranged in suites, 3 bathroom.

Central heating, electric light and main services.

Large garage.

LOVELY GARDEN with lawn, kitchen garden, rose  
garden, shady trees; in all nearly

2 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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ARCHITECT-DESIGNED RESIDENCE  
WITH HARD TENNIS COURT

s.1

North-west suburb with direct service to the City or South  
London; quiet position in unspoilt residential surroundings,  
amidst property of a similar character.

DETACHED MODERN CHARACTER  
HOUSE

facing south and practically ready to walk into; hall  
with cloak room (h. and c.), 3 reception, 5 bedrooms,  
bathroom; oak parquet and teak strip floors; 3 fitted  
basins (h. and c.).

Electric fire and gas points and all main services.

Partial central heating.

Large garage.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, with well-grown trees, green  
hard tennis court and other features.

OWNER WILLING TO SACRIFICE FOR QUICK SALE.

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7 miles from Midhurst. 6 miles from Petersfield.

A VERY DELIGHTFUL PROPERTY SITUATED IN PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS AND HAVING EXCEPTIONALLY FINE VIEWS FROM ALL THE PRINCIPAL ROOMS.

**THE RESIDENCE**

has half-timbered elevations and is soundly constructed, the accommodation arranged so as to obtain the maximum amount of sun.

5 bedrooms, boxroom, fitted bathroom, entrance and dining room (having fine carved oak panelling), lounge (with magnificent oak panelling), morning room, kitchen and complete domestic offices.



Garages. Store-rooms.  
Potting sheds. Summer house.  
Company's electric lighting.

The GARDENS and GROUNDS are a particularly charming feature of the property and have been most cleverly laid out and are easily maintained. There are a wide expanse of lawns, rockery (with lily pond and fountain), kitchen garden, orchard and paddock; the whole extending to an area of about

**6½ ACRES**

For particulars and price apply to FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected and can thoroughly recommend the property to prospective purchasers.

**SOUTH HAMPSHIRE**

Close to the New Forest.

About 10 miles from Bournemouth.

In delightful wooded surroundings.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD****THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE**

fitted with all conveniences and comforts.

5 BEDROOMS, 2 DRESSING ROOMS,  
WELL-FITTED BATHROOM,  
LOUNGE HALL,  
3 SITTING ROOMS (one 30ft. by 20ft.),  
GOOD DOMESTIC OFFICES.  
GARAGE for 2 cars.



Central heating. Electric lighting.  
Gas. Main water and drainage

OAK PANELLING AND FLOORS.

SECLUDED GROUNDS  
with lawns, walled-in garden; the whole  
extending to about

**1 ACRE**

THE RESIDENCE IS DELIGHTFULLY  
FURNISHED WITH ANTIQUES AND  
WOULD BE LET IF DESIRED.

For particulars, price and rental, apply FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**HAMPSHIRE****TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR DURATION OF WAR**

CONSIDERED IMMUNE FROM ENEMY ATTACK.

**A CHARMING RESIDENCE**

In a delightful well-wooded country, about 16 miles from Bournemouth, close to old-world village, with superb appointments and up-to-date conveniences.

6 PRINCIPAL BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 SECONDARY BEDROOMS, 3 BOX ROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS, LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARDS ROOM, CLOAK ROOM. EXCELLENT DOMESTIC OFFICES.  
REINFORCED AIR-RAID SHELTER.

Central heating. Company's water. Own electricity.

GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, including Lawns, Ponds, partly walled Kitchen Garden, Italian Garden and Shrubberies.

**IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES**

For further particulars apply FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**SOUTH HAMPSHIRE**

ENJOYING A BEAUTIFUL SITUATION SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS  
AN IDEAL COUNTRY HOME WITH MANY UNIQUE FEATURES



**TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD.**  
this artistic newly constructed small RESIDENCE of character, built in the Tudor style with stone mullioned windows and having some fine old oak carved woodwork in many of the rooms.

6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, charming lounge, 3 sitting rooms, servants' room, excellent kitchen and domestic offices; stone-flagged terrace.

Oak parquet flooring to downstairs rooms. Tudor fireplaces.

GARAGE (for 2 cars).

All main services.

Particularly CHARMING GROUNDS, including lawns, tennis lawn, ornamental trees and shrubs, ornamental pond orchard and kitchen garden, the whole covering an area of about

**7½ ACRES**

Particulars and price of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, who have inspected and can recommend.



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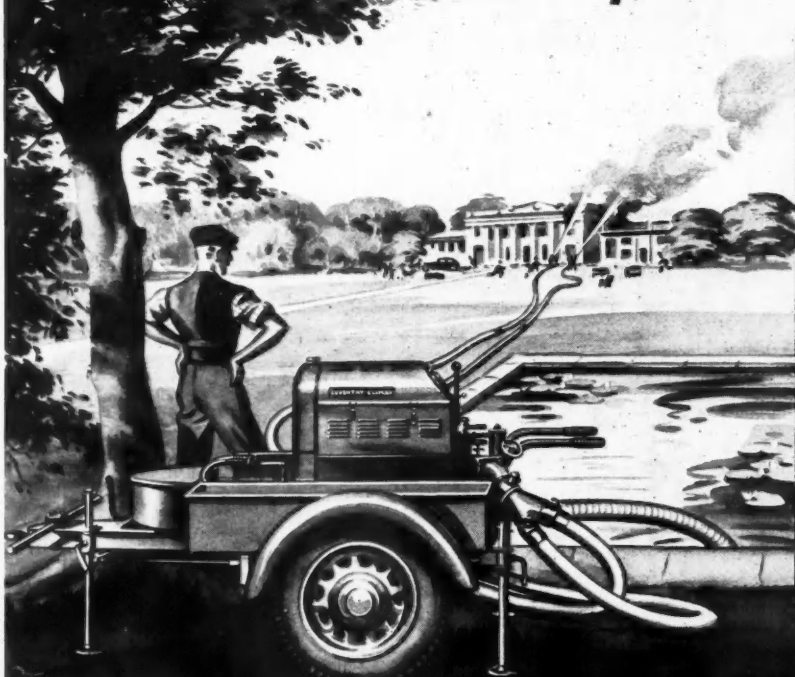
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# COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1940

Vol. LXXXVIII. No. 2289



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT, WITH PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND THEIR DOG MOUFF

A recent photograph taken at their Buckinghamshire home



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"Country Life" Crossword No. 566 p. lxiv.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

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## THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

IT is said that a boy-evacuee (in the language of Whitehall) was recently told that he might have to "move on after Christmas." His complete bewilderment was obvious. Michaelmas might have meant something to him (had he heard about the family's accounts), but Christmas meant about as much as Candlemas. When mildly cross-examined, he disclosed the fact that he was equally ignorant of the significance of the season itself. The name of Our Lord was nothing more to him than a "swear-word," and its connection with anything in this exciting world of sirens and bombs had never reached his clearly alert intelligence. This, if true, reveals a lamentable failure on the part of our educators to teach the youth of this country the basis of the code of human conduct and human relations for which we are fighting now, and which they—however complete our victory—will have to maintain and defend to the end of their lives. Such a failure is more than lamentable. The faith of Christ, the essence of which is peace on earth and good will among men, is not an "ideology" but a practical working out of fact, and of faith founded upon it. Our enemies—in the military sense—have a so-called religion of their own. It consists for the most part of a denial of the truth of the Christian record and a complete abandonment of all those principles of conduct which we have been taught by the Founder of our Faith to honour and observe. This religion of negation is supplemented by an absurd revival of pagan superstitions so utterly divorced from historic truth as to be ridiculous in the eyes of any serious anthropologist or historian. But this terrible and devilish farrago of nonsense is forced into the ears of every German child, with results that stare us in the face: results not so much disastrous from our own point of view—in a Christian sense that does not matter—but disastrous for mankind and the world.

Jesus himself was a boy-evacuee (in the language of Herod's Chancery), and he too had to "move on after Christmas." But he came back to his home at Nazareth, and there he lived that boyhood which was the prelude to the revelation of the Divine in manhood. If our faith in his revelation is worth anything at all—and otherwise our fight against the forces of evil must be a matter of indifference—we must surely see that those who belong to us and who share, or will share, the struggle, share also our knowledge and our faith. The Headmaster of Winchester recently made an appeal on the part of the Churches of this country affirming their strong conviction that "now is the accepted hour to claim for the Christian Faith its fundamental place in English education and in our newly formed Youth Movement." We have, he said, our own loyalties, each to his own Church, and this makes it all the easier for us to work with each other. "We believe that thousands of our fellow-countrymen, including many who before have sat loosely to any form of Church membership, are now ready to move at a call from our leaders in the Church and in the State. Once that call is sounded the nation itself would be astonished at the breadth and volume of the response." It may be hoped that this is true; and indeed we have no doubt of it. When we think of the systematic and elaborate perversion of the *Hitler-Jugend* by Nordic myths and Wagnerian fairy-tales, we can only wonder what has happened to the solid core of Evangelical and Catholic Christianity which until recently survived in Germany, and which made the Festival of Bethlehem as great an occasion of happiness and rejoicing there as it has ever been in this country. Some of us remember the Christmas of 1914, when the German G.H.Q. were horrified to discover that their troops on the Western Front were acting literally in the spirit of Christmas, and, having

laid down their arms, were "fraternising with the enemy." Their example will not be followed to-day; but, though the struggle may be long and bitter, there will yet come a Christmas Day when there is Peace upon Earth, and Goodwill among Men.

### HOME-BORN HAPPINESS

SOON night will be at its longest—night such as this luminous age is so little accustomed to that the ugly words "black-out" had to be coupled to describe it. At a time when any source of satisfaction is to be welcomed we may reflect that, at least, the darkness, discomforts, and dangers of this December may enable us to appreciate more realistically the old meaning of Christmas—those of us, that is, so lucky as to have the material means of observing the festival. In recent years there has been some danger, perhaps, of its significance being lost in a round of exaggerated merry-making. But when we turn to the old writers who have recorded their feelings at this time of the year, some of whom are quoted on another page of this issue, their words in many cases ring more true this year than at any other St. Andrew-tide. Once again the physical delight in the Christmas season is to be found in the contrast between the cheerful glow within and the rigours without: rigours not so much the greater for us than for our ancestors in pre-electric, pre-steam and petrol days. Now, as then, such simple pleasures as we may find must be of

Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness.

Till lately, too, there has been more than a suspicion of selfishness in the enjoyment of Christmas cheer. This year many thousands of homeless and strangers—victims of war and, no less, soldiers from overseas—are within our gates, whose claim to Christmas entertainment may come, in the eyes of some, even before those of their families and friends.

### THE NEW MASTER

A STRANGE sight at Cambridge the other day was the Royal Standard floating over the gateway of Trinity. It was a sign that, though many ceremonial observances have to be abandoned in war-time, here was one being duly performed. The solemn installation of the new Master of Trinity was all the more cheering for that reason. Professor Trevelyan knocked at the Great Gate, told the Head Porter his business, and produced his character in the form of his letters patent. The hoisting of the Royal Standard, reserved for the actual presence of the Sovereign, is in this unique instance permitted because the King is patron of Trinity and, in accordance with time-honoured theory, is held to be present at the installing of the President whom he has nominated. Then—and this is a particularly agreeable touch—the new Master had to wait humbly while the Porter, doubtless with unexampled dignity, made a progress across the court to bear the letters patent to the Vice-Master in the Combination Room. Only when the Vice-Master had examined and approved them did he advance with the Fellows to let the Master in. It would be scarcely possible to imagine a better setting for this ceremony than those noble spaces of the Great Court across which at Assize times the judge advances in procession from the Lodge while the trumpeters blare at the gate. Such ancient and splendid rites are most reviving to the spirits, and we are grateful for every one of them that survives.

### ERIC GILL'S VIEWS

APPAREL proclaimed the man to a greater extent with the late Eric Gill than is commonly the case: his usual costume has been aptly described as a cross between a monk and a Boy Scout. The black cassock cut short at his bare knees above woollen stockings, his square grey beard and dark hat suggested, indeed, an athletic bishop. To strangers this sometimes came as rather a shock—as when Mr. Oliver Hill, the architect, introduced Eric Gill to the Directors of the L.M.S. Railway in connection with his sculptures for the Morecambe Hotel. Some of the resulting designs subsequently stuck in directorial throats that had managed to swallow Mr. Gill. For the sculptor lived in an innocent world of his own, in which the female form divine was regarded solely for its aesthetic qualities. On the other hand, he held austere views on the function of women in society. In the Buckinghamshire farm high on the Chilterns, whose barns Gill used as a series of workshops and studios, he evolved a philosophy as well as an art. A cardinal point in it was that it is all wrong for women to be expensively and elaborately dressed; woman's place is by the hearth, at the loom, in the home, simply, if gaily, clad; in virile societies, as in Nature, spectacular plumage is the prerogative of the male. In this he shared one of the doctrines of Nazidom, but, needless to say, his political economy of art took in other respects very different lines.

### PLOUGHS AND PATHS

IT must obviously be difficult in such times as these to strike the right balance between the overriding necessities of the war and public or private rights. One such instance is given in a memorandum issued by the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths' Preservation Society as to the ploughing up of footpaths. Ploughing is clearly essential, and big green meadows are turning on all sides to brown. At the same time, it would be very sad to see footpaths obliterated, even temporarily. They are less used in these times, when so many people have bicycles, and many of them are growing fainter and grassier as the years go by. Should they disappear for a time they might disappear altogether. The farmer has, naturally, no vast amount of sympathy with them, especially if they put him to any trouble. So the Society are not losing their sense of proportion or making any unnecessary fuss when they suggest that paths should be carefully safeguarded and should not be wiped out save by a definite order of the county war agricultural committee. Walking across a plough without a path is the least enjoyable form of exercise, and even skirting round the edges can be heavy work.



## CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

Christmas! Was ever Christmas-time  
So strangely sad and still?  
Rings through the winter dawn no joyous chime  
Crying "Peace and Goodwill!"  
Only the heavy skies  
Weep dully, like the tears  
Which fall in showers from countless human eyes,  
Grieving for those who shared  
Christmas with them in sweeter, happier years.

Christmas! Oh, they are wrong who call this feast  
A time of joy and mirth.  
War-time or Peace, the Star which lights the East,  
Heralding Christ on earth,  
Is often, often seen  
Dimly bright, through a haze  
Of tears that flow for revels that have been—  
Tears of remembrance, tears  
Of longing for the sweet lost Christmas Days.

Christmas! This year, just for the children's sake  
We must be glad and gay,  
We must pretend to smile with lips that shake,  
Hiding sorrow away.  
And while we laugh, we think  
Of dear ones who may be  
Even now standing on the blessed brink  
Of that becalmed wide sea  
Of brightness, which is named Eternity.

Christmas! This year all other years above  
Your messages we need.  
Peace and Goodwill—Oh God, in Thy great love  
Send them to us indeed.  
Peace for the suffering lands  
That spend themselves in strife;  
Goodwill, that all men living may join hands  
In common amity,  
Striving for nothing but the Way of Life!

PETER CHALFONT.

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Home Guard Ranks—Blowing the Gaff—Barbers' Blitzkriegs.

MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

IN the recent broadcast announcement on the future of the Home Guard, Sir Edward Grigg hinted that leaders of this corps had been using their retired ranks unofficially and contrary to orders. The reference was so vague that it was difficult to understand whether he meant retired officers had been wearing their old badges of rank on parade, or whether they were merely being addressed and referred to as General, Colonel or Major. So far as my own part of the world is concerned, no retired officer has worn his old badges of rank at any time since the formation of the corps, but with regard to titles this is a different matter. It is not easy to eliminate these when one has been known in the district for many years as General Smith, Colonel Jones or Major Robinson, for these ranks appear against the names in all directories, they figure in all correspondence, are registered in the District Council's offices and elsewhere, and it is impossible to get the ordinary countryside to realise that because General Smith, has now become a platoon commander in the Home Guard he will in future be known as either plain Smith or on parade as Lieutenant Smith. I know of one ex-High Commissioner and full General who is now quite content to be a section-leader, but I do not know what his reaction will be when he is told that in future he will be known on all occasions as Sergeant —.

I recall the confusion that occurred when the Royal Air Force adopted their present ranks, which in those days seemed rather long-winded and difficult to memorise, as one had to jog one's brain to recall that a Major had now become a Squadron Leader and a Major-General an Air Vice Marshal. I do not know if the following story concerning Air Force ranks is true, but it was given to me as authentic,

and if it has been exaggerated I can only apologise in advance. It is said that Sir Robert Brooke-Popham called on a friend one day before this war started and the parlour-maid who answered the door asked his name.

"Air Vice Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham," he is reputed to have said.

The parlour-maid wrinkled her brow and hesitated, then she led him across the hall and opened the door of the drawing-room.

"Air Popham, madam," she announced.

WHAT is the actual meaning of the expression "Hell for leather," and how did it originate? Nobody I have met knows, though those I have asked are all of opinion that it is connected in some way with hunting. As COUNTRY LIFE readers can answer most questions put to them, I have no doubt there will be many who can supply the information, and while they are about it they might also give the origin of another expression—"Blow the gaff."

The only gaffs I know are the ones used for fish that are too big for a landing-net, and the small yards at the head of fore-and-aft sails, and I do not see how either can be blown very easily. The mention of gaffs causes me to wonder where mine is now, for the nearest approach to blowing one that I can recall was achieved by my Arab orderly in the Red Sea; and the last time I saw the gaff it was heading S.S.E. at the rate of about fifteen knots.

I was trolling for barracouta at the mouth of the Gulf of Suez and, as I had been unable to obtain the services of a local fisherman, I took my orderly with me, thinking he would be better than nothing. Here I was wrong, for as he was from the high desert and not from the sea shore he was the living embodiment of the expressions "all thumbs," "brute force and extreme ignorance." Among other things he showed the usual beginner's lack of skill with the gaff, either missing his stroke and hitting the trace so heavily that he broke the line, or else putting another ten horse-power into the fish by scoring its side deeply and failing to drive the steel home.

Then in the calm of the evening, when the setting sun had turned the mountains to the east crimson and their reflection in the water demonstrated the origin of the name "Red Sea," we drifted down on to a huge dark patch on the surface which proved to be a batfish about as large as a dining-room carpet and much the same shape. I do not know what was at the back of the orderly's mind or what he hoped to achieve, but he leant over the side with the gaff in his hand and this time made no mistake about it, for he drove the steel right home to the hilt.

The scene that followed was a very good imitation of a blending of a high-pressure shower-bath and a full gale in the Bay of Biscay, and when we recovered our equilibrium and that of the boat the gaff, sticking up on the undulating back of the fish, was about a mile and a half away and heading for Aden, Colombo and the Southern Ocean.

THE situation on the local hair-cutting front is somewhat obscure, as the wireless puts it tactfully when the news is extremely unsatisfactory; and as a matter of fact it has been most obscure ever since women started to shingle round about the early twenties of this century. Before this happened most of us attended the local small town barber, who, being used to our particular fads and fancies as regards *coiffure*, was quite efficient; but with the advent of shingling and the feminine invasion of our sanctums the local barber was not going to waste his time on a shilling hair-cut on a male head, trying to make a little go a long way, when he could earn 7s. 6d. on a female one with hanks of hair in hand in case of a false stroke with the scissors. So the old customers were left to the faltering cuts of newly appointed apprentices, while the expert earned easy money in the parlour which had been fitted up as a temporary ladies' room.

All this synchronised with the general use of the motor car and easy travel, and, finding the local barber too busy to worry about mere men, we went farther afield—to the big towns where up-to-date establishments existed, or to our clubs in London. Now, with the war, petrol rationing and bombing, we are back again where we started, and the local barber has less time for us than he had twenty years ago.

I write from experience, as our local hairdresser, having lost one apprentice after another owing to the "call-up," has engaged a Greek who speaks very little English. I have the very greatest respect for the Greeks on the Albanian front, but not so much confidence in them in the barber's shop. At the time of my call the proprietor was dealing with an advanced case of permanent waving in the other room, and so I was left to the Greek, who either misunderstood my instructions or mistook me for an Italian. I do not know what standard he was aiming at, but it was certainly not his own style of hair-dressing, which resembled that of Samson's in his bad old Delilah days. I rather think he must have been inspired by the particular form of *coiffure* adopted by the monks of Mount Athos.

LOOKING back over a series of disastrous hair-cuts through a mist of years—a clean sweep with the horse-clippers by the squadron sergeant-farrier during the South African War; amateurish efforts by my batman with a safety-razor blade during the last; Muslim crops administered by Arab barbers in the desert; and a particularly baroque style arrived at by an Egyptian Army conscript—I think the most remarkable was that achieved by a hair-dresser in Galway. This, I think, had some political significance, as there is no other way to account for it. It occurred in the year 1921, just before the troubles started, and possibly the barber, being a Sinn Féiner, recognised me as a Sassenach, and desired to strike a blow for freedom with the scissors.

The parlour was badly lit, and I did not realise what had happened until I ran my hand over my scalp, and discovered that the official Dartmoor crop was positively hirsute compared with mine. There was only one thing to do in the circumstances, and that was to remain fishing on Lough Corrib with a Balaklava helmet on my head until I was fit to move in ordinary society again.



# SHOOTING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"GAMONIA," A SPORTING CLASSIC: WHEN THE BATTUE WAS INTRODUCED

By H. V. MORTON

**I**N days not so distant, when poachers operated within sight of the town of Preston and the flash of the muzzle-loader was seen along the banks of the Ribble, Lawrence Rawstorne wrote a book called "Gamonia, or the Art of Preserving Game."

The author was a member of a North Country family, the Rawstornes of Hutton. At some time towards the beginning of the last century he had acquired by purchase a red, embattled, Walter Scottish mansion called Penwortham Priory, which, I believe, still stands near Penwortham Church, one mile south-west of Preston along the road to Southport.

Penwortham, which is now a residential annexe to Preston, was in ancient times the site of a castle built in 1086, and of a priory

of that period, managed to convey with perfect feeling the atmosphere of an English winter. He is equally good when depicting a hushed day of fallen snow, the whitened world lying softly under a sky of lead, or the wild, misty flurry of flakes whirling over a frozen countryside. The black and white reproductions printed here cannot, of course, do him justice.

His plate, "Tulketh Hall and the Town of Preston," has an interest, too, for those of us who never tire of attempting to discover in the heart of an industrial town the small agricultural village which was the germ of its existence. Here we see the town of Preston as it was in 1837, just beginning to smoke,

timber, but as a haunt for game. For these reasons, and because it advocates the then newly fashionable "battue," it is a book which should find a place in every sporting library.

The "battue," which was admirably described in "All the Year Round" in 1860 as "a contrivance for killing the largest quantity of game in the smallest time, with the least amount of trouble, by a small select party," had just become popular with the opening of the century. In one of his speeches, Cobden noted that this form of sport was unknown in 1790, and I think the first mention of it in England was in 1816, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

The "battue" was very much "the thing" when Lawrence Rawstorne wrote his book



A "BATTUE" AT PENWORTHAM

A picture of one of the earlier shoots at driven game to be held in England, the advantages of which the author of "Gamonia" expounds

founded in the reign of Stephen as a cell to the great Benedictine Abbey of Evesham. After the Reformation the estate came into the possession of the famous Lancashire family, the Fleetwoods of Hesketh, and, surviving many misadventures after the Civil War, changed hands with some frequency and was bought in the eighteen-thirties by the author of "Gamonia."

This little book is well known to collectors of nineteenth-century colour-plates, and fine copies have fetched as much as fifty guineas, but the price varies enormously, according to the condition of the book and the brilliance of the illustrations. It is rightly prized for its charming aquatints, which include three or four of the finest snow scenes you can find in any English colour-plate book of the period. There is a pleasing amateurishness about the drawing of these plates, the work of an artist called J. T. Rawlins. He was a perfect exponent of what might be called the Aunt Clarissa school of Early Victorian water-colour, examples of which used to clutter the attics and the less frequented apartments of our parents, but now find an honoured place upon our walls.

Rawlins, although he falls some considerable distance behind the great sporting artists

as black plumes from two mill chimneys show us, yet hardly touched by the forces that were to conquer it and to spread it darkly over the adjoining meadows and across the river, where, only a little over a century ago, white-haired sportsmen in beaver hats and hunting boots stood on the dark ice with their powder-flasks and their single-barrelled guns. Few, however, I imagine, were in the habit of firing with one hand, as the veteran is doing in Mr. Rawlins's aquatint!

For the rest, the illustrations in "Gamonia" show us how exciting it must have been to shoot at Penwortham in the good old days. There was nothing static about it: no weary vigil at a numbered wand, no bloodthirsty march from cover to cover, but a thrilling discharge of muzzle-loaders in every direction, a scurry of hares, rabbits and woodcock, and, always in prospect, a battle royal with wicked poachers, or others anxious to snatch the hard-won pheasant.

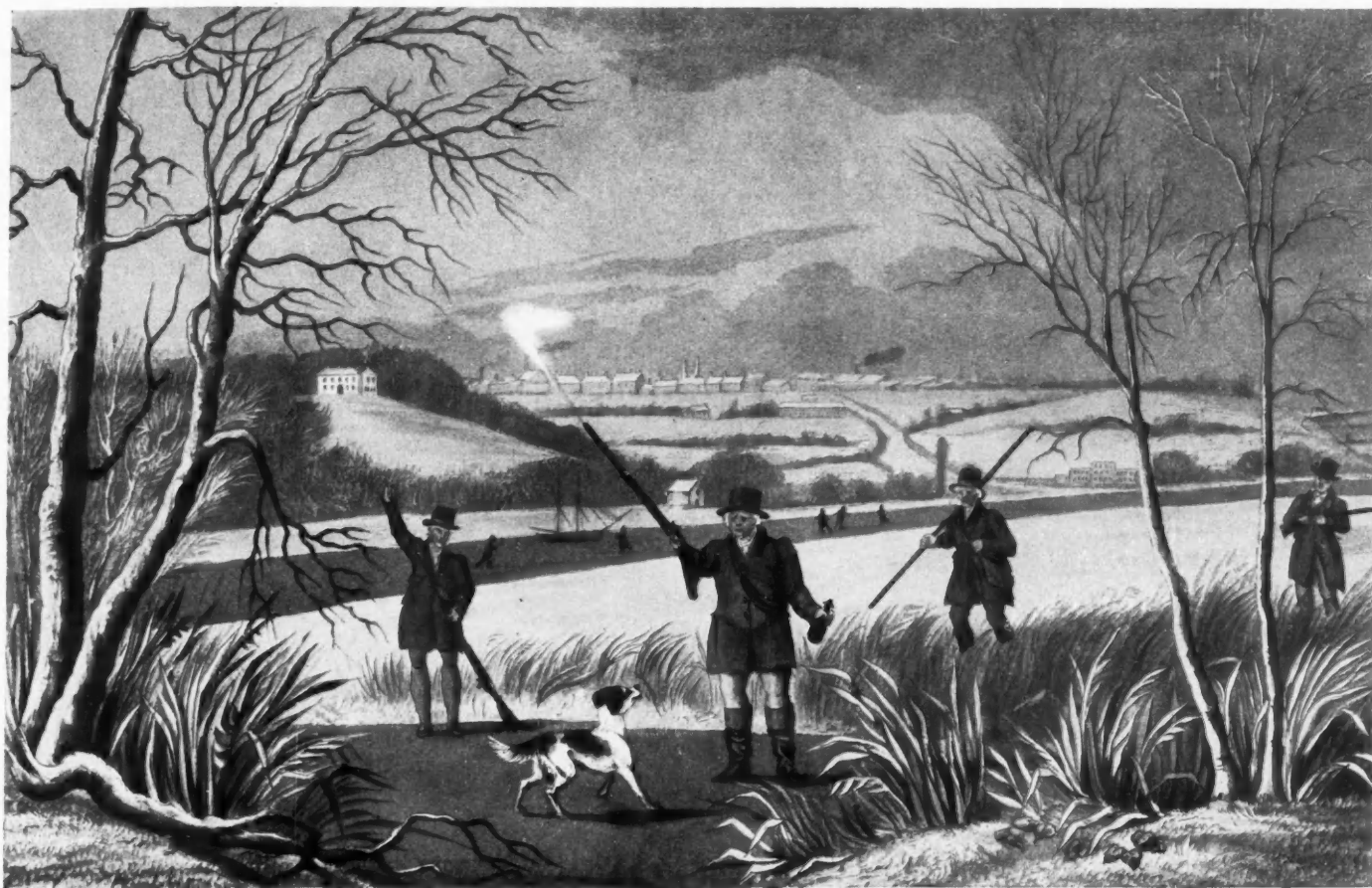
While everyone who possesses a copy of "Gamonia" is familiar with these pictures, few have read the book. I think this is a pity, because it is uncommonly well written, and it is also, I believe, the only book devoted to the planting of trees and undergrowth, not as

indeed, the main object of the book is to tell how, by the wise and thoughtful planting of trees, a sportsman might have bigger and bloodier battues. With the scorn which the young and the fashionable always direct towards a dying mode, our author contrasts the fine manners and the good shooting of the young bloods of the day at a battue, with the old-fashioned sportsman as he roamed about with his dog and his gun, returning home in the dusk with a couple of rabbits and a woodcock, to lapse, with the coarseness of a past century, into ribald conversation and to seek consolation in the degrading bottle.

Already, it seems, the gentlemanly features of the Prince Consort are brooding over the English scene, bringing with them refinement and enlightenment: and it is not surprising to learn that the "battue" was a German custom which took root first in Norfolk. Until pheasant breeding became a kind of science, there were more birds to be shot there than in all the other counties of England together.

"In Germany," says our author, "the great lords of the soil possess domains with vast tracts of woodlands which abound in a great variety of animals. A whole district is





**"THE OLD SPORTING SCHOOL." TULKETH HALL AND THE TOWN OF PRESTON IN THE DISTANCE**  
Illustrating some of the drawbacks and dangers of the old style of walking up with dogs

there driven perhaps for some days previously. The destruction is then usually made by surrounding a cover. Any number of guns are allowed, and often as many as twelve are used. The quantity slain is in consequence very large; and much exceeds anything we have any idea

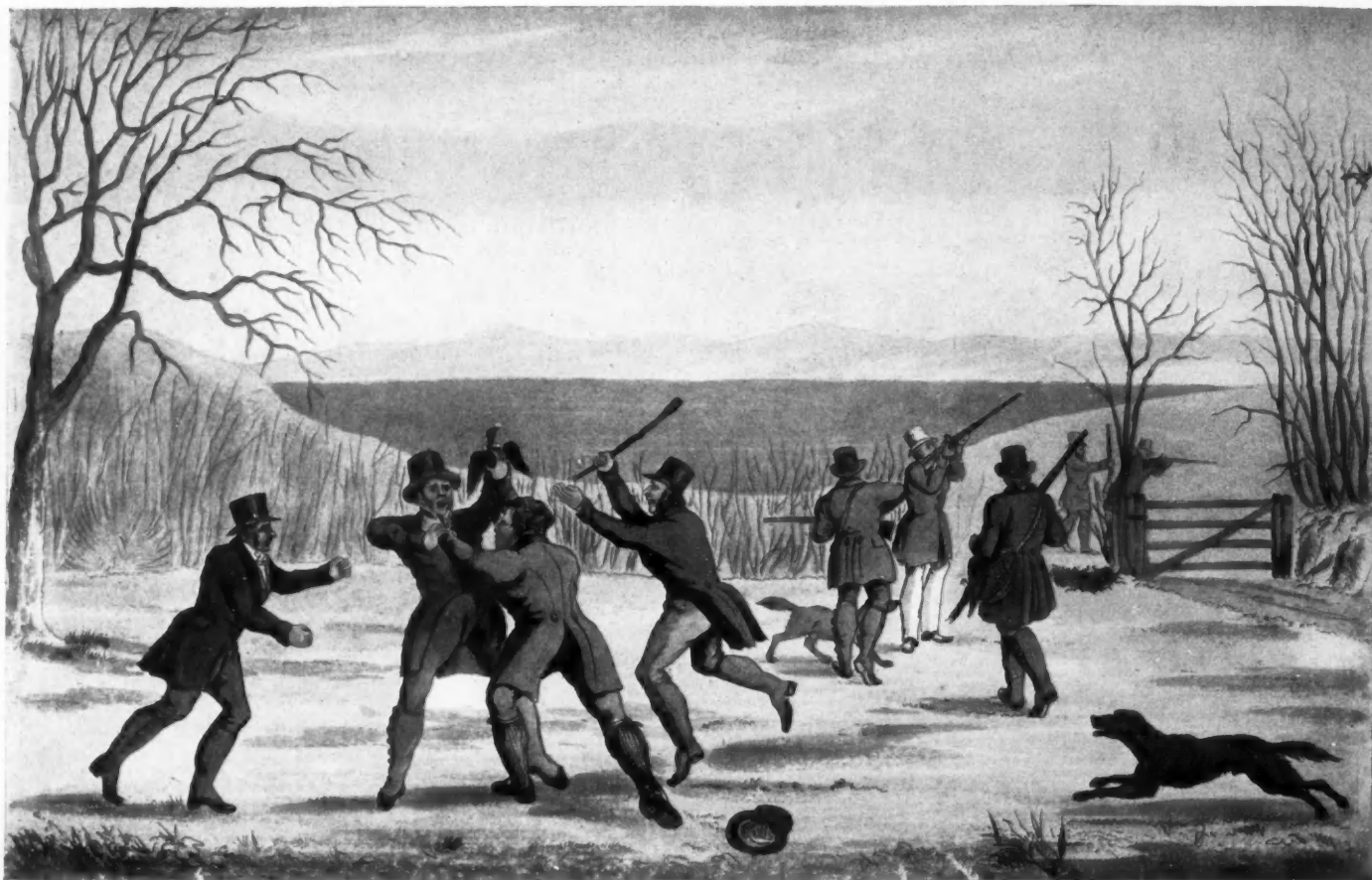
of here. At Prince Metternich's some years ago a party killed about a thousand head. The morning following the whole were laid out in front of the house and sold to whoever would buy them. The King of Bavaria has been known himself to kill two hundred hares in a

day, and his attendants at the rate of two hundred each. In Poland, in addition to wild boars, which are common to Germany, wolves are a leading article. Prince Tapicha had immense estates there, which have now been all confiscated by the merciless Czar. In a battue



**"MORE HASTE LESS SPEED"**

A spirited, and certainly perilous, episode; but an exquisite example of the lithographer's art in the representation of driving sleet and snowy distance



"FAIR PLAY'S A JEWEL." POACHERS AND KEEPERS COLLIDE DURING A BATTUE

there before the late rebellion many wolves were shot."

One seems to remember that the present "great lords" of Germany still uphold such ancient customs. Has not Sir Neville Henderson told us how Goering invited him to a stag battue? And has not the photographer immortalised the portly marshal standing amid a battlefield of antlers?

However, I cannot help feeling, in spite of our author's persuasiveness, that I would infinitely have preferred a day out with one of

the ribald, bibulous old squires, whose conduct in the field and at the table he deploras, rather than with the elegant, side-whiskered young gentlemen in beautifully tailored blue frock-coats and tight overalls so meticulously drawn by Mr. Rawlins.

Such books as "Gamonia" offer one of the best brief escapes from our anxious world into an age that had no doubts and uncertainties. The very act of planting trees argues a faith in an unchanged future which few of us to-day can share. No one can plant serious

trees, like oak and elm, with anything but a melancholy enthusiasm, unless he feels tolerably certain that his own family will sit beneath them in their maturity and admire the fire of their leaves in autumn.

It is therefore pleasant in these days to stray for a little while into that great age, only a hundred years ago, when our forebears had no doubt about anything, least of all about the continuity of their families and their estates, which, in their minds, were marching steadily forward in step to the Millennium.

## DECEMBER

### "FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS, HOME-BORN HAPPINESS"

DECEMBER, "last of the months, severest of them all," bears light in its darkness, for the whole month glows with the mystic rays of the Star of Bethlehem, and the air, silenced of bird-song, muffled with snow-clouds, resounds with the joyous carols of Yule-tide. Other songs there are, in celebration of this month: many lamenting the stern and wild spirit that controls the earth. Yet some poets felt a gentler influence must now reign, and among them was Christopher Smart, author of the complimentary "Ode on the Fifth of December, being the Birthday of a beautiful young Lady":

Hail, eldest of the monthly train,  
Sire of the winter drear,  
December, in whose iron reign  
Expires the checker'd year.  
Hush all the blustering blasts that blow,  
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,  
Smile gladly on this blest of days.  
The liveried clouds shall on thee wait,  
And Phœbus shine in all his state  
With more than summer rays.

Barry Cornwall was another who saw the tenderness of this time of year when he sang:

Tread softly—softly, like the foot  
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,  
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,  
Lest he should wake the Spring below.

And again, when the season brought to him the sorrow of memory:

How white the stream! I still remember  
Its margin glassed by hoar December,  
And how the sun fell on the snow:  
Ah! can it be so long ago?

It was with resignation that he watched the year darkening to its end:

Now, from off the ashy stone  
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,  
And all merry birds are flown,  
And our dream of pleasure dieth;  
Now the once blue laughing sky  
Saddens into gray,  
And the frozen rivers sigh,  
Pining all away!  
Now, how solemn are the times!  
The Winter comes! the Night times!

This same quiet beauty was appreciated by Sir Walter Scott during a Christmas visit to the Vale of Yarrow, of which he recorded in his "Journal": "The weather was delightful, the season being considered; and Newark Castle, amid its leafless trees, resembled a dear old man who smiles upon the ruins which time has spread around him. . . . I have seldom seen the scene look better even when summer smiled upon it."

In the midst of December's desolation Man is teased with memory of spring and summer and autumn and all their ravaged sweetness, whereas Nature is aloof from such regret, concentrating ever on the unfolding of growth that will follow inevitably this time of rest and restraint:

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity:  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle through them;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

But however transfigured with a new magic the snow-shrouded landscape may appear, that tranquil purity is the aftermath of storm and destruction. So the majority of December's poems strike a more boisterous note, the challenge of Man warring against the overwhelming forces of Nature. Michael Bruce pictured the true home of this dread season in Arctic regions of majestic terror:

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train  
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;  
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;  
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Thomas Campbell added his tribute in equally robust strains when he wrote his "Ode to Winter" in December, 1800:

But howling Winter fled afar  
To hills that prop the polar star;  
And loves on deer-borne car to ride  
With barren darkness by his side,  
Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
Whirls to death the roaring whale,  
Round the hall where runic Odin  
Howls his war-song o the gale.



Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer, also gave a spirited description of this wild storm-period in his "Day of Judgment":

When the fierce north wind with his airy forces  
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;  
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes  
Rushing amain down.

Many poets turned from the storm-swept landscape and dulled skies to sing "like committed linnets" the pleasures of home, family and friendship at this time. As Landor declared:

Winter may come: he brings but nigher  
His circle, yearly narrowing to the fire  
Where old friends meet.

Let him, now heaven is overcast,  
And spring and summer both are past,  
And all things sweet.

This was the aspect of winter that charmed the gentle Cowper, who proclaimed:

I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.

Samuel Johnson composed a dreary picture of the silent and colourless landscape in order to heighten the cheerful scene at his own fireside:

Haste, close the window, bar the doors,  
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.  
In nature's aid, let art supply  
With light and heat my little sphere;  
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,  
Light up a constellation here.  
Let music sound the voice of joy,  
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;  
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,  
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Nevertheless, with "old December's bareness everywhere," as Shakespeare said, the countryside has inspired much poetry of vigour and freshness. One of the finest passages in Thomson's "Seasons" is the description of the snowstorm:

Through the hushed air the whitening shower  
descends,

At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow  
melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man.

Amid December's storms there has arisen throughout the centuries that outburst of song that hails the holy and happy season of Christmas. How fitting, therefore, is Spenser's portrait of December:

Yet he through merry feasting which he made,  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad.

To Herrick the sombre season was now inter-fused with all the loveliness of spring and summer:

Dark and dull night fly hence away!  
And give the honour to this day  
That sees December turn'd to May.

If we may ask the reason, say  
The why and wherefore all things here  
Seem like the spring-time of the year.

Why does the chilling winter's morn  
Smile like a field beset with corn?  
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,  
Thus on a sudden?

From this special consecration of the month in song, December's melodies are as varied as they are tuneful. Among the older carols there is the simple sweetness of "I sing to a maiden"; the gay gallantry of "The King sent his Lady on the first Yule day"; and the heartening call of

The bore's head in hande bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary,  
I pray you all synge merrily,  
*Qui estis in convivio.*

Many and many a poet has paid tribute to this glad festival which lightens the sadness of the Old Year's departing, for in this way defiance was cast to the fierce onslaughts of winter.

Summer loves the melting song;  
Lightsome airs to Spring belong;  
Old December shouts with glee,  
O'er wassail cup and revelry.

Moreover, Yule-tide made a dignified and ceremonial close to all the festivals and pageants of the year, as Bamfylde described it,

With footstep slow, in furry pall y-clad,  
His brows enwreathed with holly never sere,  
Old Christmas comes, to close the wained year.

Thenceforward it is but a step from the Old Year and its memories into the New once more. Of that solemn time, so full of promise yet of fear, Sydney Dobell's lines shall speak, not of the past months which are already ghosts of memory, but of the future now awakening into life. There is no end: the slow cycle of the year rolls onward to the rhythm of eternity.

... As when at twelve o'clock  
Strong January opes the gates of life  
And we that were so cabined and so dark  
Within the round tower of the rounded year  
Feel the far Spring blow in on us and look  
Straight to the primroses, and with the swallow  
Skim thro' the dawns of daffodils and up  
To bluebell skies, and from the bluebell skies,  
Like a wild hawk upon a flight of doves,  
Swoop upon June and Paradise, and on  
Beyond the bounds of Eden to an earth  
Boss'd with great purples of new-clustered wine  
Betwixt the tented harvests red and gold,  
And so into a cloud and know no more.

MARIE W. STUART.



Oates, Stamford

#### WINTER ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD AT STAMFORD, LINCS., WHERE NO OXONIAN MIGHT LECTURE

The beautiful little grey town which once had fourteen parish churches (and still has six) nearly robbed Oxford of its University. In 1333 a group of North-country students migrated from Oxford, with the famous Knocker of the Brazen Nose from the hall of that name, and established themselves at Stamford, celebrated at that time for its monastic schools. Their attempt to establish a rival University was prohibited by Royal authority, but down till a hundred years ago the memory of the attempt survived at Oxford in the oath administered to every B.A. that he "would not give or attend lectures at Stamford."



# MY SQUIRRELS

Written and Illustrated by FRANCES PITT

**A** LITTLE while ago Miss Phyllis Kelway wrote in these pages a charming account of her two pet red squirrels, including the history of their matrimonial adventures and the litter of young ones they reared with much success. There are not, alas! any family matters, not even a "nice young man," in the story I have to tell, for it concerns a dear old maiden lady and a gay, flighty girl squirrel; but, despite the absence of affairs of the heart, it has its points of interest. As a study of red squirrel psychology, personality and character it may be regarded as supplementary to Miss Kelway's account of the breeding behaviour of this animal.

The heroines of my story are Jenny, now over four and a half years old, and Miss Felix, between five and six months of age. To compare the ages of animals with those of human beings is difficult, but I estimate that Jenny is in the eighties and Felix in her teens.

The red squirrel is a fragile creature and does not normally live very long. Three to four years is probably a good life for a squirrel that goes its own wild way. The same applies to pet squirrels. I have heard of many, but not one has lived so long as my Jenny. These remarks do not include that robust alien the grey squirrel. It is a much stronger, harder animal, and one was brought to my notice that survived as a treasured pet for ten years.

Jenny was a foundling, picked up on a woodland path when a tiny red rat of a baby. It was after a great gale, and she must have been blown out of a nursery "drey" aloft in the tree-tops. My mother and I reared her, but had preliminary difficulties. At first we could not get her to take any milk, but at last she condescended to suck it from a well-soaked finger of bread. Then she flourished, and was soon sitting up and nibbling nuts.

To jump four years forward to Felix, her story was a war tragedy. Hitler was to blame; but for him timber would not have been needed for war purposes, and timber fellers would not have been at work in the summer woods. Down crashed a tree, bringing with it a nest containing four tiny squirrels. The men were sorry, and one of them took a baby and carried it home to his wife, who had a cat with

young kittens. Puss was a motherly person and adopted the squirrel forthwith; moreover, the squirrel took to her and made itself at home among the kittens. All went well for a while, until the queer little rat-like—or perhaps we should say mouse-like—youngster began to develop into something more like a squirrel, with all a squirrel's anxiety to be up, off and exploring. So long as young Felix was contented with the limited world of the cottage kitchen this did not matter, but when she ventured outside it was different. The neighbours had cats, many of them, and these cats would be dangerous to a young squirrel brought up to think all cats must be friends.

I received a message: would I, for safety's sake, give Miss Felix a home? Of course I would, and I lost no time in fetching her, plus Mother Puss to complete her upbringing. So came Felix, the most delightful scrap of mischief that ever made a nuisance of herself; but before continuing her story I must return to the early history of Jenny, my beloved Jenny, who was and is the most gentle, affectionate and adorable of creatures. She soon convinced me that squirrels are remarkably intelligent and possessed by a thoroughly sensible objection to unnecessary work. Quite soon she discovered that I could be made to crack nuts for her and save her the trouble of gnawing through the hard shells. She found that all she had to do was to push the nut into my hand and await results.

In Madame's youth I got frightened about her and had a nice, roomy cage built so that

seems well pleased with my arrangement of a cushion, a rug and an old coat on the couch in my bedroom. The only time when it does not content her is when I am getting into bed. Then, roused by the switching on of the light, she comes forth, has a drink, nibbles a nut, climbs on to the bed, creeps beneath the turned-down part of the bed-clothes, and there settles herself for the night.

When morning comes I have to get up carefully, for the little person hates to be disturbed too soon. Unlike Jenny, she is not an early riser. She growls and grumbles, but when I put my hand beneath the blankets it is seized by two little warm paws, held tightly, and licked with affectionate thoroughness.

Jenny is, and always was, good at getting up. Whether I turn on the workroom light or not, she leaves her nest about 6.30 to seek the morning tea she loves so much. Both Jenny and Felix prefer weak, sweet tea to any other drink, though Jenny also drinks a good deal of water. Felix, not content with her own supply, often visits Jenny's saucer of tea. I am sorry to say that Miss Felix is a sore trial to Jenny. The dear old lady has long lost her activity. It is ages since she ran up and down curtains, hopped, skipped, and played with abandon. She now moves sedately, indeed slowly and stiffly, only occasionally attempting a mild game such as rolling on her back and pretending to bite my fingers. Her autumn moult tried her severely, indeed I thought it was going to be her last. Her tail, usually so thick and beautiful, gave trouble, the hair



PEGGY THE CAT, TOBY THE KITTEN AND FELIX THE SQUIRREL

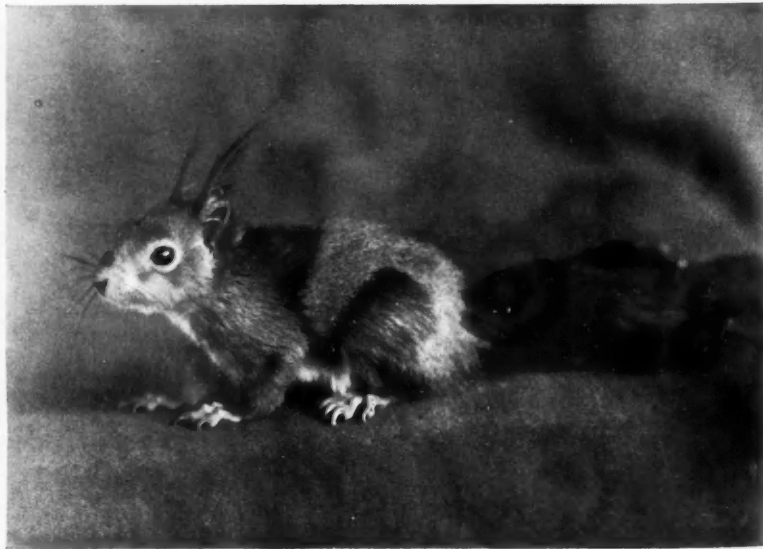
she should be safe when I was unable to keep an eye upon her; but she hated being shut in, and after one experiment we put the cage on one side for ever. Her headquarters are in my workroom, where she has a nest on top of some bookshelves. Here, where a small picture is propped across a corner, she sleeps in a bed made of pieces of felt.

In her early days Jenny did show traces of squirrel aptitude for nest-building. She carried off all sorts of odds and ends, from handkerchiefs to scraps of paper, and these she piled together, but soon abandoned such unnecessary toil, and has since been contented to pull her blankets about her.

Miss Felix likewise



MISS FELIX



JENNY

coming off in a drastic manner. I was much alarmed. However, the tail recovered, and Madame is now in perfect fur, her brush being thicker than ever and her ear tufts an inch in length; nevertheless, I cannot blind myself to the fact that she moves yet more deliberately and stiffly than before.

It is really too bad that this mischievous sprite Felix, a mere juvenile, who has not any ear tufts as yet, should come to worry and annoy her. Jenny cannot move fast enough to run away from the dancing youngster, who pays no heed to the old lady's growls but hops up to her, kisses her on the nose and dances round her. One day she jumped over Madame, another time she began to lick her coat, and she ever treats her with cheerful impertinence—no wonder the old squirrel swears at her!

The place to see Felix at her best is on the long curtains of the high drawing-room window, where she indulges in great gymnastics, running up and sliding down, racing and romping until she is tired, when she finds a place in the sun and throws herself flat on her stomach to bask in the heat and rest awhile.

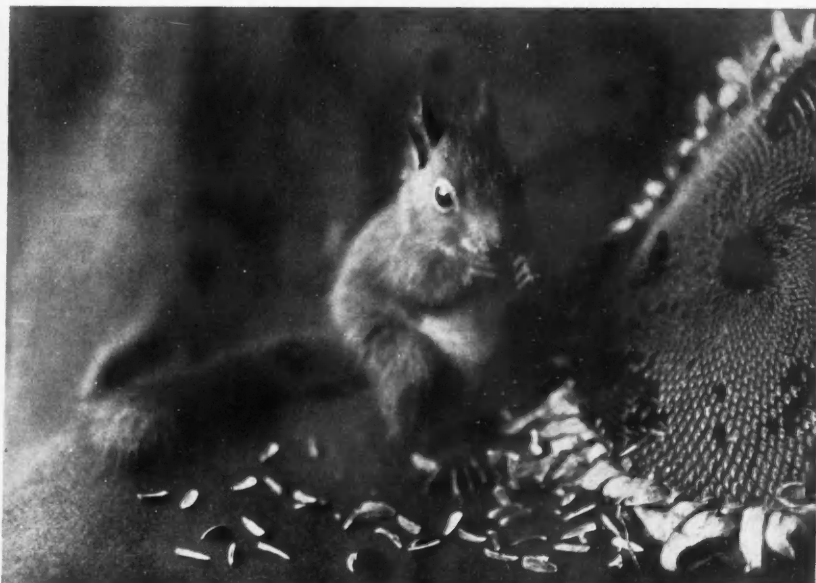
Although Jenny was lively and playful in her youth, I do not think that she was ever so active as Miss Felix. The young squirrel is the personification of the spirit of fun, yet she is never rough or careless with her razor-edged teeth. She will play on and on, rolling and tumbling, and fighting desperate mock



FELIX TRIES A LITTLE SOPPED BREAD



MISS FELIX ASKS WHAT NEXT?



MISS FELIX IS VERY FOND OF SUNFLOWER SEED



JENNY SQUIRREL, VERY MUCH ANNOYED, TURNS AWAY FROM THE SIGHT OF MISS FELIX ENJOYING A SUN BATH

battles, my fingers being her antagonist, but she never gets cross or even pettish.

With regard to food, they both like change and variety—first sweet chestnuts, next hazel nuts, then walnuts, with apples, raw potatoes, carrots and lettuce to afford the said variety. Brown bread, sweet biscuits and sunflower seeds are also appreciated, particularly sunflower seeds in the flower head. They enjoy pulling the seeds out of the great disc, and the employment is good for them.

But a list of the things my squirrels eat would be a lengthy one—for the spoilt creatures have the choice of everything I can think of—too lengthy for this limited article, in which I am chiefly concerned to set forth the delightful, lovable characters of these confiding, affectionate small people. Adjectives that would convey the charm of their ways and characters fail; I can only sum them up, both of them, as perfect dears.

*Postscript.*—Since this article was written tragedy has come. Felix had seemed a little less active than hitherto, but I did not realise there was anything wrong. She slept on my bed as usual, but was restless in the night. However, she got up at her accustomed time in the morning, ate well, drank and played a little, then licked my hand and went to bed again. Presently she began to squeak and complain. I nursed her and she licked me, but she died in my hands an hour later. To grieve for a little, lovable red squirrel when the world is at war and cities are being wrecked seems, perhaps, worse than foolish.

There was one, however, who did not sorrow, and that was old Jenny. When she found that there was no little sprite scampering around any more she rolled over on her back, kicked her stiff old heels in the air, and played in a juvenile manner.



# CHILDREN'S GAMES

JOYS EVER NEW YET OLD AS HISTORY.

By STRICKLAND GIBSON



FROST FAIR, WITH SKATING, ICE-HOCKEY, SLIDES, FOLLOW-MY-LEADER, AND A CHILD'S SAFETY CHAIR  
From an engraving by Pieter Breughel, 1553

THE coming of Christmas, even in this year, sends our thoughts to the toy-shop and games by the parlour fire. Many of them are as old as Christmas itself, some yet more ancient in origin. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, who died in 361 B.C., was once taken unawares by a friend when he was playing hobby-horse with his children; he begged his friend not to mention the incident until he had little ones of his own. Alcibiades, to his great amusement, also once surprised Socrates entertaining children in the same way. The hobby-horse is one of the oldest of toys. It consists either of a stick with a horse's head to which reins are attached, or merely of a stick with reins. The earliest printed illustration of it is in a Dutch or German fifteenth-century print showing St. Dorothy accompanied by the infant Christ who is riding cock-horse, a very happy conceit since the hobby-horse may well have been one of the toys actually known to the Christ-Child.

Many of the games played by children in this country are common to northern Europe. One of the most engaging representations of children at play is in Jacob Cats's book of emblems (*Houwelick*), the first edition of which was published in 1625. This print, which varies with the edition, exhibits children bowling hoops, running with paper windmills, flying kites, whipping tops, flying captive birds, inflating a football, arranging a doll's house, blowing bubbles, playing at horses and soldiers, standing on the head, walking on stilts, skipping, riding the hobby-



THE CHRIST CHILD RIDING COCK-HORSE WITH ST. DOROTHY. Dutch or German XVth-century print

horse, and playing at skittles, leap-frog, and blind man's buff. In one of the later variants, skating and sliding are included, thus destroying the seasonal nature of the composition.

Some attractive studies of children are also found in prints of frost-fairs. In these, children are seen skating and sliding, the little ones propelling themselves in safety-chairs. The reproduction of a winter scene by Breughel, dated 1553, shows in the foreground a warmly clad child pushing himself along on a sledge by means of two pointed sticks, and an older boy displaying his skill in fancy motions. In the background, ice-hockey is in progress, with boys playing follow-my-leader.

Children at play was a subject which appealed strongly to artists of the Low Countries. Some of the earliest representations are by an artist of Bruges, Jehan de Gris , who in 1344 painted the miniatures and borders of the famous Bodleian manuscript of the Romance of Alexander. Here are depicted swinging, hot-cockles, blind man's buff, whip-tops, and a ball game resembling cricket. Cricket as we know it to-day appears to have developed in the eighteenth century. It is purely a national game. A print of the French game "Le cricket" shows a boy with a curved stick standing between two stones. Ball games for children seem uncommon in early times, but games played with nuts corresponding to marbles, were universal. The Emperor Augustus is said by Suetonius to have been fond of playing nut-games with children. The whip-top was a favourite toy with



Roman boys, and is mentioned by Virgil in the "Æneid." Blind-man's buff was also known in classical times. "Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" was another game which was played in ancient Rome. It is remarkable that this game was not only played as we play in the days of Nero, but that the formula (*Bucca, bucca, quot sunt hic?*) was identical. "Hot-cockles" was very popular both in this country and in France, to judge from the number of engravings illustrating it. This is one of the games which are supposed to be survivals of prehistoric ceremonies.

Swinging has always been a favourite pastime of children and their elders. *The Spectator* says that it was very popular among the fashionable folk at Tunbridge Wells in 1712. "They get on ropes," the writer says, "as you must have seen the children. In this diversion there are many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling as that their petticoats should untie." In France towards the end of the eighteenth century the fashionable kind of swing became an elaborate piece of mechanism.

Sedentary games, such as games with cards, were probably not played by children until towards the end of the eighteenth century, when they began to be used for educational purposes. The game of Goose, which has survived in Snakes and Ladders, is perhaps the best known. The earliest example in the



#### FUN AND GAMES IN 1625

From "Hovwelick," a Book of Emblems, by Jacob Cats

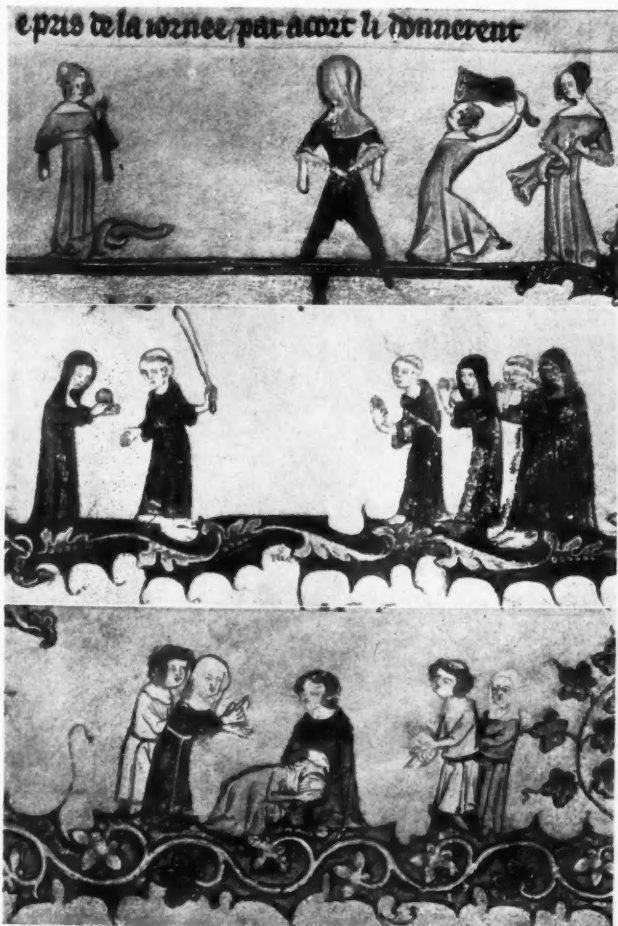
Bodleian Library is dated 1588, but it is said to have been played in the Middle Ages. There are Italian, French and Dutch versions, most of them having certain features in common.

The game is played on an engraved sheet with sixty-two compartments and a space in the middle numbered 63. On every fourth or fifth compartment is a goose. Other compartments are either blank or have objects such as

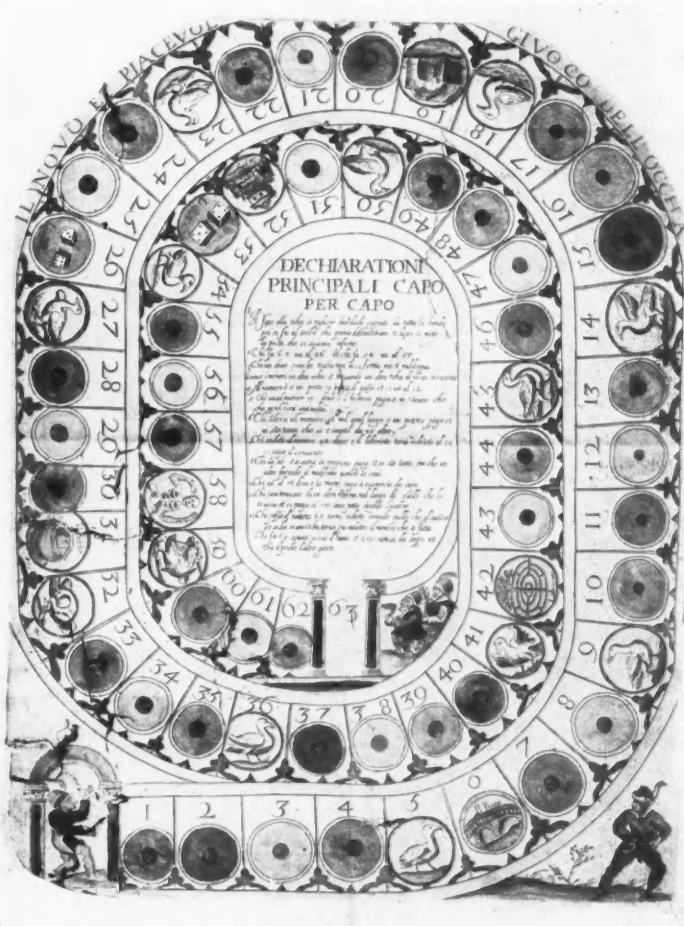
a bridge, labyrinth, fountain, prison, or skeleton. Two dice are used, and the sum of every throw indicates the compartment on which the thrower's disc is to be placed. There are many forfeits and some rewards. For instance, if the number of a throw falls on a goose the player moves forward double the number of his throw; if on a skeleton he has to start again at the first compartment. The player who reaches 63 first with an exact throw wins. The game of Goose is known in many varieties and under various names. In this country it was played under its original name certainly as late as 1880.

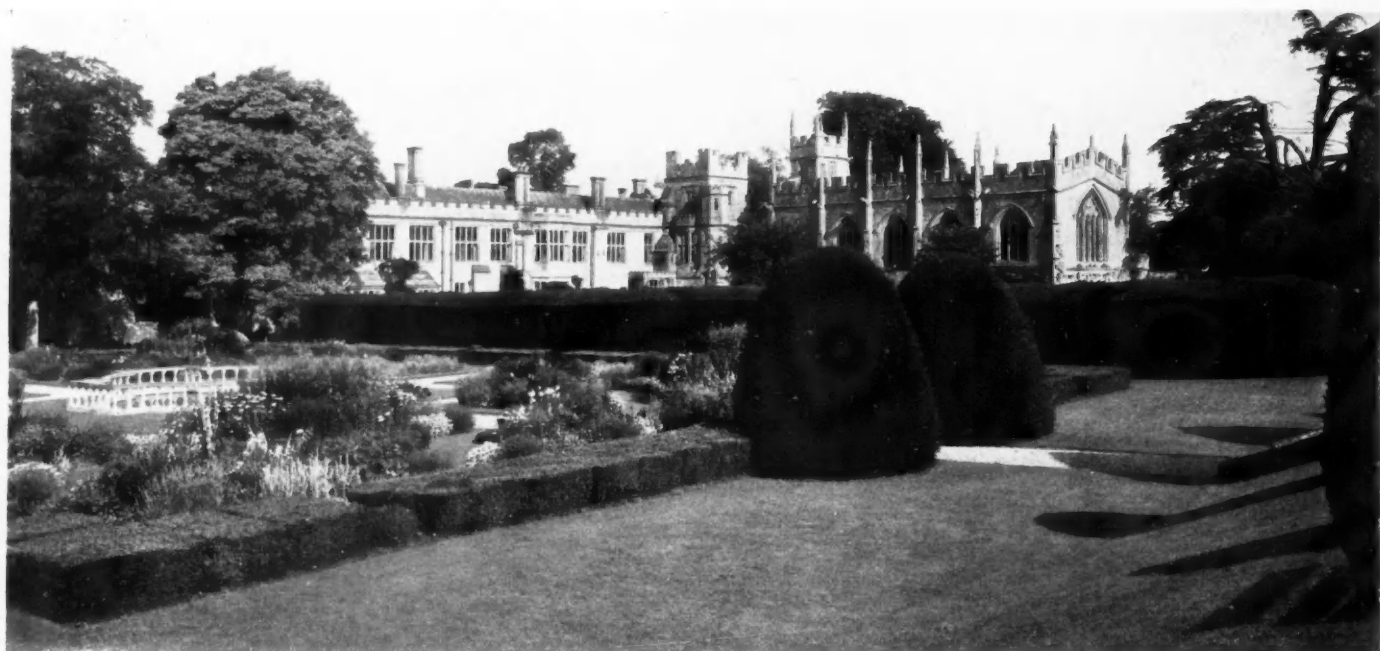
Neither the educator nor the moralist has overlooked the potentialities of games. The game of Goose has been used to teach philosophy to the old and geography to the young. About 2,500 years ago one of the Seven Sages of Greece drew a moral from boys shouting "Keep to your own" as they whipped their tops along the pavements of Mitylene. Jacob Cats found in skipping a

lesson which teaches the child that if the favourable moment is missed fortune will pass him by, and it was Chesterton who said: "If we have taken the child's games and given them the seriousness of a crusade we have turned a nursery into a temple." Children themselves always take games seriously, exacting strict discipline and a rigid adherence to the accepted ways. But only for the game's sake.



(Left) BLIND MAN'S BUFF, CRICKET, AND HOT-COCKLES. Miniatures from the Bodleian MS. of the "Romance of Alexander," by Jehan de Grise, 1344. (Right) THE GAME OF GOOSE. Ancestor of Snakes and Ladders. Bodleian example, the date is about 1600.





1.—CASTLE AND CHAPEL SEEN ACROSS THE PARTERRE FROM THE EAST TERRACE

## SUDELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE—II

THE SEAT OF MAJOR J. H. DENT-BROCKLEHURST

*The gardens of Sudeley, laid out about 1850 on the site of the old pleasure and remarkable for their clipped yews, enclose Ralph Boteler's fifteenth-century chapel, where Queen Katherine Parr lies buried.*

*Lord Seymour of Sudeley, her fourth husband, was granted the Castle in 1547.*

AS you stand to-day on the raised terrace at Sudeley and look across to the hills, and then back over the grass walks and massy yew hedges of the parterre to the great house framed in the trees, it seems hardly credible that this matured garden setting is less than a hundred years old. When John and William Dent of

Worcester, between 1830 and 1837, bought the estate with the intention of restoring the Castle and its roofless chapel, Sudeley had been for nearly two centuries in ruins: only a part of the outer court was habitable, and this was tenanted by a farmer. A few years earlier it had sunk even lower. One, Attwood, who doubtless benefited from the popularity

of Sudeley as an excursion from Cheltenham, kept a public-house in the building, which was known as "The Castle Arms." The discovery of Katherine Parr's grave and the opening of her coffin seems to have started the influx of curious sightseers. George III paid more than one visit, and the story is told by Mrs. Dent, in her "Annals of Winchcombe and



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2.—THE CHAPEL, BUILT BY RALPH BOTELER, LORD SUDELEY, Circa 1450

"Country Life"





3.—CLOUD OVER COTSWOLD. HUMBLEBEE HOW SEEN FROM THE EAST TERRACE IN THE EARLY MORNING



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4.—THE GREAT PARTERRE IN MIDSUMMER, LOOKING TOWARDS THE RUINED GREAT HALL

"Country Life"





5.—THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CHAPEL, FROM THE PARTERRE



6.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE OUTER COURT, FACING THE CHAPEL AND GARDEN



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7.—LOOKING NORTH ALONG THE GARDEN FRONT  
The oriel of Katherine Parr's Room is seen on the left

Sudeley," how on one occasion the King, when clambering about the ruins, was only saved from falling down a dilapidated turret staircase "by the timely, though unceremonious interference of Mrs. Cox," one of the tenants. For her presence of mind in saving the Royal person the stalwart lady was rewarded—vicariously, it is true—by the grant of a commission in the Guards to one of her relations, a young man of the name of Perrin. He seems to have been something of an artist, for there is an engraving of Sudeley, taken from a drawing by Perrin, depicting the Royal visit, though not His Majesty's unfortunate predicament.

The restoration gradually carried out by the Dents was a remarkable enterprise in which they showed an historical sense and a respect for the architectural character of the buildings very rare at the time. Most of the Victorian restorers of castles, in their attempt to recapture past glories, went far beyond what the architectural evidence justified, and in reproducing what they conceived to be baronial grandeur often obliterated a great deal that was ancient. The effect, as at Alnwick and Arundel, is sometimes impressive, but the drastic nature of these restorations hardly accords with our ideas of how an ancient building should be handled. The Dents were antiquarians, with an interest in Sudeley that was an absorbing passion. These two bachelor brothers collected anything and everything that had a bearing on the history of the house, forming a remarkable collection of pictures, furniture and historical relics, some of which will be illustrated next week. In rendering habitable the derelict buildings they contented themselves with restoring the Elizabethan ranges of the outer quadrangle built by the second Lord Chandos. These, with the fifteenth-century gate-house, were still relatively intact. The mediæval buildings of the inner court, including the great hall, they wisely left in their state of picturesque ruin. In the 'fifties, however, their nephew and successor, John Coucher Dent, was tempted to restore, with not quite such happy effect, the west (and least damaged) side of this inner court by connecting the Dungeon Tower and the Portmare Tower with the office range seen in Fig. 11; in it was incorporated what remained of the outer wall. Later on, in 1887, further work was carried out by his widow. To Mrs. Dent, the historian of Sudeley, is due the tower at the north-east angle of the outer court (seen to the left of the chapel in Fig. 1), and she added a block on the west side of the outer court where a gap existed between the Portmare Tower and the south end of the west range. A low corridor was also built between the two courts linking the east and west ranges. In all these additions the character of the Chandos work, with its large Elizabethan mullioned windows, was closely followed, and battlements were fittingly added both to the new and restored buildings. The result is architecturally very successful. The habitable part of the Castle has a uniform character based on the Chandos work, and, enclosing as it does only three sides of the outer court, leaves an open vista of the ruins of the great hall and the Dungeon Tower beyond, as was shown in one of the illustrations last week. In Figs. 10 and 11 we see the reverse view looking back from the ruins into the three-sided quadrangle.

The gardens at Sudeley lie on the east side of the two quadrangles, occupying a large rectangular area bounded to the east and south by a raised terrace walk and stone balustrade and on the north by a high wall. This great enclosure, which formed the ancient "pleasaunce," is divided into two, corresponding to the outer and inner courts, the northern section being treated as a setting for the fifteenth-century chapel, and the southern containing the sunk parterre flanked by the massive yew arbours which are the first feature of the Sudeley gardens. At the time when the Dent brothers were restoring Sudeley a return to formal ideas in garden lay-out was already under way. Italianate designs incorporating garden architecture and sculpture, such as Barry introduced at Trentham, aimed at producing a monumental effect, but charm was a quality that rarely found a place in the drilled and uniformed Victorian parterre, soon to become so common. Perhaps because of their antiquarian tastes the Dents in planning their lay-out succeeded much better than most of their contemporaries in reproducing the character of the



8.—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARTERRE, WITH ITS YEW ENCLOSURES.

Laid out about 1850, it follows the main lines of the original design

old English garden—the kind of garden that Francis Bacon describes in his famous essay. They reintroduced the almost forgotten art of topiary, with “Varietie of Alleys,” as Bacon has it, for sun and shade, and “some of them likewise for Shelter, that when the Wind blows Sharpe, you may walke, as

in a gallery.” Instead of being a dull, unimaginative thing, the Sudeley parterre is among the most successful of Victorian garden designs, and now that the yews are of mature growth and herbaceous flowers have been admitted to the formal beds between the grass walks this garden is perhaps the

most beautiful of its kind in England.

That there was a garden in this part of the Castle enclosure in Chandos times, and probably earlier still, was evident from what remained of the old terraces, and the Dents found the fountain pool, which evidently formed the centre of the old parterre, as well



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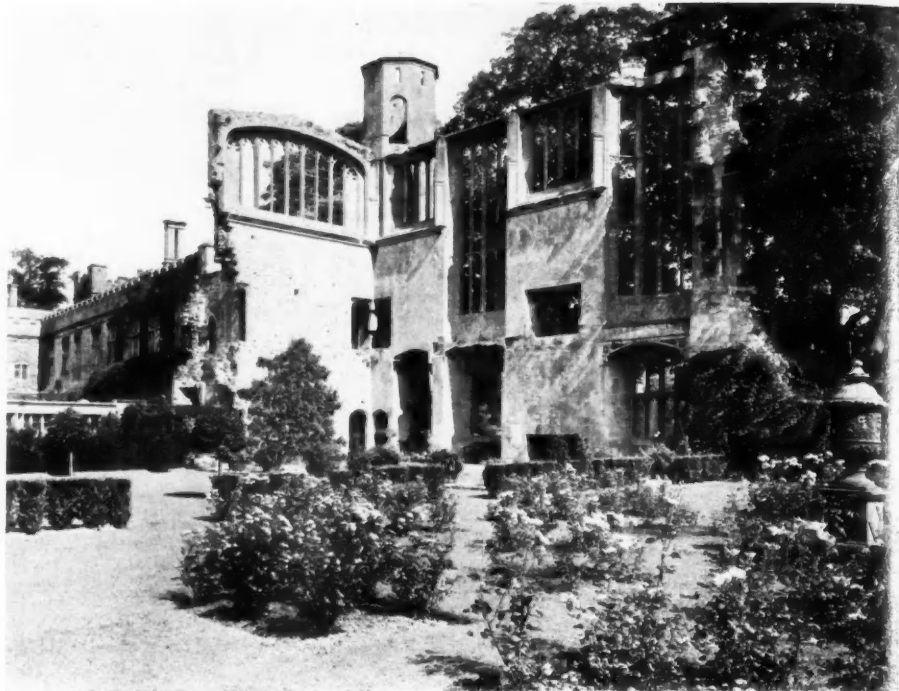
9.—CLIPPED YEWS AND MASSED FLOWERS IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN

“Country Life”



as the lines of the main walks and some remains of pebbled paths surrounding the fountain, when they began their garden work in 1850. The new parterre was laid out as far as possible on the lines of the old one. It is framed by a low, broad margin of box, clipped flat, with grass walks inside and wider ones without; to north and south it is protected by the double yew hedges, wherein you may walk "as in a gallery," in the manner Bacon described, and also look out through narrow arched doorways and round portholes. Pairs of domed yews stand sentinel at the east and west ends of the enclosure, while other topiary forms, rotund and slender, dwarf and bulky, line the raised terrace walks (Figs. 3 and 9). The rather dull Victorian fountain has been replaced by a fountain pool surrounded by a Jacobean balustrade, while herbaceous plants in less formal groupings now take the place of the more rigid arrangements of Victorian days. The background of this garden is the ruined great hall, whose empty mullioned windows can be described behind the tall sycamore growing beside it (Fig. 4).

North of the parterre stands the chapel in the middle of a green expanse of lawn, its west front prefaced by more yew hedges sweeping round in a semicircle (Fig. 2), from which steps descend to the garden front of the east range of the outer quadrangle (Fig. 6). Against the wall on the north side of the enclosure are broad herbaceous borders, and an old but now stricken cedar growing on the lawn behind the chapel is a relic of pre-Dent days. The chapel was built about the middle of the fifteenth century by Ralph Boteler, Lord Sudeley, as part of the great quadrangular Castle on which he lavished the riches gained in the French wars and from the high offices which he held. Having something of the status of a parish church, it was erected outside the Castle buildings, but seems to have been connected with the outer quadrangle by a covered passage. The detail of the building shows close affinities with Winchcombe Church, which Lord Sudeley helped the parishioners to re-build, and was probably the work of the same masons. A century ago it was roofless, but the walls and window tracery were intact, so that its restoration was not a difficult undertaking. Sir Gilbert Scott was entrusted with the work, and the chapel re-opened for worship in 1863. The exterior is unspoiled, but, inside, the architect let himself go in his most generous manner, with polished marble, carved woodwork and stained glass, and the result is hardly what we appreciate to-day. A costly



10.—THE ROSE GARDEN IN THE OUTER COURT AND THE RUINED GREAT HALL

and elaborate tomb to Queen Katherine Parr on the north side of the altar was the crowning act in this pious, if misdirected, work of restitution. Katherine Parr's grave, with the monuments of the Chandos family, had been desecrated during the Civil War. Her lead coffin with the inscription on it was discovered in 1782, and her body found entire, but practically nothing remained of the original monument.

To explain how the last of Henry VIII's Queens came to be buried at Sudeley it is necessary to turn back to the point at which its history was left last week. Throughout his reign Sudeley was a Royal estate, and a succession of constables had the keeping of the Castle. On his death the manor, with a great many others, was conferred on Sir Thomas Seymour, one of the new King's uncles, who now had the control of the country in their hands. In accordance with the terms of Henry's will he was created Lord Seymour of Sudeley, on the same day that his brother, the Protector, became Duke of Somerset; the office of Lord High Admiral was also bestowed on him. His ambitions, however,

remaining unsatisfied, he sought to improve his position *vis à vis* his brother by making advances to the fourteen year old Princess Elizabeth. She refused him in a letter that already discloses that nice admixture of firmness and circumspection which was to serve her so well in days to come. Foiled in this direction, Seymour turned to the late Queen, his old love, whom he would have married four years earlier, had he not been forestalled by his Sovereign. To have outlived Henry VIII was in itself an achievement, but Katherine Parr was a very remarkable woman with many of the qualities that Queen Elizabeth, who owed much to her, was to show—tact, resourcefulness, courage, and no small degree of learning. Her natural goodness was proof even against Henry's ungovernable rages, but the four-year voyage which she had managed to weather had been no easy passage, and, now that the ordeal was over, to find the handsome lover she had sacrificed still eager for her hand was too much for her: within a few months they were secretly betrothed and secretly married. Seymour was her fourth husband, and she fell for his good looks and charm; but for him the match had become only a step on the upward road to power.

Meanwhile, Sudeley underwent lavish restoration at the hands of its new owner. When Leland had seen the Castle a few years earlier, he wrote: "Now it goeth to ruine, more pittye." The decay was arrested, repairs were instituted, and the State rooms were splendidly furnished in readiness for the Queen. Much of the last year of her life was spent at the Castle, where she kept a large household, which, besides her gentlemen at arms and ladies in waiting, sometimes numbered such men as Coverdale and Parkhurst, bulwarks of the reformed religion, to which Katherine was a devout adherent. Lady Jane Grey was also under her charge at Sudeley, and was the principal mourner at her funeral. In this grave society of divines and learned ladies Seymour must have been an ill-assorted figure, and his eagerness to absent himself from it drew the reproof of Latimer, who compared him to a mole getting himself away into the earth. He was duly present, however, at the great event which the household at Sudeley awaited—the birth of the Queen's child. The most elaborate preparations had been ordered—"a bed with a tester of scarlet and curtains of crimson taffeta, with a counterpoint of silk serge, and a bed for the nurse, with counterpoints of



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11.—THE RESTORED WEST RANGE OF THE INNER COURT CONNECTING THE DUNGEON TOWER AND THE PORTMURE TOWER



imagery to please the babe," a chair of state covered with a cloth of gold, a rich cradle, tapestries and costly plate for the heir who was expected. Traditionally, the room in which the child was born is the one with a late Gothic oriel at the south-east corner of the outer quadrangle (Fig. 7), where now are kept the various relics of the Queen which John and William Dent collected. The expected heir turned out to be a girl, who was to live and die obscurely. Six days after her birth her mother succumbed to puerperal fever. Henry VIII had intended that she

should be buried beside him at Windsor, but either at her own wish or her husband's the chapel at Sudeley was chosen for her resting place. In the College of Heralds a detailed description exists of the funeral ceremony.

Katherine Parr died on September 5th, 1548, and within seven months her fourth husband paid the penalty for his unscrupulous and ill-disguised intrigues when he was beheaded on Tower Hill. As soon as he had become a widower he had renewed his suit to Princess Elizabeth, and in his attempts to

dislodge his brother from the Protectorship had schemed to bring about the marriage of Lady Jane Grey, who had become his ward, with Edward VI, and even sought to abduct the King to get him into his power. The Council lost patience with the intriguer, and his death warrant was signed by his own brother. Although Sudeley was in Seymour's possession for barely two years, they are the most notable in its long history; with his attainder and death a new chapter opens which must be left to the concluding article.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

## GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

### CHRISTMAS NOSTALGIA



THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN AT RYE, LOOKING TOWARDS RYE HARBOUR.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY seems, in a general way, an appropriate one for a Christmas number and in particular for a golfing article in that number. The writing down of the name St. Andrews makes me feel sadly nostalgic about that heavenly spot; not so much in summer time, when, so to speak, everybody knows it, as in winter, when only the elect know it; and I must add that I have only been of the elect for one happy spell of three too swiftly passing days. The crispness of the night frost, that was out of the turf almost before one had crossed the burn; the being able to start whenever one pleased, and, still more overpowering, being able to practise wherever one pleased; the last few ecstatic shots when the ball vanished in the early dusk; the glorious emptiness and at the same time the glorious cosiness of the big room in the club-house with its two blazing fires and its two small groups clustering round them—these are delicious things which I am afraid I may have described before but cannot refrain from touching on again.

After all, Christmas is the time for telling old stories yet once again, listening to them reverently, and asking the right questions at the right moment. How many times, I wonder, had old Wardle told the story of Gabriel Grub on Christmas Eve at Manor Farm? How many times had he sung that rather tedious song of his about "The King of the Seasons All"? In fact I don't wonder at all, for of course he had repeated the same performance by request every year. Fortified by that example I shall not apologise again, but remember something else which St. Andrew and Christmas jointly suggest. It was about Christmas-time ages ago that I, with my father and some others, drove over from Cambridge all the way to Royston in a brake. Perhaps it was Boxing Day and there was no train, or why otherwise did we choose so dilatory a conveyance? We must have been full of energy, for the wind blows shrewdly as it can across Pherfield Heath. There was no club-house then, nothing but a small tin hut, blown upon by all the winds of heaven near the last green.

Alone in that hut, humped over a stove, sat the great Andrew Kirkaldy, and he glowered at us as we came in. I felt fully as frightened as ever did Boswell when he first beheld Dr. Johnson at the house of Mr. Davies the bookseller, and might have had quite as rough a reception if there had not been a Scotsman of our party in whom Andrew could confide. What curious wind had cast him, as it were, a lost ship upon the bleak shores of Hertfordshire I cannot now recall, but by his account it was an ill one, for he had played no games, given no lessons and sold no balls, and I think he soon found his northerly way home again.

What other memories does the thought of Christmas evoke? Well, of course, there is Aberdovey, but the line must be drawn somewhere and I have done that too often. Rye not quite so often, and yet my conscience pricks me about it. There is noble winter golf and there too is cosiness with a vengeance, in a chimney-corner seat in the Dormy House. Last year a friend sent me his regimental Christmas card with, after the conventional greetings, the words "And may we only miss one Putter." I was afraid it could hardly come true, and we can only be there in imagination. On the very day on which I write I have been made more than ever homesick for Rye by reading the late E. F. Benson's "Final Edition." He gives an account of staying with Henry James at Lamb House, that charming and dignified house that was afterwards his own. He and another guest played a round of golf and were afterwards given tea at the club-house by Mr. James, who commented thus on the game: "Some be-flagged jam pots, I understand, my dear Fred, let into the soil at long but varying distances. A swoop, a swing, a flourish of steel, a dormy." Those words "a flourish of steel," whatever precisely the sage meant by them, bring to my mind the image of a Christmas golfing reunion that used to be held annually at Woking and was known to its devotees as "The Colonel's party." There was a prodigious quantity of plum-pudding and its complements to a comparatively small

quantity of golf, and certainly the most energetic foursome never went past the fourteenth green, but it was great fun. I recall one in particular—and here is where steel comes in—because the new steel shafts had just then become licit and we lived for the moment in a fool's paradise of longer hitting. I had possessed a steel-shafted driver for some little while and practised with it privily in a meadow before it was legal, but this was the first time I had used it on a course and, on one so familiar, it was naturally exciting to see whether one could get past one's old landmarks. I recall the thrill of taking that driver at the second hole against the wind and seeing the ball disappear gloriously into gorse and long grass beyond it. Doubtless the hole was lost, but how well lost! The shot is bracketed in memory with the first I ever hit with a Haskell. It was at charming Sudbrook Park, and the ball seemed to hum like a hornet and then soar like a bird into a distant tree. We are really altruistic on these occasions, for the fact that other people can profit just as much by the new invention does not in the least spoil our pleasure in our own achievement.

Finally, there is Sandwich too, and I can always be tenderly sentimental about that. It was in the year in which that Haskell ball first appeared that, not long after Christmas, I spent some happy days there, blustered at and "blattered" upon by the winds. To-day, I believe that in that too war-like area the staff are doing war-like things and, though the greens are kept mown, there are few balls putted upon them. That makes me feel more nostalgic than ever. It was soon after that little spell of golf that I received a—to me—memorable telegram. I was going to stay at Eton, and hoped for some golf, but on the morning of my departure came the telegram of two words, "Ping-pong weather." The snow lay deep, and whether or not there was ping-pong there was certainly no golf. Still, in a Christmas number it would be unbecoming to complain of snow. Confound it! that is to say that it is the ideal setting—ugh!—for an old-fashioned Christmas.

# THE OAK AVENUE

BY STEPHEN  
GWYNN

QUEEN BESS came down  
from Windsor way  
To see the Winchcomb of  
that day,  
Chief man of all the woolyer  
squires

Who flourished in the western shires.  
Along the ridge the cheering rang  
Between the Kennet and the Pang,  
Among the bracken, furze and birch  
And down to Bucklebury Church.  
Right at the top, where four roads meet,  
There was a level space, complete  
With all conveniences for sport,  
A natural holiday resort—  
Perhaps a pub too—anyhow,  
"The Bladebone" flourishes there  
now.

Just here there stood a group of oaks;  
The road passed through them. Thought  
evokes

Beginnings of that inspiration  
Which gave a treasure to the nation.

A crowd was met at the inn door  
(So be a pub was there before)  
To see the Queen and all her folks  
Parading out between the oaks,  
When someone shouted out: "That's  
fine.

Neighbours, by God, we'll have a line  
Of oaks a mile long, nothing less,  
To mind us of our good Queen Bess."

And so 'twas done with no time lost.  
Up to the place where the roads crossed  
From where the common's edge began  
The lavish lines of planting ran.  
It took its time; nobody worried,  
Or wished commemoration hurried,  
But in a hundred years or so  
The oak trees made a handsome show;  
Swift saw them when he came to joke  
And talk affairs with Bolingbroke  
Who was the squire then. Time went  
by,

And once more caps were flying high;  
What should be done for Waterloo?  
Somebody said: "The avenue!  
Plant in another line each side  
To make a proper handsome ride."  
And so Queen Bess's way was made

Into a long broad winding glade  
With oak trees set in double row  
On each side of you as you go;  
That's how this fine approach was  
planned  
To no-man's house through no-man's  
land.

Who owns the lot? In France 'twould  
be

The Commune, marketing each tree,  
But here, it seems, folk never stop  
To think of timber as a crop.

They let it flourish broad and high  
All just for pleasure of the eye.

These oaks in undisturbed content  
Live on—but can take punishment.

Last winter when the frost was black,  
A thaw set in; the frost stole back,

And caught the branches dripping wet  
Till all the world in ice was set.

Sheer weight snapped short what would  
not bend,

And oak to bending is no friend;  
Many a tree lost master bough

—A woeful sight; but see them now!  
Shoulder to shoulder, there they stand,

Each gripping firm his patch of land.  
Spring gilds the green when buds  
unfold;

In autumn all is umbered gold;  
Rich sights—and yet they show you  
less

What winter gives—the sturdiness.

Lord, how like England! Hitler's crew  
Could wreck at most a tree or two.

Streets may collapse, but not these  
oaks,

No, nor the hearts of English folks.  
There is a stiffness in the soil;

Lumpy it seems and harsh; yet toil  
Mellows it to a genial earth

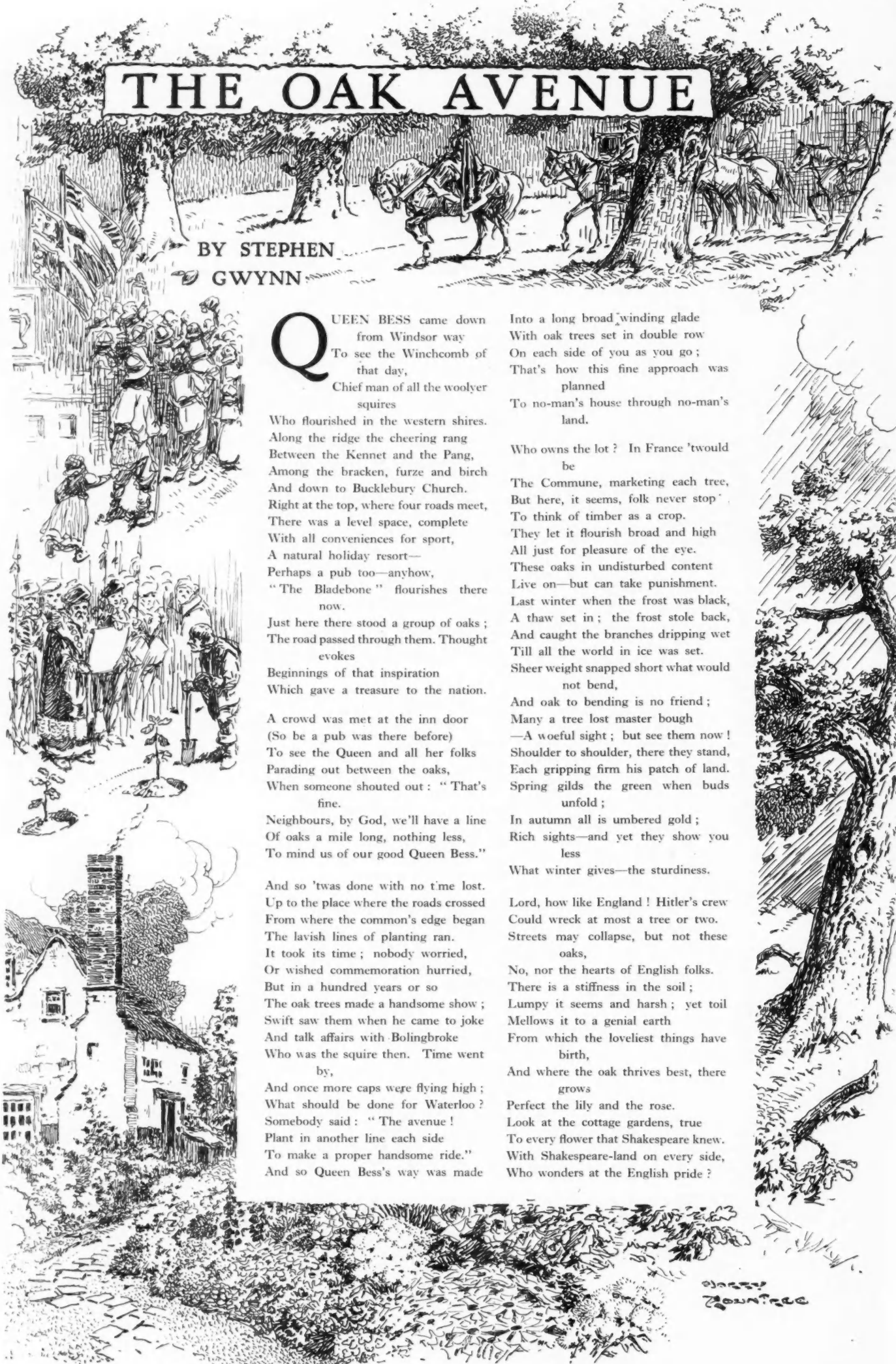
From which the loveliest things have  
birth,

And where the oak thrives best, there  
grows

Perfect the lily and the rose.  
Look at the cottage gardens, true

To every flower that Shakespeare knew.  
With Shakespeare-land on every side,

Who wonders at the English pride?







THE OAK AVENUE  
BUCKLEBURY COMMON  
BERKSHIRE

Shoulder to shoulder there they  
stand  
Each gripping firm his patch of  
land.  
Spring gilds the green when buds  
unfold,  
In autumn all is umbered gold ;  
Rich sights—and yet they show  
you less  
Than winter gives—the sturdiness.

*The Legend of the Avenue is told by  
Mr. Stephen Gwynn on the opposite  
page.*



*Eric Guy*

# THE FIRE OF LONDON AND ITS EFFECT ON DOMESTIC FURNISHING

By R. W. SYMONDS

**M**EDIAEVAL London, Gothic in its architectural character, was a city of narrow streets and lanes lined with wood-framed buildings with high gabled roofs. This city with its densely packed buildings was destroyed by fire, which began in the early hours of September 2nd, 1666, and lasted for over three days and nights. The beginning of the fire is mentioned by Samuel Pepys; after describing in his Diary how he had been awakened at three o'clock in the morning by his maid-servant, he writes: "So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep."

So complete was the City's destruction that, in the words of a London citizen, "you may stand where Cheapside was and see the Thames."

It was computed that 13,200 houses were destroyed, in addition to the burning of St. Paul's Cathedral, eighty-seven parish churches, the halls of forty-four City companies, and many of the civic buildings. A number of the destroyed houses dated back to the time when a house was planned with a central hall, which was the common dining-room of the household. This applied not only to the mansions of the rich members of society—the nobility and the merchants—but also to the homes belonging to the more ordinary citizens of the professional and tradesman classes. The latter type of house was usually planned with a buttery and pantry at one end of the hall and a sleeping or private dining-chamber at the other. Above this chamber was the solar—the private apartment of the master and mistress—and above the buttery and pantry were other sleeping-chambers. The hall was open to the roof timbers, as it extended the full height of the two floors. This design was not for reason of spaciousness, but originated through the house having one fire only, which burned on a hearth or "reredosse," as it was called, in the centre of the floor of the hall, the smoke escaping through a louvre in the roof and also by an unglazed window or windows high up under the eaves. Up to the fifteenth century the luxury of "a chambre wyth a chimney" belonged only to the rich man's home; the dwelling-houses of the ordinary citizens had no chimneys but only "reredosses." Undoubtedly, these old London houses, planned with a hall, had had chimneys added to most of the chambers at a later date, and in many cases the hall had also been ceiled over at the first-floor level to give an additional sleeping-chamber.

The fire not only swept away all these

ancient houses, but also the old methods of furnishing that went with them. Some of these usages in domestic furnishing had come down from the Middle Ages. For instance the long table was used for meals with stools and forms instead of chairs; and the dining-room or hall was furnished with a pair of court cupboards, upon which stood the glasses, cups and vessels of the table silver or pewter. The court cupboard, which is mentioned in inventories in the reign of Queen Mary I (1553-58), was not a cupboard in the modern sense, but a table composed of two tiers. This piece of furniture was a survival from the time when the name cupboard possessed its original meaning—a cup-board, or board or table to place cups on. It was not until the latter half of the sixteenth century that the term cupboard began to take on the modern meaning of the word, *i.e.*, an enclosed piece of furniture "to put things in."

Yet another usage that persisted in London households up to the reign of Charles II was the employment of coverings on tables and cupboards, called carpets.

The London that arose from the ashes of the old was a modern city, not only in its architectural design, but in the reforms that had been introduced to improve the standard of building. The timber-framed houses of the old City were replaced in the new by houses of brick or brick and stone. In order to simplify and thereby hasten the process of re-building an entirely new design of house was made. The Re-building Act of 1667 authorised four different types of this stock house—the first sort, which had two storeys, a garret, and a cellar, was to be used for fronting by-streets and lanes; the second sort, which had three storeys, was for

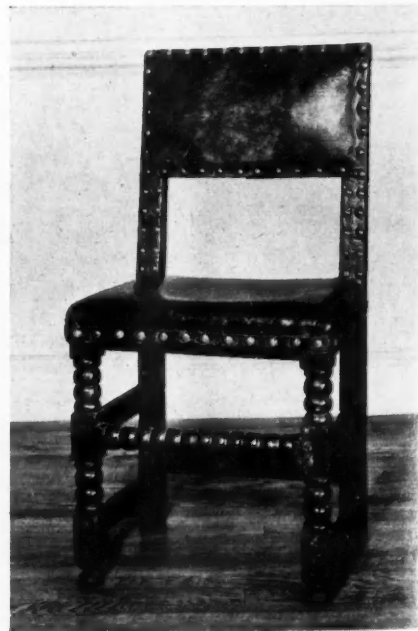


1.—THIS EARLY TYPE OF CANE CHAIR, WITH WIDE MESH AND WITHOUT CARVING, MUST HAVE BEEN USED EXTENSIVELY IN THE NEW HOUSES OF RE-BUILT LONDON

fronting streets and lanes "of Note"; the third sort was for high and principal streets and had four storeys; and the "fourth and greatest sort" was specified as "Mansion houses . . . of the greatest bignes not fronting upon any of the Streets or Lanes." The height of each floor and the thickness of the walls were specified, and no house was allowed with overhanging storeys, projecting shop-fronts, water pipes that discharged on the passers-by, or signs suspended over the footways.

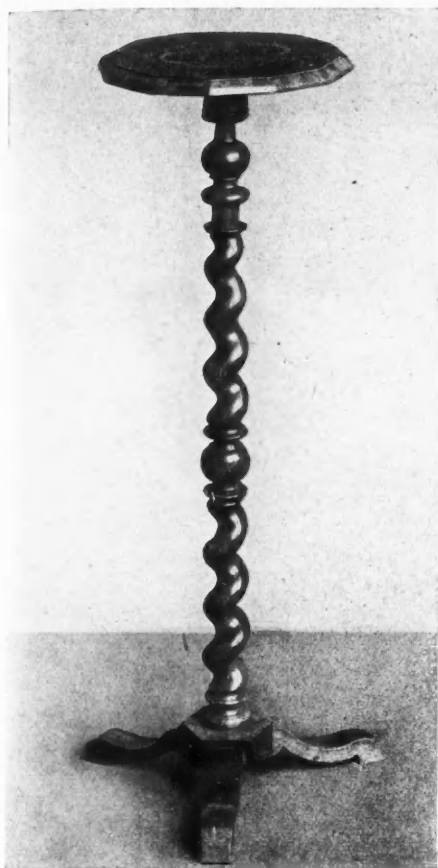


2.—A GATE-LEGGED TABLE WITH FALLING LEAVES: THE DINING-TABLE OF RESTORATION LONDON.  
(Collection of Captain N. R. Colville)



3.—CHAIR WITH JOINED AND TURNED FRAME, UPHOLSTERED WITH RUSSIAN LEATHER





4.—(Left) CANDLESTAND WITH VENEERED TOP, AND PILLAR AND FEET OF FRUITWOOD, DESIGNED TO FORM PART OF A SUITE OF A PAIR OF STANDS, A DRESSING-TABLE (see Fig. 5) AND A LOOKING-GLASS. At Hardwick Hall

5.—(Above) A DRESSING-TABLE WITH TOP, FRIEZE, AND STRETCHERS VENEERED WITH OLIVEWOOD, LEGS OF TURNED ELM.

(Collection of Mr. Reginald Leon)

The new houses lined the streets in a regular manner, the large upright windows playing an important part in endowing a row of houses with unity: each window being a unit which diminished in height on each ascending floor. These new houses bore no resemblance either in plan or elevation to the old, as they had rooms and closets leading out of one another on each floor; the entrance passage, the staircase and its landings being situated on one side of the plan.

In the post-Fire London house the "Joynestools, Benches, Cupboards, Massy Tables and Gygantic Bed-steds" which Evelyn describes as "the hospitable *Utensils* of our fore-Fathers" were not only incongruous, but also out of scale with the new rooms. In any case little was left of this old-fashioned furniture, as the greater part must have perished in the flames. The joiners, the chair-makers and cabinet-makers rose to the occasion and soon set to work designing and making furniture to supply the needs of re-built London. This new furniture was in accordance with current taste and modern requirements, and it was designed in scale with the rooms of the new houses.

The new type of dining-table had an oval or round top with falling leaves on a frame of gate-legged construction (Fig. 2). The old-fashioned long table, too long to fit into the new dining-rooms, was now made but seldom by the London joiners. Sets of chairs with backs and seats upholstered with Turkey work or leather (Fig. 3) or fitted with cane mesh (Fig. 1) took the place of joint stools and forms at the dining-table. The court cupboards were replaced by side-tables with drawers (today called dressers), and dining-rooms also had "Buffets," or alcoves with shelves, fitted in the wainscot to take the glass and silver. Table and cupboard carpets

were now out of fashion, although those that were saved from the fire were probably still used by their owners.

Two important innovations that took place at this time were cane chairs and veneered furniture. In the furnishing of the new London houses, the chair with its seat and back fitted with cane panels and furniture veneered with walnut or olive wood must have played an important part. Cane chairs, it is recorded, were first made about the year 1664; they were produced in many thousands, in fact a contemporary petition places their yearly output at six thousand dozens. They were made in sets, consisting of two arm and single chairs,

principally for use as dining-chairs, the cane seats being fitted with cushions or "quilts."

Veneered furniture brought into being the craft of the cabinet-maker, as the laying of veneer required a special skill which the joiner did not possess. Among the many new pieces of this cabinet-maker's furniture the following articles figured the most prominently. Suites of "Tables, stands and looking-glasses" were made for use as dressing-tables (Figs. 4 and 5) chests of drawers with or without stands (Fig. 6) were made for holding clothes and linen (instead of the old-fashioned oak press or chest), scrutoires were made for writing play-tables were made for card-playing, pier-tables were made to stand against the pier-walls between the windows of the rooms, and pier-glasses were designed to hang on the walls above the tables.

This new furniture was also made decorated with japan-lac by the japanner, whose craft, like that of the cabinet-maker, first made its appearance in Charles II's reign. Once japanned furniture had come into fashion, its popularity grew until its yearly production became considerable, even in excess of that of veneered furniture.

These new crafts and new fashions in furniture-making would have come into being even if there had been no Fire of London, but the laying waste of the capital and the consequent urgent need for new furniture hastened the process of change. The destruction of the greater part of the furniture belonging to over thirteen thousand houses must have caused the London trade of furniture-making to prosper, and this prosperity, combined with the creative spirit that existed so strongly in the fertile age of Restoration England, undoubtedly brought forth better and more original design than if things had been allowed to take their normal course.



6.—CHEST OF DRAWERS OF WALNUT VENEER ON STAND

# A ROMANTIC RETREAT

## BUILDING A LOG HOUSE IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

**S**INCE he emerged from the cave, man has used timber as a primary material in building, and in the majority of early settlements the log house appeared. To-day we seem to be treading the path which leads back to the cave, though indeed the cave may be of reinforced concrete. If the house built of logs lies along that path it is at least an advance on the air-raid shelter, and its simplicity will appeal to every age, both aesthetically and technically.

It may be objected that to think of building a house in these days of restrictions on materials, and a timber house at that, is mere "escapism." Actually, however, the present shortage is of sawn timber, not of round poles. Where temporary hutting, or any winter quarters, are wanted in forest areas, the log house is a sound alternative to using seasoned boards—which are so much in demand everywhere. The house described here was planned before the war, but even then the motive of escape, if less pronounced, was there among the more constructive motives I hope to explain.

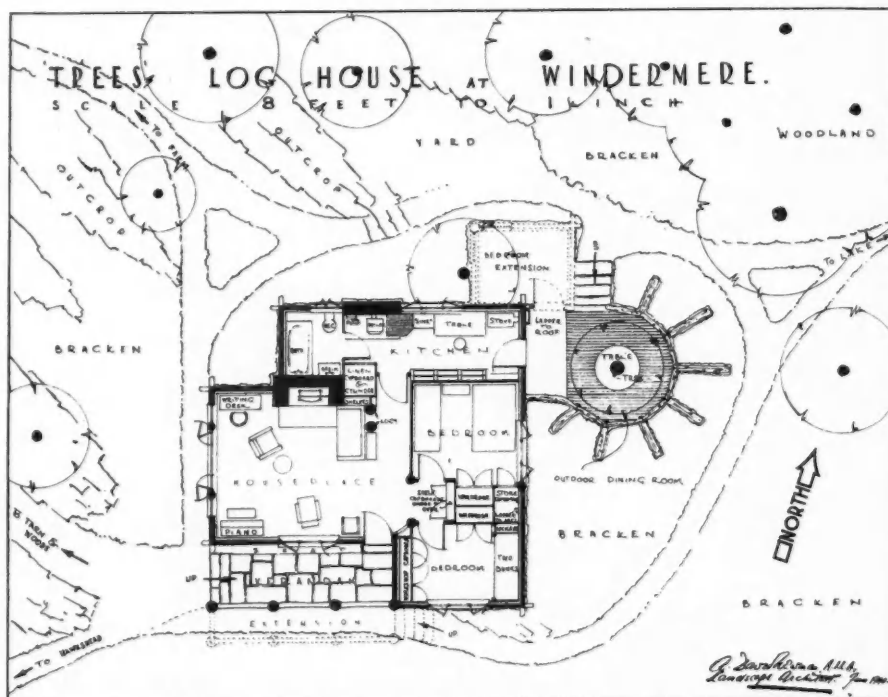
As one who lives and works with trees, I have long known the special appeal of timber. Aesthetically the patterns and colours of wood, whether sawn or in the round, are very satisfying, and, if adequately seasoned, its power to resist the effects of weather has proved itself again and again. I have seen and lived in timber houses in New England as well as Old, in Austria, Switzerland and Scandinavia. I have seen almost every day battalions of trees cut into pit-props and mining timber destined to disappear for ever, and I have become more and more convinced that I must build a timber house which would show a new use for conifers of pitwood size. For nearly a year I made enquiries into costs and saw the results of similar projects in England from which I received little encouragement.

It was at this point that I was fortunate enough to meet the owner of the house I am going to describe. Being a landscape architect, he possessed very definite views on the way the countryside had been recklessly squandered to the industrialists, and, what is less common, had constructive plans to avoid it. For example, in the Lake District the demand for building sites has steadily continued until to-day we have an increasing population of semi-permanent residents and temporary visitors. To house this shifting population, the gaudy confectionery—it could scarcely be called architecture—of two generations has left its variegated products.

My friend felt that the demand for housing and recreation should be recognised, but that the convenient villa remained too close a link with city life. Being himself an enforced town-dweller he realised that the peace of mind necessary to restore the vitality of anyone working in the racket of a machine age could only be found in something remote and simple. It is possible he had thought of W. B. Yeats and his inspired retreat to Innisfree. Whatever



THE VIEW FROM THE HOUSE OVER WINDERMERE



he thought, we were both convinced that a timber house should be constructed.

We found that to attempt to build in a district famous for its scenery was unbelievably difficult. The owners of land could be divided into two groups. There were the speculators, who would sell land at a price far beyond our moderate means, and there were the landowners who would have no building at any price. Without doubt the latter group have been of great benefit to the community, refusing tempting offers from speculators and would-be house-owners alike. They have received little reward, for, as a result of the Town Planning Act, the potential value of their land has depreciated.

Feeling that there might be a more constructive approach to the problem, we were anxious to find a landowner who would consider our proposed building to be an example of the ideal small house for the Lake District, to be used principally during holidays.

Since we thought a woodland site essential, and remoteness to be an advantage, we held that our building would not offend the eye of the most ardent preserver of the *status quo* (an important consideration in the Lake District). Further, we were certain that the house, when built, would blend so perfectly with the countryside that it would be an ornament to it. It also seemed to us an advantage that the materials would be obtained almost exclusively from English timber and thus lead to a new utilisation of the products of English woodlands.

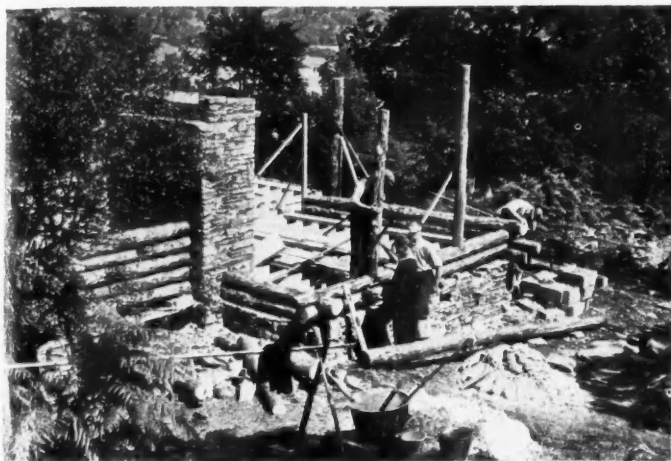
We were fortunate enough to find owner of a well wooded estate who were sympathetic and prepared to allow our experiment to proceed, so that one of the greatest of our initial difficulties was overcome.

It is hardly necessary to describe in detail the ensuing tasks of selecting the exact site, approaching the Rural District Council, finding a water supply and all the duties attendant on house-building. That these difficulties were



THE WEST SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND THE VERANDA  
The roof is of Canadian red cedar shingles





(Left) BUILDING THE FOUNDATIONS AND CHIMNEY OF WESTMORLAND STONE. (Right) SETTING LOGS IN POSITION

intensified by the fact that the house was to be built in timber and was a type of construction entirely new to the district may be imagined.

The site we chose lay on the west side of Lake Windermere some 400ft. above sea level. The surrounding woodland was predominantly broad-leaved forest, and, owing to the high rainfall, often over 60ins. in a year, plant life was very luxuriant. It might be said to be in an area typical of the Lake District both in geology and plant ecology.

Our next task, the building of the house itself, was perhaps the most arduous, for we had little experience to draw upon and, but for a fortunate discovery in Scotland, which I will refer to later, it might have been impossible. It was essential that the house should be designed to conform in scale with its surroundings and not dominate them. The effect desired was that of the "cabin," but the interior accommodation had to be such that there should be no cramping of living space. The living-room, or "house" as this room is called in all the old farms throughout the district, was made 19ft. long by 14ft. wide and lit by a south window opening on to a veranda and a large west window running almost the entire length of the west wall. The bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom were made as small as they could be, compatible with comfort, ease of working, and storing accommodation.

The logs of which the house was built controlled the plan to a great extent, for the length of a wall had to be such that one log could span it without producing a sloping effect, due to the taper of the log. It was found that to include all the room space under a simple gable-ended roof would have required a high ridge. This displeasing effect was overcome by building the kitchen and bathroom under a lean-to roof at the back.

The foundation walls of local stone were made two feet thick, varying in height above

the ground from nine inches to nearly five feet. The foundations of the chimney were taken down to solid rock. As the outer walls were to be built of timber, which, though very durable, is subject to attacks by both fungi and insects, it was necessary to provide ample protection. Generally speaking, saprophytic fungi can only develop in wood when its moisture content rises above about 20 per cent., and to prevent moisture rising from the ground two courses of Westmorland slate were laid above the foundations.

Though the conception of building a house in some remote corner might be called escapism, there was no attempt to achieve an old-world effect. We chose round logs as a material because they could be readily and cheaply obtained, rapidly put into place and, at the same time, conform to the character of the landscape. About a quarter of a mile away, on high ground, several acres of twenty-five-thirty year old Douglas fir had, among countless other trees, been uprooted during a gale in 1937, and, though they had been cut from the rootstocks and piled to prevent decay, only a small proportion had been utilised. Thus a good supply of seasoned logs of a durable species was available, and these were hauled to the site by means of a caterpillar tractor, and barked and cross-cut to the lengths required.

We were lucky enough to find a Canadian working on an estate in South Scotland who had wide experience in both joinery and in the construction of log houses in Canada. His help proved invaluable, and with three foresters as axemen to assist him we had the walls erected within a fortnight.

In addition to the careful seasoning, aeration, and insulation from damp, the logs were brushed with creosote which was also generously applied to all joints.

The lower logs were bolted to the foundations, and between each two logs as they were

laid came a thick packing of a specially prepared wadding, toxic to insects and fungi and said to be impervious to damp. To ensure against any damp penetrating between the logs to the interior of the house, the inside walls were all lined with a fibre board which is damp and insect proof. This inner lining formed a cavity two inches wide at the floor level, increasing to about seven inches wide at ceiling height, the increase being due to the diminishing diameters of the logs and the fact that on the outside of the walls the log faces were kept vertical. The floors and ceilings were also lined with fibre board and, in effect, the inside of the house is a lining, sealed and completely insulated from the outer walls. By this means it is hoped that the house will remain dry in the wettest weather, an essential condition when it is likely to be uninhabited for perhaps a month at a time. The properties of timber construction for producing warm conditions in winter and a cool atmosphere in summer are well known.

Naturally, the question of fire had to be carefully considered. Fires start inside a house, and therefore every precaution taken normally in building had to be intensified and the fireplace and chimney were built in generous proportions of stone. It might be mentioned here that in Canada insurance premiums are no higher for wooden houses, and that statistics produced by the Fire Underwriters' Association showed that the percentage of fires in wooden houses was less than in brick or stone.

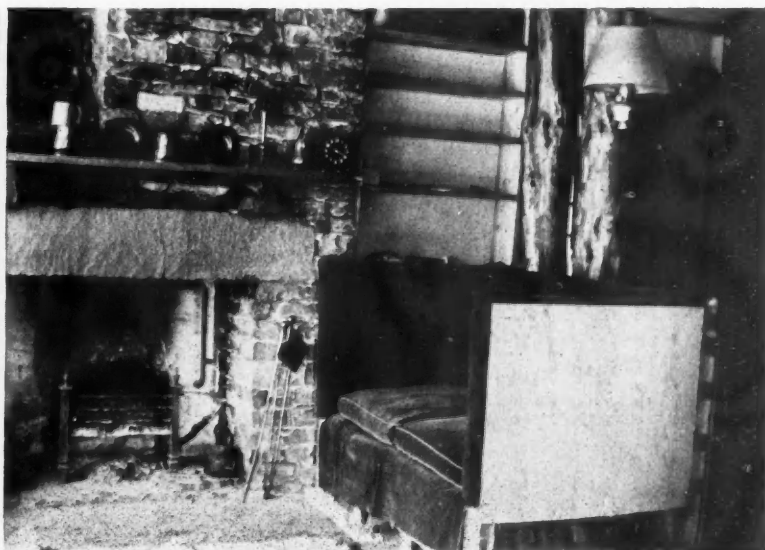
For the roof we were obliged to call upon imported timber and used Canadian red cedar shingles, though, at an increased cost, we might have obtained oak shingles or even creosoted spruce from home-grown timber.

The building has given every worker intense pleasure and interest, and visits there have provided recreation and rest beyond our most sanguine hopes.

BRUCE POLLARD URQUHART.



THE "HOUSEPLACE": THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOW AND THE HEARTH



WALLS AND CEILING LINED WITH FIBRE BOARD, EXCEPT THE CHIMNEY BREAST

# THE SECRET OF KILVERT

A REVIEW BY A. L. ROWSE

KILVERT'S DIARY: VOLUME III, edited by William Plomer. (Cape, 12s. 6d.)

**W**HAT is the secret of Kilvert? Ah!—if only one knew that, one would have the clue to so much more of life than one has. But there, Kilvert has this mark of genius, among others, that he has the faculty of making us insatiably curious about him. We want to know *all* about him, as we long to know what sort of man Tennyson was at heart, or Newman, or what was it that happened to Gerard Manley Hopkins? We should like to know so much more about what went on in him, and what happened to all the girls he was so much in love with, and what to him in the end. Alas! we shall never know: he has the attraction of holding a secret for us. It is partly what makes his fascination, his spell so complete: there is something mysterious and elusive about him. At the same time as we are in such close touch with him, share his own intimate and tremulous sensibility, there remains something withdrawn. He was that very rare creature, a diarist who was not in the least egoistic, nor even introspective. What he shares with us is his own apprehension of life, completely and without any reserves; but life viewed essentially in its aesthetic aspect, *quâ* beauty, as one who was essentially an artist saw it. There remains something about the inner man that escapes us, to which we have not the key.

For anyone who has not heard of Kilvert, let me say that he is the most interesting discovery in English literature since Robert Bridges lifted the veil on the poems of Hopkins. Twenty-two black notebooks turned up at a London sale a few years ago; they contained the diary of a young clergyman of the 1870s. Not the usual clergyman's diary at all, like Parson Woodforde, whose religion seems to have been eating. Very little in Kilvert's Diary about eating: only the dinner he gave to his farmers his first year at Bredwardine. (But that sounds a good one: "white soup, roast beef, boiled chickens and ham, curried rabbit, stewed wood-pigeons, beef-steak pie, potatoes and stewed celery, plum pudding, custard, plum tart, mince pieces, apricot jam tart.") No, the point about Kilvert is that he was the master of a most exquisite and lovely prose, and the Diary that he kept is not merely a revealing document of the social life of the countryside in his time—it is certainly that—but one of the first half-dozen diaries, and that not the least moving, in our literature. When the first volume came out, I described it in these columns as the nearest thing to Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals. It is pleasing to find here Kilvert's mother presenting him with Dorothy Wordsworth on his birthday, and her name invoked on his very last page. He pays a visit to Brinsop Court and the sitting-room where "dear Dorothy Wordsworth spent much of her time."

For those who know and love Kilvert, looking forward to the appearance of another volume this autumn has been a pleasure of its own; but now, alas! it is countered by the sadness that this is the last. There is no more. That is, unless some of the missing volumes of these last years should turn up; but I am afraid there is little hope of that.

When this volume opens, he is still acting as curate to his father at Langley Burrell in Wiltshire, having returned from Clyro in Wales, where so much of the action in the first two volumes passes. At once, from the first page his spell is upon us. Here is Seagry Mill in May,

Kilvert lying back on the river bank while his father fishes:

It was a glorious afternoon, unclouded, and the meadows shone dazzling like a golden sea in the glory of the sheets of buttercups. The deep, dark river, still and glassy, seemed to be asleep and motionless except when a leaf or blossom floated slowly by. The cattle by the mill plashed and trampled among the rushes and river flags and water lilies in the shallow places, and the miller Godwin came down with a bucket to draw water from the pool.

It is a perfect little landscape, like a Constable; and that is the kind of thing that Kilvert can do on every page. More often, he is rendering life, from close-up observation and with the tenderest, most exquisite sympathy for every sort of human being. It was here that his being a parson was such an advantage: it meant that every door was open to him, not only the squire's and the surrounding gentry and clergy, but the farmers and their labourers, the poor, the wretched and derelict. Still, the world they all inhabited was a secure and a quiet one: their greatest disasters an occasional railway accident, or a shipwreck. What occupied much more of the foreground were such matters as the Squire's dismissal of old George Jefferies from leading the singing in church, the installation of a harmonium which almost led to a breach between manor house and rectory: "How strange it is that the Squire is such a distant man about music," says Alice Matthews. It is a world of rural deans, and tea on rectory lawns under the trees, and, after tea, archery or croquet, or picking flowers in the flowery meads of Wiltshire for decorating the church, of pretty Victorian girls looking over the parapet of the bridge while the river flows by. And all the while there is one, a little apart, watching life itself flowing by, trying to catch it on the wing, to ensnare a momentary aspect of its beauty, with what quivering sensibility, with what nostalgia for what is passing even as it passes, in a paragraph, a sentence, a phrase. Here is Christmas Day, 1874:

This morning we plainly heard the six beautiful fatal bells of Bremhill ringing a Christmas peal through the frosty air.

Next day, St. Stephen's Day, he goes to visit a sick child who is in great pain, hoping to read her to sleep:

The light shone through the night from the sick girl's chamber window, the night was still, an owl hooted out of the South and the mighty hunter Orion with his glittering sword silently overstrode the earth.

On Childermas Day:

As I came home the sky was black and thick with snow, but through the gloom one great lone star was burning in the East. We have seen His star in the East.

There is, however, more to Kilvert than this lonely recording of natural beauty. It is when he gets back to Wales that his Diary quickens with an intenser life; he loved the Welsh, their warm, sharper, more perceptive, more emotional life—so much so that he fancied he had Welsh blood. The characters become more vivid, more strange; there is Priscilla Price, who lived with her idiot step-daughter, could remember the coronation of George IV and tell him all sorts of human oddities such as he loved. He once asked James Meredith:

"James, tell me the truth, did you ever see the oxen kneel on old Christmas Eve at the Weston?" And he said, "No, I never saw them kneel at the Weston but when I was at Hinton at Staunton-on-Wye I saw them. I was watching them on old Christmas Eve and at 12 o'clock the oxen that were standing knelt down upon their knees and those that were lying down rose up on their knees and there they stayed kneeling and moaning, the tears running down their faces."

It is like Thomas Hardy: curious to think that these two who were so near each other in spirit, and writing at the same time, should have known nothing of each other. But then, it is part of the romance of Kilvert that nobody should have known of him as a writer, and then within the last few years a new figure should have been added to English letters from that vanished world of the 'seventies.

## OF TREES

Trees have for some people, the writer among others, a beauty, a consolation and a majesty that nothing else in Nature can show. A great many English poets have known this love of them—Wordsworth, for instance, with his "Brotherhood of venerable trees." The modern poets, such as Herbert Trench, who wrote: "O dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees," are perhaps even more their worshippers. For all who share this passion Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker's new book *TREES* (Lindsay Drummond, 10s. 6d.) will be a source of exquisite pleasure. It contains forty-eight photographs of trees by the author, one of which is reproduced on this page, and notes on them facing each photograph. Mr. St. Barbe Baker is widely known as founder of the Men of the Trees, and an ideal author for this book. In these days of so much man-made ugliness this collection of God-made beauty will be rest and refreshment, to every tree-lover.

## BOOKS EXPECTED

One of the most attractive gift books of the season will be the new edition, illustrated with wood-cuts by Clare Leighton, of Thomas Hardy's *UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE*, which is to come from Messrs. Macmillan next week. From these publishers, too, come *A KIPLING TREASURY*, a volume of over three hundred pages containing chiefly stories and some poems, and the *GOLDEN TREASURY OF SCOTTISH POETRY*, which has long been needed and is edited by Hugh MacDiarmid.

In December *CONCERNING WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL*, by Sir George Arthur, comes from Messrs. Heinemann.

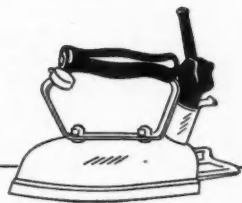
The Oxford University Press announces the early publication of *THE NEW CHRISTIAN YEAR*, chosen and arranged by Charles Williams, a mystery novel by Francis Beeding, *ELEVEN WERE BRAVE* (Hodder and Stoughton), and *COUNTER-POINT MURDER* (Crime Club), by G. D. H. and M. Cole. Both promise excellent entertainment and should be out next week.



THE MAGIC OF WINTER: ELMS ENCRUSTED WITH ICICLES ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING

From "Trees."



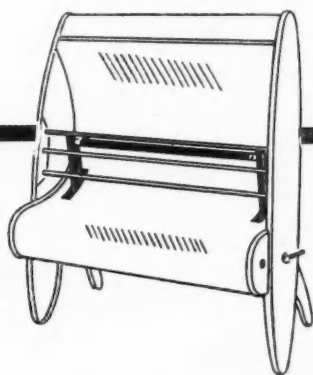


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AT the present time abnormal stresses and strains are the common experience of everyone. Such conditions, however, can be met with cheerfulness and confidence, if health and vitality are maintained at a high level.

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For these purposes, 'Ovaltine' possesses outstanding advantages. Prepared from Nature's best restorative foods, 'Ovaltine' provides every nutritive element required to restore strength and vitality to the entire system. Furthermore, a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime is recognised everywhere as the best way to ensure refreshing sleep. Even when your rest is broken, 'Ovaltine' helps you to resume revitalising sleep quickly.

*The pre-eminent restorative properties of 'Ovaltine' are largely due to the eggs used in its manufacture. No food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.*



Remember also that owing to its scientific composition and preparation 'Ovaltine' is ideally constituted to make good any lack of essential nutriment arising from food restrictions.

For all these reasons let 'Ovaltine' be your regular standby. Mark the improvement it makes in your fitness and outlook. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine,' which is so very different from imitations made to look the same.

Obviously it would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is much more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if required. It should be especially noted that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.

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*Drink Delicious*

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# STABLE AND KENNEL IN WAR-TIME

By LIONEL EDWARDS



**T**HERE is a story going round among military and civilian fox-hunters that at a meeting of the M.F.H. Association some little time ago, when invasion was daily expected, it was put to those present whether or no, in view of the uncertain future, fox-hunting should be carried on. While the matter was being debated, and indecision being displayed, a street musician outside started "John Peel" on a penny whistle, upon which a young M.F.H. jumped up and said "There, gentlemen, is your answer!" The resolution to carry on was then passed unanimously!

It is all very well to say "Carry on," but the question is largely a matter of cash to do it with. A hunting field is much like any other congregation of human beings: it is divided into the apathetic and the keen. Some will cry war economy as an excuse to subscribe no longer—indeed, many will no longer have the wherewithal to do so. But fortunately, a few will strain their already heavily taxed resources to keep the Hunt going. Recently the secretary of one Hunt received a welcome cheque from a Naval subscriber, with a laconic note: "Keep the tambourine a-rollin'" (quoting James Pigg, Mr. Jorrocks's immortal huntsman). And the address given was H.M.S. *Blank*, "as near the North Pole as makes no matter!"

If, however, we have at present certain disabilities, we have at least one or two assets, namely, experience (often dearly bought in the last war), such as the proved value of certain substitute foods, the irreducible minimum to which hounds, horses and staff can be reduced, the substitution of female for male labour at the kennels, and so forth.

If one's knowledge of fox-hunting were entirely drawn from a section of the Press, one might be forgiven for thinking it was the sport of the idle rich, and that there was no fox-hunting outside the environs of Melton. Fortunately this is not the case, and it would probably surprise many people to learn the number of Hunts in normal times carried on by farmers or miners. In war-time the farmers are running even some of the larger Hunts, now in reduced circumstances, because they know only too well that hunting is the most effective way of keeping foxes down. It has always been customary with many of the smaller establishments to depend more on gifts in kind than in cash. Fortunate are those larger establishments in these days where the farmers have come to their aid also, with odd sacks of oats, trusses of hay and straw, and so on, for "many a mickle makes a muckle."

Even in peace-time the farmers, in spite of the competition from by-product companies, are generous in their gifts of carcasses to the kennels. It is doubly generous of them now, at present prices.

Some of the smaller Hunts have always

fed flesh. Many larger establishments and conservative Hunt servants have now been converted to it of necessity. Oatmeal, being required for other purposes, has vanished from the kennel menu. In some small packs it has always been customary to feed hounds on soaked flesh in summer. The meat is put in a running stream to keep it (also it is less heating for summer food when soaked). Horse-flesh, fed raw in winter, is jointed. A horse's leg will feed about fifteen couple if jointed from the hip.

If control can be kept over them, it is better to feed hounds on grass outside the kennel, but with a short-handed kennel staff this is not always possible. If they are fed indoors, it should be done on a smooth floor, or hounds will tear their nails out in the cracks between bricks when pulling at the meat, and against each other. Never feed more than eight or ten couple at a time (probably the pack is reduced to under twenty couple in any case!). Light and shy feeders have first go, of course.

It is usual, in case of a sudden hiatus in the supply of flesh, to keep a stock of greaves in hand. It is now about 32s. per hundred-weight. Also a small store of precious flake maize, as a further stand-by (three buckets of each will feed eighteen couple). Straw for bedding being far beyond our means in war-time, sawdust takes its place in the stable and kennel. If the stables have drains, these must be stopped with an old sack, or a slate, or they really will be stopped up.

Horses' feet require plenty of picking out, and the sawdust frequently raked (wet patches removed). Otherwise I have nothing to say against sawdust, except that it has little or no manurial value. For hound benches wood-wool is the best bedding, but being a Scandinavian product it is no longer available. In its place wood chips are used, obtained for nothing (except the carriage) from the nearest sawmill. Hounds never have fleas on this bedding, as they do in straw. The kennel beds must be closed up (wood slabs?), otherwise the sawdust slips through. A sufficient quantity of straw must be kept in reserve for hounds with foot wounds, as the wood chips irritate wounds. These kennel beds remain remarkably dry, as for some reason hounds do not stale on wood chips as they do on straw.

To return to the stables. It is frequently forgotten that fresh air is cheap! Horses can be hunted off grass, provided they get a certain amount of corn and hay also. Personally I find the New Zealand rugs a great success. Horses are clipped, but carry an extra rug beneath the New Zealand. They get two corn feeds per day, in which bran predominates, and come in at night—although this is not a necessity, as many people leave their horses out at night also. However, we find that it saves labour to bring them in, as the feed

need not then be taken out. Also the horses are dry to groom should they be required in the morning. It is essential that no doors or windows are shut; if they are, the horses will catch cold for a certainty.

It is, I suppose, unnecessary to add that horses kept under this system require no road exercise (a great saving in time and labour). They will keep themselves quite sufficiently fit for the short days of war-time hunting—short of necessity (a) as there are not enough horses to let the Hunt servants have second horses, (b) they are not fit enough on war-time food to do a long day, and (c) the day has to be short, as hounds and horses must get home before "black-out." It is my experience (I tried this New Zealand rug system in pre-war days) that horses kept sounder. For example, there were no filled legs after hunting. I attribute this to that king of vets "Professor Greengrass," who not only keeps their blood cool, but makes them more alert to obtain their food. It is not that there is much nourishment in winter grass, but the corn in stable supplies the real food. Once again let me observe that the economy of this method lies in the saving of labour, not of food.

One or two outside matters directly affect war-time stable and kennel management, or, rather, are affected by what takes place beneath those roofs.

With a horse shortage in Hunt stables, servants must not do any unnecessary jumping, and must save their horses. Actually the great increase in arable land will make it much more difficult to catch foxes, and it will certainly slow down their pursuit! It is essential in the interests of the farming community and food production in war-time not to cross sown ground, which will also mean much extra work for the horses in galloping round headlands and avoiding short cuts.

Lady grooms are a war-time economy—very much so, as in some instances these sportswomen give their services, and supply also their own horse when acting as both groom and whipper-in. In spite of not having voices suitable for rating hounds, and consequently less control of unruly members (including their own tongues, say the ungallant!), they do very well. Admittedly they have their trials. For instance, a buck and a fox crossed a ride together the other morning, and the lady "whip" exclaimed: "Now, ought I to shout 'Warr haunch!' or 'Tallyo over!'?"

Again, it was a trifle devastating when the huntsman placed the lady at far cross rides, and said as he turned away: "Now mind you keeps your eye on all of 'em!" And perhaps even more so when hounds divided on the banks of a good-sized brook, and the lady whipper-in (riding the little kennel pony) was told: "Just pop over, miss, and stop 'em!" However, on the whole, like the Women's Land Army, they have made good.

# TALL BUT TRUE

REDOUBTABLE SHOOTING ANECDOTES COLLECTED (AND VOUCHED FOR)

By FRANK W. LANE

**T**O kill two birds with one stone is good going, but to knock over five panthers and a hare with one shot savours of the miraculous. Yet this feat was accomplished by a sportsman who fired at a panther which sprang into the air and fell on a tussock of grass. A hare was lying in the tussock and was promptly laid out by the heavy body of the panther. When the panther was cut up four cubs were found inside!

Another extraordinary shot was brought off by an Irish sportsman while shooting near the Ballinahinch Salmon Fishery in Connemara. He fired at a grouse, hit a hare and killed a salmon! The salmon, which was killed as it leapt, weighed ten pounds. But only an Irishman, shooting in Ireland, would have thought of going such a round-about way to work. Incidentally, there is no doubt about the authenticity of this incident. It was reported in *The Daily Mail*, July 29th, 1921, and confirmed later in a letter from the sportsman concerned.

Perhaps not so spectacular, but certainly more useful from the cook's point of view, was the feat of a certain gun who killed a hare and five partridges with one pull of the trigger. On another occasion a man fired at a hare as it was running away from him, bowled it over and with the same shot killed another which was sitting in its form and also two others which the beaters put up on each flank.

But a feat which rejoiced the inmates of the kitchen even more was that of a wildfowler who brought down eight greylag geese with two shots—four with each barrel. Seventy pounds of meat for a couple of sixpenny cartridges! An amusing contrast to such wonderful shooting was provided by a triumvirate of sportsmen who fired a total of 360 shots for a bag of three birds. The names of these sons of Nimrod are mercifully withheld.

The annals of shooting contain a number of remarkable "double shots." A stoat which had attacked a blackcock was carried into the air by the bird and both were brought down by the same shot. A similar fate overtook a hawk and snipe as the captor and victim were in mid-air. A hare and a fox have fallen to the same shot, as have also a partridge and a fox.

## MIXED BAGS

"Rights and lefts" have also yielded a number of extraordinary combinations. Woodcock and roe-deer, black-necked swan and grey mullet, and a buzzard and two sparrow-hawks are bags, to say the least, somewhat out of the average. But I think the real honours must be divided between the guns who have accomplished the following feats.

A man went out shooting one day with a bullet in one barrel and a charge of No. 4 shot in the other. With a "right and left" he brought down a bear with the bullet and a blackcock with the shot. A pet donkey which was past its prime had to be destroyed. So it was shot. The report of the gun put up a pigeon from a near-by tree, and this was promptly downed by the second barrel of the executioner of the donkey. But the most unenviable, and surely unique, "right and left" of which I have ever heard was that of the hapless gun who peppered a man with one barrel and a boy with the other! Fortunately, neither was killed.

A record "right and left" in another sense was brought off by a sportsman who killed a couple of teal. He failed to gather either of them, however, for one was taken by a hawk and the other by a fish. Few sportsmen can have been robbed of their bag in so spectacular a manner as this. Equally surprising, however, was the way in which a gun recovered a woodcock which he had shot but which had managed to get away. The guns were watching the day's bag being laid out on the lawn when the long-lost wanderer suddenly fell from the sky on to the heap of game. Both these incidents are recorded in that fascinating volume of shooting lore, "Record Bags and Shooting Records," by Hugh S. Gladstone, to which I cordially acknowledge my indebtedness for help in the preparation of this article.

It will be remembered that the immortal Mr. Jorrocks said, "Unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." When the account of some shooting is read one is almost inclined to think Jorrocks underestimated the extent of the danger. A certain American paper, for example, once came out with the headlines, "Eighty-six Dead in the Hunting Season. Michigan leads with 'Twentytwo Fatalities, with Illinois second.'" "Mistaken for Deer" was the laconic explanation of some of the deaths.

Perhaps it was this report which gave *Punch* the inspiration for its story of the sportsman in Scotland who, after a beat, asked the head-keeper if all the beaters were present and correct. On being assured that they were he replied, "Very good: then I have shot a roe."

Not all the danger in shooting comes from one's fellow-guns. A bird, falling from a height, is quite capable of knocking a man down (or breaking the stock of a gun), and one sportsman, while standing in a narrow lane, was struck violently on the throat by a hare which jumped from some ground above the level of the lane. The hare was killed and the man seriously hurt.

It can have fallen to the lot of few men to have shot themselves with the same bullet as their quarry. Yet this was the experience of an Australian, who shot a rabbit with a rifle and the bullet, having passed through the rabbit, struck a rock, ricocheted, and entered the shooter's thigh.

## SHOT BY A PIKE

It is not often that the sportsman's intended victims turn the tables on their would-be murderers, yet the annals of shooting provide more than one instance of what happens when a man finds himself at the wrong end of a gun. A man once went out shooting, and on his way home threw a seemingly dead hare into the back of his car. Actually the hare had only been stunned, and on recovering started to explore the back seat. One of its feet came into contact with the trigger of the still loaded gun, and when the sportsman woke up he had a charge of shot in his neck! Fortunately, he recovered, but whether he ever went shooting "pussies" again is not recorded.

On another occasion a man was tracking a dangerous bull across the Darling Downs in Australia. He fired and missed. The bull lowered its head and charged. Without waiting to give it the second barrel the hunter threw aside his rifle and sprang into a tree. Unable to reach its tormentor, the bull vented its rage upon the rifle. In doing so it discharged the second barrel, and the shot went clean through the hunter's head.

But the most spectacular revenge ever taken on a sportsman was surely that of the pike which shot an angler stone dead. The incident was reported in *The Daily Express*, December 21st, 1933. A Canadian trapper was fishing on the bank of a river when he hooked a fair-sized fish. After playing it for a while he landed it and found it was a pike. Without troubling to kill it, he threw it down beside his rifle and went on fishing. In the course of its struggles the pike touched the trigger and the bullet killed the trapper outright.

More "kills" have been made by agencies other than legitimate bullet or pellet than is perhaps realised. In the famous "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" it is recorded that the worthy Baron, finding himself without shot and sighting a flock of partridges, charged his gun with its own ramrod. "I fired the moment they took their flight: my ramrod went through seven of the birds, who suddenly found themselves, as it were, spitted. How true is the proverb, 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.'"

I am afraid fact has no parallel to this ingenious fiction, but a pheasant was once undoubtedly killed by the felt wad from a cartridge. The bird was hit in the eye by the wad at ten yards range, and after careful examination no trace of a pellet could be found anywhere. An authority has stated, "The felt wad almost invariably separates itself from the main bulk of the shot charge within a few yards of the muzzle of the gun, while it possesses ample powers of penetration, even up to twenty yards, to be capable of inflicting a severe wound on any bird which it might hit."

On occasion it has not been necessary even to fire a gun to bring down a bird. A grouse has been known to kill itself by flying against the barrels of a gun: on at least two occasions a "towering" grouse has fallen on another bird with such force as to kill it: two coveys of partridges put up by beaters have collided, with the result that three met head-on and all dropped stone dead: and trees have also been responsible for untimely deaths to partridges and pheasants which have dashed against them.

## BIRDS KILLED BY FEAR

Even an empty gun pointed at a bird will sometimes succeed in bringing it to bag. In the case of a grouse which fell as the result of having a gun pointed at it, a post-mortem examination revealed "a dislocated joint and a ruptured blood vessel, both induced by fright: the bird had not been shot."

Richard Kearton tells the story of an old road-mender who was working one August afternoon behind a line of butts when he saw a covey of grouse coming towards him. Playfully the old fellow raised his long-shafted hammer and drew a bead on the foremost bird. The grouse saw him, twisted in its flight, and fell in the most orthodox manner, with a broken wing.

But for sheer crazy shooting I think the palm must be awarded to King Edward VII. After he had been out shooting with Kaiser Wilhelm II a certain newspaper gave a report of the day's pheasant shooting in these terms: "The ponderous birds, scarce able to top the laurestinus, were mowed down by the sportsmen, Royal as well as lordly. His Majesty King Edward was somewhat less agile than his august relative: he was shooting with a pair of twelve inch guns!"

[We may now confess that, a good many years ago, a misprint in *COUNTRY LIFE* was noticed only just in time, to the effect that His late Majesty King George V had accounted in a day's shooting for over two hundred guns.]





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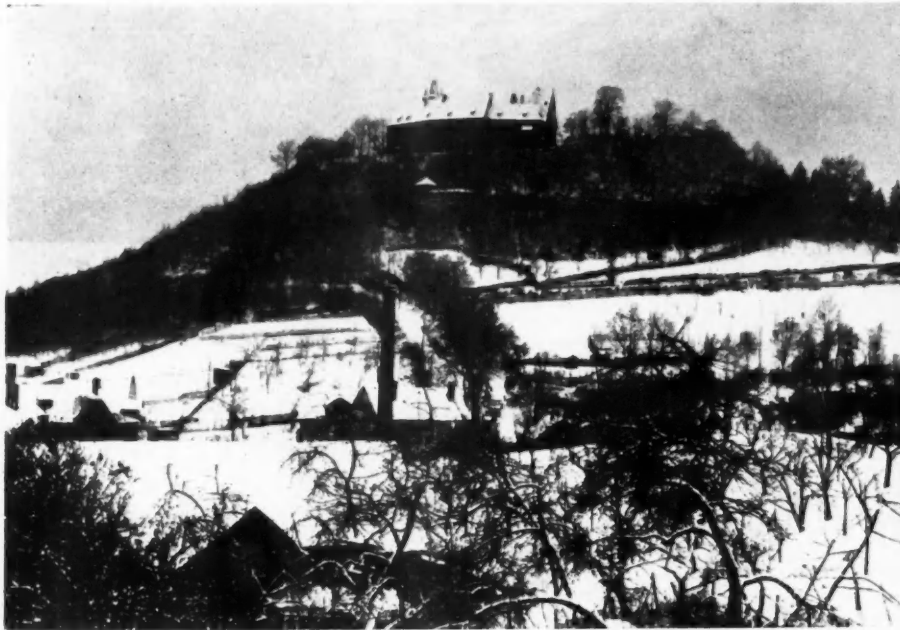
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# CORRESPONDENCE

MORE LETTERS FROM BRITISH OFFICER-PRISONERS OF WAR AT OFLAG IXA, GERMANY



(Left) A WINTER VIEW OF THE OFFICER-PRISONERS' CAMP KNOWN AS OFLAG IXA, TAKEN TWELVE MONTHS AGO. (Right) THE ENTRANCE TO OFLAG IXA.



## "FOOD, TOBACCO, SUN AND GOOD TEMPER ALONE COUNT HERE."

TO THE EDITOR

[We are enabled by the kindness of Mrs. Scott Martin to reproduce these pictures of Oflag IXA. They were taken, of course, last winter, not during the "good weather" to which the writer of one of the accompanying extracts refers.—Ed.]

SIR,—I have just received three letters from my husband, Major C. H. R. Gee. I see from your issue of October 19th that he was identified by your first correspondent as second-in-command of a battalion of Durham Light Infantry, though the writer had forgotten his name.

I am enclosing extracts from his last letters in the hopes that some of the information may be of interest to others.

"June 30th, 1940 (letter No. 7).—  
"Have spent good week and am fitter and more contented. . . . I have done fairly well for tobacco this week, but supply is very uncertain. We have two walks a week and love them, as country is very magnificent. There is a gym here and I can still do some tricks there. . . . We are 1,200ft. above sea, and it has been a chilly week. . . . It will probably be very good for all of us to have a period of this elemental simplicity where food, tobacco, sun, and good temper alone count. . . . We are very angry at missing all the fun in England just now, after such a short period of fighting. We have been, and are being, treated very well. . . . I believe you would like a spell of this life—plenty of people to talk to and a new side to see. . . . We get beer, wine, lemonade in canteen, and scissors, mugs, knives, notebooks, etc. . . ."

July 5th (No. 8).—"We are O.K. here and get a good sugar ration. . . . I have been trying to compose for a magazine we are hoping to produce. I sleep in dormitory of 22 in double decker beds, with lovely view, and big airy room, and all nice Senior Officers. We now have our own padre. I managed a lovely long hot bath on Thursday . . ."

(No. 9 missing.)

August 6th (No. 10).—"At last it seems we can dispatch a letter again after a month's absence. I am also posting two old ones. My party seem to have been especially unlucky, as we have had no letters, while the later party have all had them. . . . I remember your saying once you were terrified of my being captured. You needn't have been, but it is dull. . . . Good weather."  
—NANCY M. GEE, *Cloverley, Chinley, Derbyshire.*

SIR,—I see in your issue of a few weeks ago the suggestion that extracts from letters from prisoners of camp Oflag IXA might be of interest. I am enclosing several which I have received from my husband, Captain P. Scott Martin, M.C.

June 13th.—"I was captured on the 20th May, having had 2 houses blown to bits and burnt over my head and could do no more, and have only just got to this, our permanent address. They are



TABLE TENNIS AT OFLAG IXA

good to us here, and there are a number of other British officers, but only Lieut. Pugh of my Regt."

June 15th.—"We are as happy as can be expected and this is now an all-British camp—much nicer. We have a few books and table tennis to amuse us. The Red Cross have sent us a parcel of cigarettes which were welcome as showing that it is officially known that we are here"

June 19th.—"We need dried fruit such as apple rings, dried pears, peaches, figs, raisins, etc., and chocolate and toffee, for which we pine. We are a little weak on our new diet, but we shall soon get used to it with a little help. I am quite well and have facilities for baths and washing clothes, though I have nothing to wear while they dry."

June 23rd.—"We have moved to another camp adjoining the old one, and it is really very nice and I feel much happier. I went to Communion this morning. I have got some cards, and play Bezique with a friend, of whom I have many here. I have a comfortable bunk in an airy room with other senior officers, and we have had a little tobacco too to help cheer us up." [Captain Scott Martin says in this letter that Stubbs of the Bank of England and Doran of St. Albans are with him.]

Sunday, June 30th.—"No letters yet. I am fit and we are being very well treated. We had a concert last night and an issue of 22 Red X cigarettes and 10oz. tobacco. Our parcels should come through soon with food, etc. I am visiting the dentist twice per week, he is good and doesn't hurt. I'm also hoping to get some new glasses, so you see we get looked after. We have had two walks this week and I think they will be a regular feature—I hope so, as the country round here is glorious, but the weather hasn't been so good. When you write don't forget your letters are censored in both countries. We can receive as many as we like, apparently, but can only send when we have a ration of cards, which are the same as the English allow the German prisoners, I understand. I am studying architecture with two

others. We are also going to run a camp paper, which will occupy much time."

—I. M. SCOTT MARTIN, 10, Park Avenue, St. Albans, Herts.

## A LETTER FROM MARTINIQUE

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—Although I was born in the British island of Dominica and lived there as a medical man, a gentleman farmer, and a bee-keeper, for nearly thirty years (after I had arrived from Paris with a doctor's degree in 1908), I can truly say that never before has England been so much in my thoughts as now. This is not only due to the fact that, from my house on a green hill facing the extra-blue Caribbean, I think all day long of your "precious stone set in a silver sea," of the incomparable attitude she has assumed as the last defender of Europe against barbarism and injustice.

Two Englishmen have made me think so much of their mother country: Arthur Fisher and Leslie Howard. The

first, Sergeant Arthur Fisher of H.M.S. *Dunedin*, died of high fever at the Colonial Hospital of Fort de France, after a very short illness, on June 29th of this year. I never met nor saw Sergeant Fisher, yet it is with a heart filled with piety, that I have taken charge of his grave in an island where there is now no English consul, no one, in a word, to look after what is left in the burial ground of the poor marine of H.M.S. *Dunedin*.

The other personage who takes my thoughts to England is no ordinary one, and America knows him as well as Europe. Yet I know little more of him than of Sergeant Fisher, and knew nothing at all before, one June afternoon, I went to the Fort de France Cinema and saw him on the screen. His name is Leslie Howard. He was playing the part of Romeo in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." I have seen other actors in that rôle when I was young, but, in my opinion, Leslie Howard is supreme. Imagine my happiness when I realised that the same actor broadcasted on the B.B.C. at 9.30 p.m. every Monday. Last night I went into a rapture when I heard the great comedian speak, not as an actor or a lawyer, but as a poet of the highest order, for I thought I was listening to one of the great bards of the past.

Leslie Howard quoted first—he was speaking of the heart of Britain—Shakespeare's most pathetic lines about the English isle; he then gave some beautiful lines by Rupert Brooke.

In spite of all the sadness of our age and of the period in which we are living, I cannot help blessing the Heavens that allow me, living on one of the green gardens of the Hesperides, to recite every Sunday over an English grave Rupert Brooke's fine sonnet, and to listen once a week to that noble voice from across the foaming Atlantic, which has sounded to me as Romeo's own sweet and charming voice praising love, beauty, and devotion to a great country.—DANIEL THOLY, *Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Schoelcher, Fort de France, Martinique.*





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IN COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

### COVENTRY'S DESTROYED WAR MEMORIAL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The wanton destruction of the Cathedral Church of St. Michael, Coventry, by Hitler's bombers, will shock the whole world. I was very fortunate in getting this photograph, a short time ago, of the beautiful War Memorial in the Cathedral, and feel sure it will interest readers.

The figure, clad in armour, with a sword upraised in the right hand and with wings, is a statue of St. Michael, and was a lovely piece of work carved in teakwood. It seems strange that the only part of the Cathedral left standing should be the tower, which was built between 1373 and 1394. It has always been one of the landmarks of the district, and now after the bombing it still proudly stands over this ancient city.

The tower has a fine peal of fourteen bells, and the old custom of playing hymn-tunes, a different tune being played each day of the week, was a novel feature to many visitors. The tenor bell, which was re-cast in 1815, bears an inscription: "To ring when fire breaks out to tell."—J. DENTON ROBINSON.

### THE GLASTONBURY THORN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—This photograph is of the Holy Thorn, outside the parish church at Glastonbury, Somerset. Shortly after the death of Our Lord, St. Joseph of Arimathea arrived at Glastonbury, bringing with him the Chalice of the Last Supper. At Wirtall Hill the saint leaned on his staff to pray, and "Lo, when the prayer was ended the staff had taken root and blossomed."

The original tree was cut down by a fanatic in the seventeenth century, but slips had been taken and planted—one in the abbey and this one in front of the parish church. Both usually blossom at Christmas-time.—F. R. WINSTONE.

[It may interest our correspondent to know that in the third volume of *Kilvert's Diary*, reviewed in this issue, he records under the date "Epiphany, Old Christmas Day": "Last night the slip of the Holy Thorn which John Parry of Dolfach grafted for me last spring in the Vicarage lower garden blossomed in an intense frost." This was in 1879 in Herefordshire.—Ed.]

### ON OLD ROMNEY MARSH

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In your issue of October 26th "Arbiter," writing of Romney Marsh, quotes Cobbett as saying "At Old Romney there is a church only two miles from the last, fit to contain 1,500 people." I am afraid this is one of Cobbett's many mistakes. If "Arbiter" knew the Marsh he would know that Old Romney Church, far from holding 1,500, would be hard put to it to hold many more than 100. Perhaps Cobbett mistook it for New Romney. The last time I visited Old Romney Church (three or four years ago) I brought away, alas! unpleasant memories—the old pews had been painted a shiny battleship grey!

While agreeing to a certain extent with Mr. Alfred J. Burrows' theory of the abundance of large churches in the Marsh being "due to the mediæval custom of seeking expiation by building and endowing churches," I have found that it is a common mistake to assume that the churches were never fully peopled, for mediæval

villages (not only in the Marsh) had many more people in them than some historians imagine, though they have since shrunk and sometimes quite decayed.—DONALD C. POWELL.

[Cobbett frequently made wild exaggerations of the seating capacity of the churches he mentions. In a recent article on Cobbett in Wiltshire, Brigadier-General Higgins quoted similar instances to this. Cobbett's purpose was, of course, to emphasise the "drift from the land" and also the sinecures enjoyed by many of the clergy in this time.—Ed.]

### BRISTOL HISTORY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—As a Bristolian I have naturally been much interested in Mr. Oswald's articles on my city. In the current issue he mentions Watts, the promoter of the Windsor Terrace scheme, who went bankrupt. I think your readers may like to hear more of this unfortunate person and the way he came into his money in the first place.

In 1782, William Watts had the invention of shot-making revealed to him in a dream. Living in a tall house opposite St. Mary Redcliffe Church, he hit upon the idea of dropping molten lead down 120ft. sheer. To the concern of the household he installed the necessary apparatus on the top floor, and cut away a space through all the floors underneath right through to the cellars below to get the required length of drop. He patented the idea, and eventually sold it for £10,000, the nucleus of a fortune, all to go, sad to relate, in his architectural exploits.

"The Shot Tower," as it is called to this day, is still used in exactly the same way nowadays. Containing arsenic, the shot is formed by dropping the molten lead through perforations in the piece of metal shown. This forms into beads underneath, and these drop straight down the 120ft., solidifying on the way. The foreman, of forty-four years standing, Mr. Edward Dowling, of whom I enclose a photograph, has an average output of three tons a week. There are only three of these towers in England: Bristol's, the original; the London one, seen from the Embankment, due for demolition; the other in Chester.—W.

### "A 'MODERN' COUNTRY HOUSE—II"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The pith of the whole business is expressed in these words: "I suspect that all this came out fairly expensive in this single instance, which should be regarded as a brilliant demonstration of what may well become current practice. Standardised on a mass-production scale, there is no reason why the costs of such construction should not be the same or less than what is commonly expended on the building and decoration of a conventional house of the same class."

I challenge you to produce the figures and support this contention. The basis of all building is that it must be an economic proposition; no substance has been produced to oust bricks and tiles from their position, or stone and stone tiles from theirs, in their own locality. Certain details in their application have been improved by the only important addition to building in the last 100 years, Portland cement, but of these only a percentage have survived the test of time.



A HOLY THORN WHICH BLOOMS ON CHRISTMAS DAY



BRISTOL'S SHOT-MAKER AT WORK

That mass production would reduce the cost is fortunately unlikely. The fact is that it is a lamentable experiment, the only commendable item of which is the R.D.C.'s attempt to restrain it, of which 90 per cent. of your readers, if they are countrymen, will approve.

I have experience of a very similar house in this neighbourhood. Its cost was equivalent to a "conventional" house of the same cubic capacity with 22in. walls, treble insulated tiled roof and every equivalent gadget, and panelling throughout could have been thrown in. Moreover, the house does not fulfil the functions it is supposed to; it is intolerably hot in summer, and in winter its cost in fuel is 100 per cent. above normal. This house was built by the most experienced firm of "modern" architects, who have also had previous Continental experience of these forms of construction.—H. FALKNER.

### COMFORTS FOR THE ARMY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It will be greatly appreciated if you will kindly insert the enclosed note in an early issue of your journal. It is thought that much may be achieved by the kind support of your publication in co-operation with your readers.—R. W. PHILLIPS, Capt.

"The War Office notifies the generous public that they have made arrangements with Army Comforts Depot, Reading, to receive the following gifts for dispatch to the Army now serving in the Middle East: Metal shaving mirrors, sun goggles, bachelor buttons, housewives, shaving-brushes, tooth-brushes, soap-containers, hand towels, sweets in tins, chocolates in tins, chewing-gum, toilet soap, shaving soap, razors, razor blades, writing-pads, and pencils.

Readers are requested to send these direct to the Officer in Charge, Army Comforts Depot, Reading, and it is hoped that by the generosity of the public every formation of the Army in its turn may receive a gift from those at home. These gifts from home are carefully packed at Reading, and an acknowledgment will be sent to all donors."

### FIRST RECORD of the AMERICAN CASPIAN TERN IN ENGLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Although Witherby's "Practical Handbook" gives the European Caspian tern as a very rare vagrant to England, about twenty-three having been seen, there has been no record of the American race until quite recently, when a schoolboy picked one up dead at Whitby in Yorkshire in August, 1939. It also bore a ring No. 566280, put on as a chick in the largest colony in North America, in northern Lake Michigan, on July 14th, 1927, by the late Mr. William I. Lyon of the Biological Survey. Other birds banded in the same colony have been recovered as far south as Columbia, South America, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Another new habitat is Haiti, where one was killed near Port-au-Prince on November 5th, 1939, being marked as a chick with ring No. B 608922 on July 9th, 1932, also by the late Mr. Lyon. This tern is a giant among terns, having a wing measurement of 398.425mm. as compared with our largest tern, the Sandwich, 290.328mm. These records show the value of ringing birds with properly numbered rings containing an address.—H. W. ROBINSON.



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# THE ESTATE MARKET

## AN INCREASINGLY ACTIVE TENDENCY



A VIEW ON THE BLACKDOWN HOUSE ESTATE, WEST SUSSEX

**T**HE limited supply of property in the open market is being well competed for at country auctions, and sales by private treaty and lettings are distinctly on the up-grade.

### LAST RUFFORD ABBEY SALES

ONE of the greatest of estate realisations in recent years is recalled by the present offer of remaining portions of the Rufford Abbey estate. Just two years ago Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley submitted the property to auction, on behalf of the buyer of the entirety from the Savile estate trustees. It may be recalled that there were 480 lots, and that for three days the hammer rose and fell, and private negotiation went on, while 18,000 acres and the mansion were dealt with. Mr. Alfred J. Burrows and Mr. A. J. Baker conducted the auction. The sales of the Abbey and approximately 15,000 acres yielded an aggregate of £400,000. Now the remaining 1,954 acres are offered for £48,000 by Mr. F. Cresswell. Farms can be bought at from £15 an acre, and small holdings at from £100 apiece.

Sales for roundly £30,000 are announced this week by Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co., including an estate of 130 acres at Finchampstead, known as Warren Lodge; The Old Barn, at Canfield, near Bishop's Stortford; Holloway House, Salisbury; Langleys, Bicester; and Mill House at Marlow.

### EMERGENCY ACCOMMODATION

**L**ORD BERWICK, for whom Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison's Shrewsbury office acted jointly with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, has let Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury, furnished, to the Pearl Assurance Company, for the duration of the war. The Company has purchased the Crown Hotel, Shrewsbury, with the contents, and it will be used as a hostel for the staff. The licence will be retained, and in due course the very commodious premises will once more serve for hotel purposes. The firm's many current transactions include also the sales of Flashbrook Manor, 330 acres at Newport, Salop; Broxford Hall and 245 acres, at Uttoxeter, to Mr. T. H. Lawley; Upper Hill Farm, 209 acres, at Hughley, Salop; The Old Hall in Little Wenlock; Birchwood Hall and 303 acres, at Malvern, for Mrs. Evan Thomas; Edgeley Farm, 150 acres, at Whitchurch; Wood Farm, 158 acres, at Burlton, Salop; and White Hall, Kingswinford.

Sir Victor Wellesley has taken a tenancy of Peaton Lodge, near Craven Arms, through Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison, who have arranged lettings of a large number of Shropshire properties, among them, with Messrs. Cooper and Green, Cardeston Manor, Ford, in the vicinity of Shrewsbury.

### LARGE PAYMENTS FOR FARMS

**C**OLONEL GEORGE GERMAN, D.S.O. (Messrs. John German and Sons), conducted an important auction at Ashby-de-la-Zouch by order of the personal representative of the late Sir George Beaumont, Bt. All the eighteen properties were disposed of, the lots including a large area of outlying parts of the Coleorton estate, between the place of sale and Coalville. West Farm, 225 acres, let at £229 a year; Bottom Farm, 218 acres, let at £300 a year; and Pastures Farm, 145 acres, let at £158 a year, were offered together, and bidding

began at £6,000 and ended with a sale to Mr. W. H. Durose of Iretton Woodhall for £11,200. The vendor intimated that any of the tenants who purchased their holdings could have mortgages at 4 per cent. up to half the amount of their purchases. Colonel German, during the auction, emphasised the special advantages of investment in agricultural land at the present time.

Cheshire farms, sold by Messrs. Henry Manley and Sons at Nantwich, have included the 170 acres of Spring Lane Hall Farm, in Baddiley, for £9,220. The firm has also sold Weeping Ash, 15 acres at Bronington, near Whitchurch, Salop, for £1,260.

Recent private and other sales for large sums include 1,272 acres of part of the Tredegar Settled Estates in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire, for £23,225, by Messrs. Stephenson and Alexander, at Cardiff; Nanhill, at Woodhouse Eaves, near Leicester, a freehold of just under 8 acres, for £3,300, by Messrs. G. F. Brown and Son; and an Essex freehold of 32 acres, at Great Waltham, for £1,000, by Messrs. Alfred Darby and Co.

### A COMMUNITY FARM

**F**IVE miles from Cirencester is a well known community centre extending to hundreds of acres, which Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Cirencester office and Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., the Gloucester agents, are to dispose of, as a whole or otherwise. It differs from most properties now placed in the market in that it is equipped with eight houses, four schoolhouses, a communal dining-hall, laundries, bakehouses, and its own electricity generating plant, and there are printing works and other workshops. The farm buildings are of a superior type, adapted for the efficient working of the 257 acres of arable, 202 acres of pasture, 15 acres of market garden, and 10 acres of orchards. All parts of the property are connected by private telephones. The agents suggest that as a place for evacuees the estate is ideal, and the need for accommodation of this kind is beyond doubt. Advantages of this particular property are that it affords scope for useful and instructive employment and the benefit of being self-contained and self-supporting. The land is some of the most fertile on the border of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire.

Stowe Orange, 4 acres, near Weedon, in Northamptonshire, has been sold by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, for Mrs. Beesley.

On the Welsh coast, a couple of miles from Conway, a modern labour-saving residence and 5 or 6 acres of flower and kitchen garden, can be bought for £4,000, through Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices.

### ST. RICHARD DE WYCH

**A**N unusual offer is about to be made by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, on behalf of the Diocesan Authority of Chichester. It consists of a church building in Ashdown Forest, known as St. Richard de Wych. About fifty or sixty years ago the then owner of Ashdown Park built the church, but it was never consecrated, and when the estate was broken up it passed into the hands of the See of Chichester. St. Richard de Wych stands in about an acre of pretty grounds, and from it delightful forest scenery is visible all round. The agents will submit the freehold to auction on December 12th, at East Grinstead, first

as it stands, and alternatively for demolition and as a cleared site. The demolition of the structure would provide much excellent material for a new building of secular use.

### BLACKDOWN HOUSE, NEAR HASLEMERE

**B**BLACKDOWN HOUSE, the West Sussex Tudor seat of 1,600 acres, until now belonging to Sir Elliot Phillipson-Stow, Bt., has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. Hewett and Lee. As already announced, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are shortly to offer the estate in many lots. Other sales by Messrs. Hampton and Sons include Mount Tyndal, one of the finest Hampstead Heath freeholds, rightly called a miniature estate, nearly 2 acres. Messrs. Hampton and Sons have conducted a sale at Blackdown House, by direction of Sir Elliot Phillipson-Stow, and among the prices realised were: a grand piano, by Grottrian Steinweg, £41; an oil painting by Lestrel, 94gs.; another by H. Hardy, 23gs.; and one by B. W. Leader, 30gs.

### BELGIAN OFFICES IN EATON SQUARE

**S**IR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR has let his town mansion, No. 105, Eaton Square, to the Belgian Government. The letting was arranged through the agency of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Excellent prices have been realised at the many auctions, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of the contents of houses. Among them may be mentioned that held on behalf of Commander Bellairs, at 10, Eaton Place, where a Sheraton sofa table realised £18; a reproduction Carlton House writing-table £22, and a set of Hepplewhite-style dining-chairs £42. Among the items sold by order of Countess Bathurst, at Bathurst House, Belgrave Square, were a pair of early Georgian semicircular tables, for £295. By order of the executors of Colonel Fortescue, Messrs. Hampton and Sons held a three-day sale at Bridge House, Weybridge, and the following prices were obtained: £115 for a Chinese *famille-rose* dinner service; a Regency writing-table, 18gs.; a marble temple, £28; two lead garden figures, £24; a Georgian oval tray, £36; and two Victorian silver table services, £55.

Approximately £77 an acre has been paid for a couple of farms at Thorney, near Crowland, the 345 acres having realised £26,500, a notable price even nowadays for Lincolnshire fenland arable and pasture. The holdings have a farmhouse, buildings, and a few cottages.

A very successful auction at Bishop's Castle, by Messrs. Jackson and McCartney resulted in the sale of Whitcot Stile, a Salop freehold of 222 acres, with early possession, for £8,550.

Glendowling, a Westmorland property of 69 acres, changed hands for £2,650, at Penrith, under the hammer of Penrith Farmers' and Kidds Auction Company, Limited. The freehold is situated at Yanwath.

An Argyllshire freehold, Dunloskin, approximately 375 acres with a farmhouse and buildings, a mile from the piers at Dunoon and Kilm, is privately offered by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele. There are 60 acres of arable, and over 80 acres of woods, the rest being hill grazings.

ARBITER.





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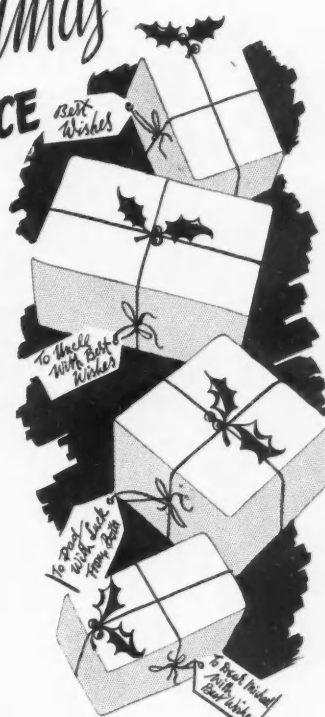


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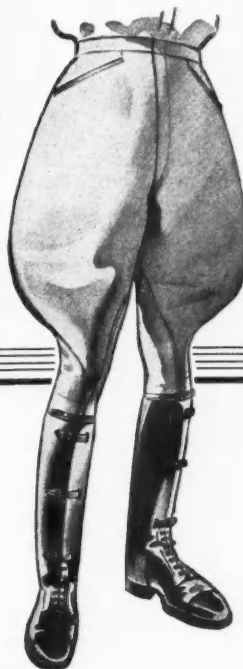
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# NEWMARKET DECEMBER SALES

## THE LATE SIR ABE BAILEY'S STUD

**T**HERE is always a feeling of pathos in the announcement of a death sale, and that feeling becomes accentuated when the deceased owner, in this case Sir Abe Bailey, was one of the most popular men associated with the Turf in recent years and was assisted in his endeavours to improve British bloodstock by such essentially popular men as his manager Mr. Reg. Day, his trainers Day, Cottrill and Lawson, and Mr. Day's henchman, Hammond; to go further, the feeling, already accentuated, becomes intensified a hundred times when it is realised, as it must be, that next Tuesday's auction will be held under conditions that are unique in the bloodstock world, or for that matter in any other world, and that in consequence, unless there are reserves on them, several lots that would without a doubt have made five figures and over a year or so ago, will, in these times of stress, tax the persuasive powers of Messrs. Gerald Deane and Needham to find new owners for them at a quarter their real value. This seems sad, but, even so, there are many whose memories will remind them of a glorious day in the July of 1925 when the whole of the bloodstock belonging to the recently deceased Sir Edward Hulton paraded in the Park Paddocks to be sold by Messrs. Tattersall. The sales of that yesterday and this to-morrow are, naturally, not to be compared. Then bloodstock was at the summit of its post-war boom, and seventy-seven equine entities, who had been valued for probate at £150,000, made a total of 288,380gs., so reducing to mediocrity the hitherto historic sale of Lord Falmouth's, at which, in 1884, seventy-nine lots found new owners at a yield of 111,790gs. At both auctions the feature-sales were mares and fillies; at Sir Edward Hulton's three, including Straitlace, who made the still existing record of 17,000gs., were sold for over five figures, while a further seven realised 5,000gs. or over, and at Lord Falmouth's, when prices were not quite what they were in later years, four mares with classics to their credit changed owners at a total of 17,900gs., and Busybody, who was to score in the Oaks a few weeks after the auction, was knocked down to Mr. Abington Baird at 8,800gs.

As likely as not the matrons from among Sir Abe Bailey's collection will be, similarly, in most demand, and such being the case the choice of many buyers will be for the seven year old mare Lovely Rosa, not only because she has an Oaks to her credit but because she brings with her an all-quality March-foaled filly foal by Solario and has been mated with last

year's Derby winner Blue Peter. To those who look askance at in-breeding, especially in the thoroughbred, this combination will seem an extraordinary one, as Blue Peter's dam was by Stefan the Great from a Bachelor's Double mare and Lovely Rosa is by a son of Stefan the Great out of a daughter of Bachelor's Double. Apart from this purely temporary disadvantage, if it is one, Lovely Rosa is a very valuable property, as are the five year old mares Sly Abbess and Flame Bush, both of whom have visited Portlaw. By the Ascot Gold Cup winner Foxlaw, the former, who is a chestnut, is very similarly bred to a number of good stayers, as her dam, Abbots Toil, was by Abbots Trace from Trefoil, a half-sister to the Ascot Gold Cup winners Trimdon and Foxhunter to Tryst, the dam of Young Lover and of Assignment, and to Trilogy, the dam of Scarlet Tiger, Light Brocade and Dorigen. Flame Bush, who carries the same coloration, is, on the other hand, by Gainsborough's St. Leger-winning son Solario and, like that sterling mare Cotoneaster, who earned fourteen brackets of £9,966, is out of Coton, she by Son-in-Law from the Leicestershire Oaks victress Celandine, the dam also of Ceteb. Young mares like these can, or rather should, be looked upon in these days as investments, and from this view-point another couple to note are Soft Impeachment, a four year old three-parts sister to Weathervane by Foxlaw from Buchan's daughter Buchaness who was out of the Chaucer mare Mellowness who was responsible for Meadow Rhu and, like the One Thousand Guineas winner, Four Course, was from Dinner; and the Brighton Autumn Cup victress Statute who claims Son-in-Law as her sire and Prince Galahad's daughter Nina as her dam. Both these have been mated



THE ASCOT GOLD CUP WINNER, TIBERIUS, WHO WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE WITH THE REST OF THE LATE SIR ABE BAILEY'S HORSES AT NEWMARKET NEXT TUESDAY

with Portlaw, a prolific winner-begetting sire, who, in his first three seasons at the stud, was responsible for the winners of eighty-three and a half races carrying £25,785½ in stakes.

Leaving the consideration of the mares more through shortage of space than desire, the name of Portlaw calls to mind the fact that he is one of the stallions who, with the Ascot Gold Cup winner Tiberius, the Queen Alexandra Stakes victor Valerian, the young horse Ramtapa who has the New Stakes at Ascot to his credit, the Cambridgeshire winner Dan Bulger, and the beautifully bred Robin Goodfellow—who comes of the same line as Flamingo, Horus and the American "flier," Omar Khayyam—will come under the hammer. All are either bred to carry on the Son-in-Law line as the sires of stayers or, in the case of Portlaw and Dan Bulger, to "nick" with mares of that line; they are as nice a group of young horses as can be found at any stud in the country, and it is to be sincerely hoped that some buyer will be forthcoming who, with the stamina of the racehorse at heart, will step in to prevent their export to other countries. Sir Abe Bailey—a grand old man—resuscitated this almost extinct character with his splendid old horse Son-in-Law; it behoves someone to forget the craze for speed and keep what he began going.

The last properties that it is possible to mention, though there are seventy-four in all listed, are the two two year olds The Derby Star and Sun Lore, who were bought by Sir Abe Bailey in the hope of attaining his ambition to win a Derby before he died. A tragedy that this can never be accomplished, it nevertheless affords Sir John Bailey—Sir Abe's heir—an opportunity to begin at the top of the bloodstock ladder and possibly do something analogous with what Mr. J. A. Dewar did, after Lord Dewar's death, with Cameronian. Both by the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion, The Derby Star is an own-brother to Stardust, from the Friar Marcus mare Sister Stella, and was bought by Sir Abe Bailey as a yearling from among the National Stud youngsters for 4,600gs., while Sun Lore, who emanates from Lord Astor's Cliveden Stud and was purchased privately for a like figure or a little more, is out of the St. Leger winner Book Law, a Buchan mare who is also responsible for the Eclipse Stakes winner Rhodes Scholar who was recently sent abroad. Neither of these colts has yet carried silk, but rumour has it that Sun Lore, who was supported to win next year's Derby when he was a foal, is one of the best youngsters ever housed at Manton. Their sale, like that of the others, will be interesting.

ROYSTON.



A WINTER RACING PICTURE. Runners go to the post for the Milton Handicap at Newmarket



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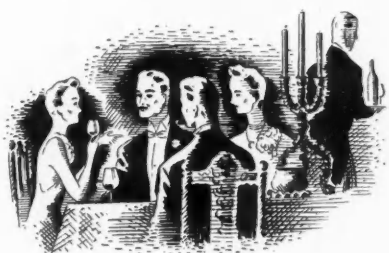
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# PICTURES AT CHRISTMAS

By PAUL OPPE



(Above) JOHN NASH, A.R.A. The River, Winter

(Left) DUNCAN GRANT. A Man at a Table

ONE of the minor questions which arise out of the present conflagration is whether the ordeal will be better met by the modern art of abstraction, or by the concrete fusion of art with reality. The champions of the abstract may be the more clamorous, but certainly the artists who contribute to the exhibition of Fifty Modern Paintings at Messrs. Agnew's are whole-heartedly on the other side. Without exception, even though they may once have shown leanings towards the sacrifice of representation in favour of decoration, or have gained much through the example of a more thorough-going visual puritanism, the painters all show in this Exhibition a continuance of the most persistent English tradition, that of simple realism, broad brushwork, and choice of the agreeable in subject and colour.

Duncan Grant leads off with his little "Sand-pit." It is not merely an attractive slice of English landscape, but is a model of composition arising out of, and inherent in, the subject. "The Destroyer" is equally straightforward and well selected, a vision of Mediterranean peace with a grey ship blotted in sunlight against blue sea and sandy cliff. The "Man at a Table" is almost too direct, with a display of bravura in brushwork which comes near to demonstrating the methods of camouflage. Vanessa Bell's "Nursery" has a special interest in that it is a sketch for a large picture which, with several of Duncan Grant's and Julian Bell's, has been destroyed by enemy action. In John Nash's "River" the delicate tracery and skilful placing owe something to wilful design, but more to Nature, though in his other two paintings, excellent as they are, there are indications that too

self-conscious patterning has entered where inspiration failed. Even Ethelbert White, two of whose surely earlier paintings seem by contrast as lifeless as broken-down machinery, gives in his Epstein-like "Autumn Glade" the grace of real trees in cool light and brilliant colouring. Dunlop, perhaps in the unnecessary desire to avoid being criticised as photographic, has smothered his genuine taste for the picturesque under layers of too, too solid pigment.

Of the younger men, Lawrence Gowing shows a true and rare appreciation of the beauty which is near at hand, and a painter's mastery in its representation. His "Water Meadows" is an apparently slight but very

subtle study of a wooded hillside, none the worse because Courbet was attracted by similar scenes before him. His "Soldier" and "Apples" are equally reserved and thorough. Rodrigo Moynihan's "Millpool," Claude Rogers' "Nonacourt," and Elsie Few's two landscapes in Provence are in their different ways completely successful sketches, and Moynihan's "John" a lively and straightforward head of a boy. Of the other figure paintings, Anthony Devas' portrait of his wife sacrifices substance to daintiness of colour, chiffon and hair, and Pasmore's "Irish Girl" seems to say in a whisper things which it has scarcely power to articulate. Robin Darwin,

whose "Omnibus" is a sweetened exercise in the Pasmore mode, shows in his "Nude" a welcome recognition that something more is required than the amateurish facility and taste through which he was gaining a risky popularity. Altogether this is a most encouraging exhibition if only because it shows the sanity and modesty which are most becoming to Art in time of war.

Messrs. Leggatt's in St. James's Street, without holding an organised exhibition, have the courage to preserve on their walls several very interesting pictures. The most unusual is a Jacobean panel with an adventure which befel Sir William Smith of Hill Hall on a stag hunt and which, after the manner of that mightier hunter the Emperor Maximilian, he had recorded in picture and verse. A stag from Epping Forest which had been trespassing on his lands fell into a deep pit while he was hunting it with hounds. Jumping down, he struggled with it and hung on to its hind legs as it reared and leapt out. Finally he overcame it and secured its legs with his garter. The skilful and



AN ACHIEVEMENT OF SIR WILLIAM SMITH OF HILL HALL  
By a Flemish artist, early seventeenth century, at Messrs. Leggatt's

Only part of the attached inscription is illustrated



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flowery Latin elegiacs which tell the story end with the truly Elizabethan prayer that those who believe it may live as long as a proverbial stag, while anyone who doubts may have its horns placed upon his forehead. It does not seem likely that this incident would be commemorated after the death of the "distinguished" and "magnanimous" Smith who was its hero, and if, as seems probable, this was Sir William Smith, who died in 1626, the nephew of the builder of Hill Hall, Theydon, and if Robert Wroth, the writer of the verses, was his neighbour of Loughton who died in 1614, the picture dates from considerably earlier than one would have expected. This Sir Robert Wroth, however, had literary associations both of his own and through his wife Lady Mary Wroth, niece to Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke and author of "The Countess of Montgomery's Urania." Certainly the artist—who was probably a

visiting Fleming—shows real capacity in combining portraiture with an expression of strain and painful determination and still more in the landscape which, too simple and broad to serve at that date for more than a background, has now become the principal attraction of the picture.

Messrs. Leggatt's have also on their walls two interesting pieces of London topography. The first is a view of the City from the basin of the New River at Islington. It dates from towards the end of the eighteenth century and follows generally Canaletto's earlier view of the same subject, but gives St. Paul's Cathedral and the churches greater and perhaps too considerable prominence. The other is a lively sketch by West, swiftly and superficially painted, of St. James's Park, with numerous gay figures, including the milkwomen and their cows, which were more flourishing in those days than in our still living memory. There is also

a view of Mousehold Heath by the Norwich artist Middleton, which shows him at an early stage with a breadth immediately derived from Crome, and, far removed from topography, a most remarkable landscape composition by Gainsborough. This picture, however, with its intricate and sumptuous decorative effect, blue-grey colouring and elaborate artificiality of composition and detail, deserves a chapter to itself.

Equally bravely but perhaps still more appropriately for the season and the times, Messrs. Colnaghi have a very pleasant exhibition of coloured wood-cuts which should attract those who wish to give presents or to replace upon their walls more precious objects which have been evacuated. These too are conservative in tendency, confessing for the most part the Oriental origin of their art and refusing to sacrifice its charm and subtlety for the more effective crudity of recent derivatives.

## AROUND THE GALLERIES

### BRITAIN'S ART CENTRE IN WAR-TIME



(Left) BRONZE YI. CHOU DYNASTY  
(1122-249 B.C.) At Messrs. Sparks'



(Right) LEOPARD, DOGS AND HUNTER  
Bronze. Benin. At Messrs. Spink's

"DUSTY but unbowed," as one well known art dealer described himself, aptly describes many of his colleagues in the St. James's neighbourhood. Those familiar windows, which were a never-failing attraction to connoisseurs the world over, are broken here and there. But, no doubt, owing partly to the contrast with so much hideous destruction round about, the contents of these lovely shops seem more beautiful and covetable than ever. Most dealers have removed some of their stocks to the country. Messrs. Lee of Kingston have gone so far as to transfer their business to a charming Georgian house in the old-world village of Ripley, farther down the Portsmouth road. But the well known names in King Street are still there, and shoppers up from the country can be assured of the usual range of first-rate works of art.

Mr. Frank Partridge, for example, seems to have an even finer selection of furniture than ever. It was a real joy to go round his rooms and be among masterpieces of walnut and satinwood again. Their beauty aroused the reflection that good antique furniture must be more precious than ever after this war. Inevitably some will have been destroyed, some exported, and much other furniture has perished through enemy action. When peace comes it is difficult to see where all the furniture that will be needed will come from. Some far-sighted collectors realise this, for Mr. Partridge tells me that, in spite of draughts, business is good in King Street. Nor is it to be wondered at, seeing what he has.

There are two outstanding oak pieces: a James I draw-out banquetting table, exceptional in being of walnut, its frieze boldly carved in guilloche but with plain baluster legs; and a great court-cupboard of lovely golden-glowing oak carved with somewhat unusual designs. Another memorable piece is a double-domed Queen Anne walnut bureau with original mirrors on the doors which reveal an interior centred round an arched door which is flanked by two little gilt figures standing on columns and a whole nest of concave-fronted drawers. Of about the same date is a superb mirror, 6ft. 6ins. by 3ft. 7ins., with carved and gilt decoration of a feathered head at the top and Indian masks peeping out at the sides, the frame being of shaped and bevelled glass.

A secretaire cabinet in mahogany, of admirably restrained design suggests the hand of Chippendale in the crisp Adamsy carving of the decoration and the impeccable

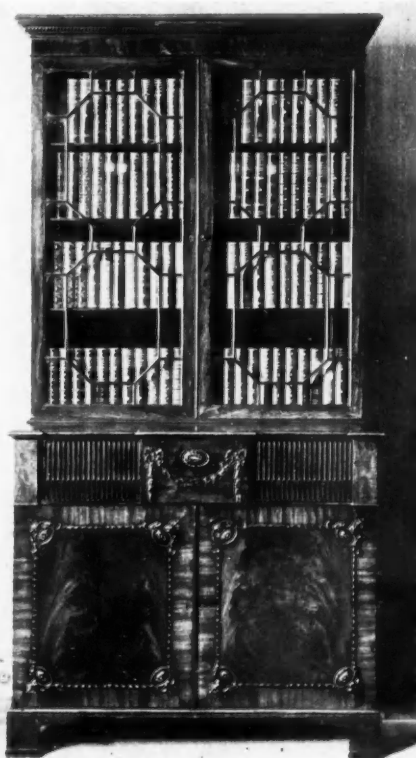
balance of the whole. A gentleman's wardrobe of similar date is no less distinguished. A note, too, should be made of a circular library table, no less than 5ft. 8ins. in diameter, the square podium supported on lion-paw feet. There is a chinoiserie Chippendale mirror, unusual for a *verre églomisé* picture of a junk in the upper section. Among smaller objects I noticed a remarkable mother-o'-pearl pilgrim bottle with embossed silver mounts, southern German, early seventeenth century, in its original red leather case; and a pair of first-rate stump-work cushion-covers, in perfect preservation, of Kings Charles I and II with their Queens—the former standing in his campaigning tent, the latter looking very like Louis XIV. The

interesting thing about them, apart from their emblematic embroidery, is that both must have been worked after the Restoration, and therefore that the Charles I is consciously archaic.

In Mount Street Mr. John Sparks has something choice of each of the great Chinese dynasties in which the firm has so long specialised. The eye is held by an array of superb early bronzes, virile in shape, exquisite in patina. I admired especially a bronze Yi, Chou dynasty 1122-249 B.C., excavated at An-Yang; and a bronze Ku—a sacrificial drinking-vessel which they say now should be pronounced "gu"—with an inscription and decoration of *t'ieh* masks. This is ascribed to the still earlier Shang-Yin dynasty (?1760-1122 B.C.) and is a masterpiece of Chinese bronze age art. In the Sung section there is an almost rococo figure of a seated Kuan Yin, the goddess of nursing and maternity (which some sophisticated V.A.D. would appreciate as a present), the draperies in "celadon" green, the face unglazed—an uncommon characteristic. A pair of vitally modelled temple dogs are spotted with green, chocolate, and yellow glaze. They look like Ming, but are regarded as early K'ang Hsi. Among some enchanting *famille rose* and *verte* I liked particularly a pair of joss-stick holders gaily dressed and with most cheerful and reassuring smiles. Besides a chaste white jade marriage vase with ring handles and carved tassels of early eighteenth-century date—probably the "best" piece of jade on view—I was attracted by a pair of enchanting birds in grey jade, and found Mr. Sparks shared my enthusiasm, although they are modern.

A point to be borne in mind about Chinese antiquities is that the supply is, for the present at least, definitely limited. The war in China, not to speak of our own difficulties, has put a stop to their export. Early bronzes, almost indestructible as they are, will certainly appreciate in value, for their cult is very widely spread among modern connoisseurs.

Messrs. Spink, as usual, combine their long suits of Chinese works of art and European painting. Among an assembly that is as interesting and attractive as ever, my eye kept on returning to a grotesque bronze group of a little man shooting at a leopard which is mauling a dog whilst another dog worries the leopard. It comes from Benin, that extraordinary West African kingdom the natives of which absorbed European standards of representation from the early Portuguese colonists. CURIUS CROWE.



CHIPPENDALE SECRETAIRE CABINET  
At Messrs. Frank Partridge's



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White jade Incense Burner, finely carved in bronze style. Height on stand 7½ inches. Ch'ien Lung Period 1736-1795 A.D.

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# PROGRESS IN FARM MECHANISATION

THE REVOLUTION OF 1939-40. By J. E. NEWMAN



MASSEY HARRIS NO. 15 COMBINE HARVESTER WITH GRAIN TANK OPERATING BEHIND PNEUMATIC-TYRED "PACEMAKER" TRACTOR. On the farm of Mr. F. Rimell, Tufton Warren, Hants



A ROBOT TRANSPLANTER  
This can plant nine thousand seedlings an hour

THE farm horse has been finally beaten in his struggle against mechanical power. He has fought successfully for nearly 100 years against steam, but now the internal-combustion tractor, whose first serious assault was made in the ploughing campaign of the Great War, has defeated both. There were 44,000 tractors in use in the summer of 1939. This autumn there are over 70,000. This year's harvest, heavier by the yield of the better part of two million acres of ploughed-up grassland, has been safely gathered in; the extra tractors and the ideal weather helped to make the work far easier than had been anticipated.

The whole achievement reflects credit on the foresight of the Ministry of Agriculture in making arrangements for tractors to be manufactured and stored ready for use should war break out. Without those tractors it would have been impossible for the War Agricultural Executive Committees to have got so many extra acres ploughed. The ploughing-up campaign, put into force when war broke out, was based on every farmer doing his bit, and ploughing up at least 10 per cent. of his grass acreage. Many have done more, and most are doing or will have to do more this season; but it involved many small, and not a few large, acreages being ploughed by men who had not the necessary equipment. These, and any others in difficulties, who did not get contractors or neighbours to help, had the work done by the county committee's tractors and implements. Those who remember the difficulties which marked the tractor work of the last war will see in the general absence of trouble in the past season evidence of the great advance in reliability, efficiency and general usefulness made by tractors in the intervening twenty odd years. Tractors in those days were looked on chiefly as a means of doing second-rate ploughing. The horseless farm was a dream—most farmers would have called it a nightmare. Now, or rather in peace-time, tractor ploughmen gain prizes at ploughing matches in open competition with horsemen, and tractors pull implements designed for tractor haulage, which cover the full range of farming operations and include many which the tractor's power alone makes feasible. And horseless farms are becoming commonplace.

This great extension of the tractor's all-round usefulness has been helped, particularly perhaps on the ordinary mixed farm, by the pneumatic tyre. A tractor on pneumatics can cross or run along roads or come home each evening to the farm buildings at a good speed without shaking itself or its driver to bits. And as on small farms the proportion of owner-drivers is high, the comfort pneumatic tyres provide has counted a good deal. They do not damage grass or farm roads. Internal transport—odd jobs, dung carting, harvesting, and so on—has, with the help of low loading wagons or trailers also on pneumatics, been made easy and convenient, and, as compared with horse practice, greatly speeded up. Slipping, troublesome at first, has been reduced by improved treads, and there are detachable strakes some of which enable





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*Truly characteristic of the Briton is his preference for Player's. Typical of that simple good taste which concerns itself with simple things—good tobacco, for instance. Inevitable that Player's should become as much a part of Christmas as the pudding or the holly!*

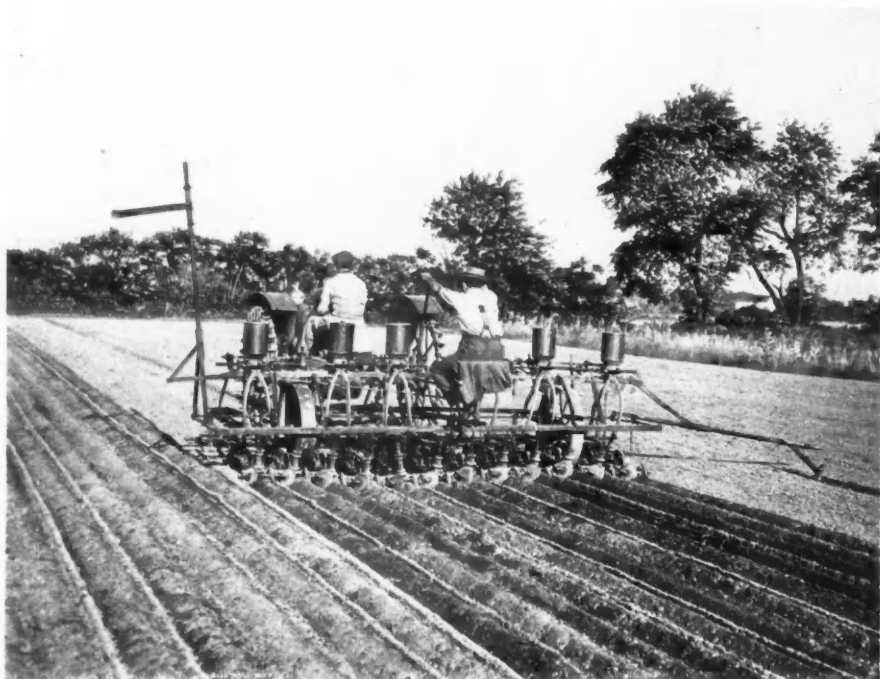
*And so, what more in keeping with the spirit of the Season, than a gift of Player's?*

**Player's**

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#### HOW THEY DO IT IN THE STATES

(Top) Spraying 60-100 acres of vegetables a day. (Centre) Planting twelve rows of beans at a time. (Below) Combating insect pests with a vapo-fumer, hauling a 100ft. "gown"

the pneumatic tyre to pull under almost any conditions.

Another development is the steadily increasing use of the tool bar, a frame attached to the tractor, to which tools for ridging potatoes, lifting sugar beet, hoeing, or cultivating, can be attached at will. It is often lifted at the headlands by the tractor's own power. This fitting is particularly useful on the small tractors introduced in recent years from the U.S.A., where their economy and handiness have brought them popularity and sales, especially among the small farmers of the Middle West, which seem likely to be repeated here.

The use of tractors, small and big, in large-scale vegetable growing is a development which may have repercussions on the market-gardening industry. Small-holders and market gardeners, however, are not using two-wheeled garden tractors in place of horses so much as to replace hand labour. Readers of "I Bought a Mountain" will remember the grass-mowing feats of one of these little tractors on Duffryn.

The introduction of the combine harvester in 1928, and the provision for it of the grain drier, led to the starting of mechanised grain-growing farms. These farms, comparatively few in number, have served a useful purpose in forcing attention to what could be done with modern machinery, and as an antidote to the defeatist attitude which, in the past, assumed that we could not use the machinery used abroad, could not compete with imported grain, and that this island, with one of the best climates in the world for wheat growing, which exported wheat in, and probably before, Roman times, and did so until the advent of the industrial era, should give it up and resign its agriculture to grass and milk. They showed, in spectacular fashion, what machinery was capable of. The principles they worked on, of substituting mechanical for animal haulage, and using the tractor's speed and power to increase the rate of working and the output per man, are now being adopted in all branches of agriculture.

Mechanisation has its critics. It is said to reduce labour, to be only useful to large farms, that it impoverishes the land and violates all agricultural principles, while some talk vaguely, and with large geographical inaccuracy, of dust storms in the Middle West, and object particularly to mechanised corn growing.

The problem of displaced labour is not an agricultural one alone. The alternative to using machinery is to give up, when no labour is employed. The dust storms of the Great Plains and southern Saskatchewan would have happened if, on that soil, in that climate, the Norfolk four-course system itself had been used in large breaks, with nothing to check the wind.

Hampshire is one of the homes of mechanised corn growing, most of it done by men who know the art of farming practically and theoretically. It has been carried on long enough now for soil deterioration to have shown itself on the farms, and financial disaster to have overtaken its exponents. There is no evidence of either.

There are variations in practice, but, broadly, sheep folding and the dung-cart are discarded. Balanced fertilisers are used as a basic manuring, with nitrogenous top-dressings as required, and reliance is placed upon them to maintain yields, while the humus content and healthy nature of the soil is kept up by ploughing in leys and green crops on the fallows.

That all this is theoretically possible is well known, but the "practical" man has his doubts, and, since theory may yet not be sufficiently advanced to take all the relevant factors into account, actual results must decide.

These are good. I have known many of these farms since their inception. Some of them were then foul and semi-derelict. They are clean now. The crops are well above the average for the country, and show no sign of decreasing. Those farming them are looked on as innovators, and they are—in the machinery they use; but their rotation—wheat, barley, fallow—is at least a thousand years old, probably the oldest in English agriculture. If leys are introduced into this rotation (as is being done), livestock come in at once. If beans and oats replace barley, with the help of "Caterpillar" and of light pneumatic-tyred tractors the problem of our claylands can be solved. Machines of a size suitable to our smaller farms are available. The principles of agriculture cannot be altered by using tractors and machinery. But the practices, which are sometimes mistaken for principles, can.



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# PIG CLUBS

## HOW WATFORD USES KITCHEN WASTE

**W**ATFORD is one of the most progressive towns in the country judged by any standard. With the move of industry to the south, Watford has attracted many elements that make for progress. There is nothing sluggish or self-satisfied about the Watford citizen. The town deserves to make a success of its undertakings. The latest of these is the formation of pig clubs. The citizens have entered into this with real zest, and they will soon be taking the first rewards of their enterprise. When I was in Watford the other day I saw pigs which will be fit to kill about Christmas-time. The Watford housewife will have a very welcome addition to her resources and the satisfaction of feeling that she has helped to produce something very much worth while from what is usually allowed to be wasted.



**WATFORD. GRACIOUS LADY**

The only sow to have won the Royal Championship three times. Age eight years. Here seen with some of her latest litter

For many years the Watford Corporation has run its own farm with a first-class herd of pedigree Middle White pigs. The name of Watford Corporation has often figured in the prize list at the Royal Agricultural Show and at other shows where the best pedigree stock are exhibited. These pedigree pigs were not, in the easy days before this war, fed on kitchen waste. In common with most farmers, the Watford Corporation decided that it was really more economical to take advantage of the cheap



**THE WATFORD MUNICIPAL PIGGERIES**

barley, maize and other feeding-stuffs which poured into this country from all quarters of the globe. The Corporation, now, is taking advantage of the large quantity of kitchen waste collected in the town. The pigs are not suffering through any lack of good food. The kitchen waste is collected throughout the town once a week and turned to account on the Corporation's farm. This enterprise has nothing to do with the pig clubs beyond the fact that Watford's successful experience with pigs on these lines was an excellent introduction to the development of war-time pig clubs in the town.

To-day all kinds of people in Watford have a direct interest in pigs. The A.R.P. workers have one club. There are two clubs for ordinary citizens at Cassiobury Park, and the girls working in one of the chief laundries in the town have a club of their own. There is a healthy rivalry between the clubs, especially between the Cassiobury Club and the Little Cassiobury Club. When I was there, the Cassiobury Club had eighteen pigs, fed largely on bits and pieces brought by the womenfolk of Watford. Each morning before they go shop-

ping they collect any kitchen scraps from their own house and possibly from their neighbours' and put these in the shopping basket. They deposit their load in a nicely painted hygienic bin at the entrance to the piggeries in Cassiobury Park. All this material is boiled up and provides a thriving diet for the pigs.

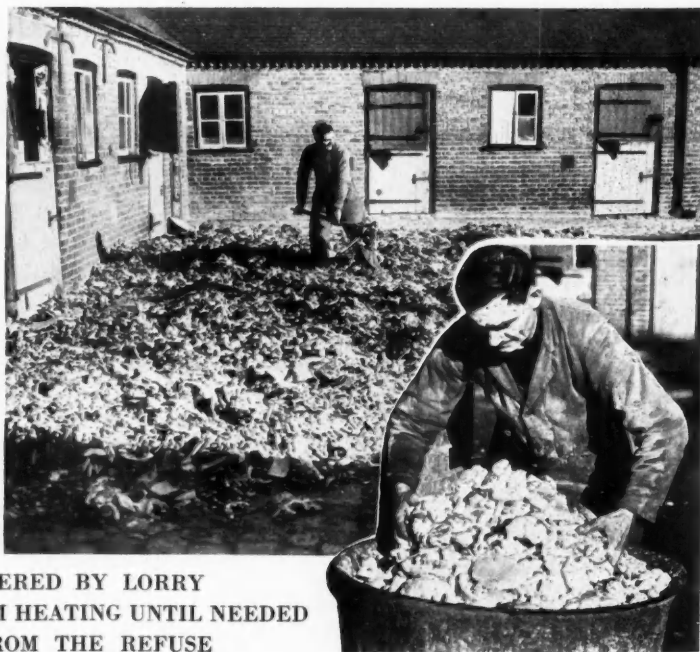
Then the children have been busy this autumn collecting acorns. The schools have taken an hour off every afternoon to garner this very useful harvest. They have been collecting about a sack in the afternoon. Acorns are preferred to horse-chestnuts, and the pigs were clearing them up readily. The Little Cassiobury Club is known as the "Snobs" Club because it numbers among its members the Mayor and the Town Clerk as well as other common citizens. Their pigs do them credit. Altogether about 120 pigs are being fed in this way in Watford. This is a very useful contribution to the nation's supply of pig meat, especially at a time when ordinary farmers are finding it very difficult to obtain adequate supplies of pig meal to maintain their herds. The ideal would seem to be for the general farmer to breed the pigs, letting the sows have



(Left) REFUSE COLLECTED IN THE TOWN DELIVERED BY LORRY

(Right) HOUSEHOLD REFUSE BEING SPREAD TO KEEP FROM HEATING UNTIL NEEDED

(Inset) BREAD AFTER IT HAS BEEN SORTED FROM THE REFUSE







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ASSET AT any time—BUT AT the  
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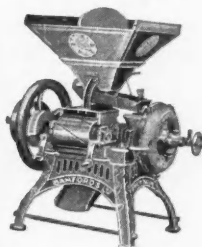


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TO HIS MAJESTY  
KING GEORGE VI

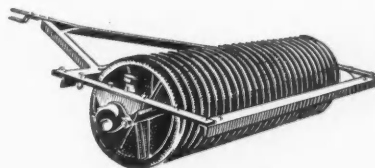
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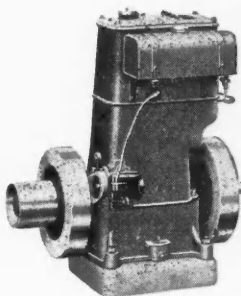
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BIGGER  
STILL**



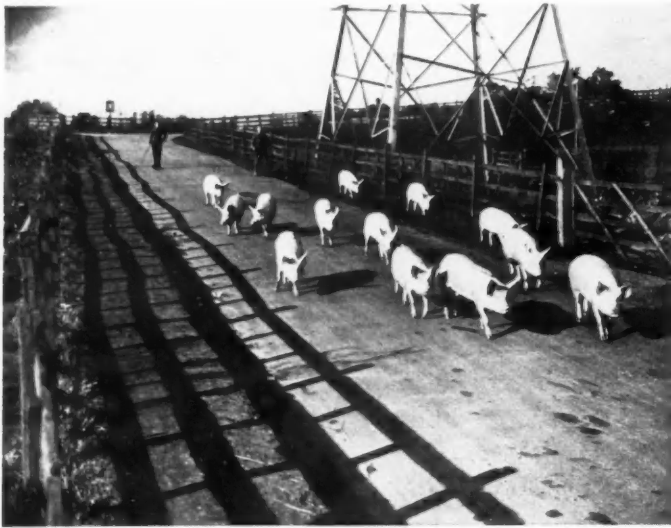
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Of the Dainty Girl and Maple Leaf families



A PIGMAN FILLING TANKS WITH PREPARED FOOD READY  
FOR FEEDING

free range and to pick up whatever they can for themselves, and to sell the piglings at the age of ten to twelve weeks to one of the pig clubs. It is surely along these lines that we can maintain our pig industry with the least possible dependence on imported feeding-stuffs.

Then there is the pig club in Watford which is run by the girls who work in one of the laundries. They have ten shilling shares in the pigs, and bring in kitchen waste every morning as they come to work. The laundry boiler-man feeds the pigs, and by an ingenious adjustment the waste steam from the boilers of the laundry is used to cook the food. Excellent as the quality of these kitchen scraps appears to be, it surprised me to hear that the club has only used 2cwt. of meal since July for the six well grown pigs and the eight younger pigs which the club keeps. One secret of this economy in the use of purchased meal is that the pieces of bread which come in the kitchen waste are separated and baked hard under the boiler. In this way a reserve of excellent carbohydrate feed has been built up which can be drawn upon any time when barley meal is short. Pieces of bread baked hard will keep for a long time and only need to be soaked to make an excellent supplement to the other kitchen waste. In the ordinary way bread is not a very satisfactory food for pigs, because if it is boiled with kitchen waste it becomes doughy, but baked first of all in this way it is most useful stuff.

Altogether in Hertfordshire there are twenty-seven pig clubs. Most of them have a membership of twenty to twenty-four and keep five to six pigs. There are a number of people belonging to clubs who keep two or three pigs at the bottom of the garden. The experience in Hertfordshire has been that pig club members have had no difficulty in getting meal. They have not been anxious to buy too much because pig meal is expensive now and the less they have to buy the better. At least half the pigs' food requirements comes from kitchen waste. In most cases the proportion is higher. Looking into this kitchen waste you will find very little meat. It is mainly potato peelings, small potatoes from the garden, bits of bread, the outside of cabbages, and occasionally a stodgy portion of one of mother's puddings which was not a complete success. The pig club members have been advised to boil these kitchen scraps for at least an hour and a half. Quite apart from the necessity of proper boiling to eliminate the risk of disease creeping in through imported meat, the process does break down indigestible material into something which the pigs can deal with.

Another club I saw in Hertfordshire is the Camp Pig Club on the outskirts of St. Albans. The members of this are allotment-holders. There are twenty-four of them, and each member has one-quarter of a share in a pig.



(Left to right) COUNCILLOR RIGBY TAYLOR (Chairman, Estates Committee), F. FARQUHARSON (Borough Farm Bailiff), ALDERMAN LAST (Chairman, Public Health Committee), A. NORMAN SCHOFIELD (Town Clerk)  
The sub-committee which arranged the collection of household refuse in the Borough of Watford

There is a good deal of wasted material from allotments, especially in the autumn, and if this is supplemented by kitchen waste brought along by the members or their wives, pigs can find a thriving diet with the addition of very little purchased food. In fact, the members of this club have spent very little in any way. One member is a bricklayer and he erected the sty on the allotments. With ample supplies of small potatoes, cabbage leaves and a little meal, the pigs look as well as anyone could want to see them. When we were there one of the members' young sons was there doing the cooking. He had a rough-and-ready boiler well stoked up, and he was obviously enjoying himself and very proud of the pigs.

Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, recently told the House of Commons that the Small Pig Keepers' Council, which looks after all these pig clubs, has now registered 235 clubs so far and that there are 6,500 members of pig clubs. This is good going. Not all

of these clubs have been started since the war began. Some kept going right through from the last war; but, thanks to the energy of Mr. Alec Hobson, who acts as Secretary of the Small Pig Keepers' Council, a great many new clubs have been formed and more are joining the ranks every month. The Small Pig Keepers' Council is fortunate in its leadership. Mr. Cedric Drewe, M.P. for Honiton, is the Chairman, and Mr. John Green, a member of the B.B.C. staff, is the Vice-chairman. Between them they have secured a great deal of publicity for pig clubs and encouraged many people to take up pig feeding as a part-time job.

At the present time members of pig clubs are feeding about 5,000 pigs, and their yearly throughput will probably amount to about 10,000 pigs. There are already clubs in thirty-five counties, the largest numbers being in Surrey, Hertfordshire and Lincolnshire. The clubs are mainly of two types. There is the association of individual pig keepers which has been the traditional form of the village club, and the co-operative club, consisting of a number of people owning the pigs jointly and keeping them all together in one place. The Watford pig clubs which have been described above are of the second type. They are co-operative enterprises, and it is mainly in and around the towns that this type of club is found. Many of them are run in connection with industrial and commercial firms such as the Watford laundry, and by the staffs of municipal authorities, civil defence posts, schools, allotment societies (like the St. Albans one) and sports clubs.

This is a movement which should go from strength to strength, and if we were a more economically minded people there is no reason at all why pig clubs should not remain firmly established as part of our national economy in peace as well as war. A good many people living in the towns like to keep some association with the country. Moreover, the pig is one of the most philosophical of farm animals. His company is one of the best antidotes to war nerves which the townsman and his wife could have.

## FARMING NOTES

### PLOUGHING FOR POTATOES—FEEDING STUFFS RATIONING

WHEN the ground is dry enough farmers are taking the opportunity to get the plough into more grassland before Christmas. Their purpose—and it is a sound one—is to turn over the turf so that it may have the benefit of frosts in the New Year. This is particularly important where potatoes are to be grown. Potatoes need a fine seed-bed, and January frosts can be one of the farmer's best allies in preparing the ground. Potatoes do well on old turf. There is always some risk

of wireworm damage, but in my experience the risk is not serious enough to be a deterrent if the land is otherwise suitable. In any case, the Ministry of Food has now promised to take over potatoes which have been damaged by wireworm and leather-jacket. The Ministry will not pay the full price, but I gather that the differentiation will not be too severe in cases where farmers have done what the Government ask and ploughed up grassland to grow more potatoes.

By the way, those who are proposing to





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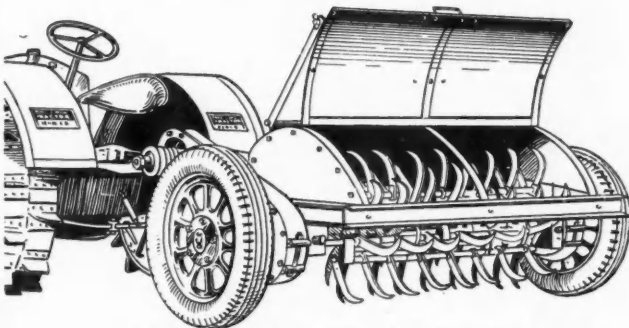
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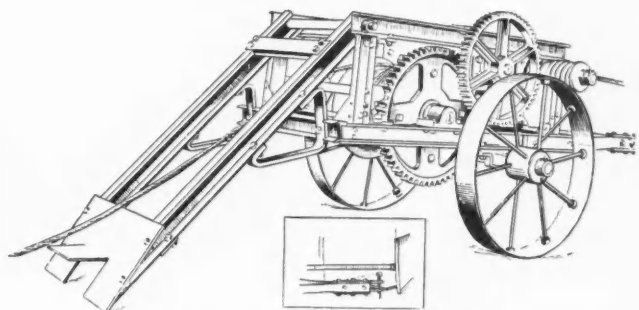
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**Executor :** Precisely. We must find an investment that is safe and profitable. You say you have the full quota of Savings Certificates?

**Mrs. D :** Very nearly, and the boys have been saving too—we make an effort to put something into Savings Certificates every week. But I want this legacy kept separate.

**Executor :** Well, my advice to you is to put it into Defence Bonds as you have not yet bought any. They are, in my opinion, ideal for a case such as yours. You see, they do not fluctuate in value. If you invest £100, you can always get £100 back so that the legacy cannot depreciate.

**Mrs. D :** I thought of that. And the rate of interest is good, too, isn't it?

**Executor :** Three per cent is excellent for an investment as safe as this. Also—this is worth considering in your position—the interest is paid out to you automatically every six months.

**Mrs. D :** Very well, I'll put the money in Defence Bonds. Will you see to it?

**Executor :** With pleasure. I will ring up my stockbroker and arrange it. I think you are doing a very wise thing—a very profitable thing. And if you can afford to leave the money untouched for seven years, you will get a bonus of £1 on every £100 invested. That will make a very useful addition.

**Save regularly week by week.** Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.



Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

grow potatoes next year should get their seed potatoes and their fertilisers ordered now. The Scotsmen are sending down seed potatoes already and in these days of transport delays it is prudent to order well ahead. There is some difficulty about getting fertilisers containing a high proportion of potash which is wanted in potato growing, but priority is being given to those who are ordering potash for potatoes. Another crop on the priority list is flax. More flax is to be grown next year in several counties where the crop has not yet been taken seriously. But whatever crops are to be grown, it is common sense to get the fertilisers in the barn now. The modern kind of sulphate of ammonia stores perfectly well, and all of us should be using more nitrogen on our arable crops and our grassland next spring. I have ten tons on order myself, and I shall be glad when I have it safely on the place.

\*\*\*

The Government have decided to introduce rationing for animal feeding-stuffs and it is likely that the scheme will come into operation on January 1st. Every farmer is expected to have grown enough bulky fodder such as hay, silage and roots to maintain his stock, and the war agricultural executive committees will issue coupons to cover rations of concentrated feeding-stuffs. First priority will still go to dairy cows and those milk producers who can show exceptionally high yields will qualify for supplementary rations. The pig and poultry man still comes off badly, with only one-third of his pre-war quantities. I do not envy the feeding-stuffs officers who are now being appointed by the county war agricultural committees. They will have a big job for the next month or two, working out the rations and issuing the coupons to hundreds of farmers. Distasteful as these schemes are in principle, we must accept the fact that it has become necessary to make certain that concentrated feeding-stuffs are used to the best advantage and particularly to produce milk. Milk supplies have been falling off this autumn, and one of the causes is the difficulty which many dairy farmers are experiencing in obtaining adequate supplies of cake.

CINCINNATUS.

## FRUIT FOR SUGAR

**T**HE value of fruit needs no insistence to-day, but the fashion in which its juices can serve as a substitute for sugar is known only to the few. To-day experts are giving tireless labour to the study of problems associated with concentration of fruit juice as an aid to our food supplies. At the Long Ashton Experimental Station of the University of Bristol, Mr. Vernon Charley made a big effort to turn the apple glut of 1939 to good account, but the necessary support required to provide plant was not forthcoming. New ideas must struggle hard. This year conditions have improved, the work of converting apples into concentrated jelly and treacle is in full swing.

Under the direction of Professor Barker, Principal of the Long Ashton Research Station, a method has been devised for the production of a highly concentrated apple jelly, prepared without sugar.

Investigation at Long Ashton started in the last war—in 1917, to be precise—when upwards of 200,000lb. of jelly was produced from 460 tons of apples, at a cost that did not quite reach 6d. a pound. Mr. Charley's special work on fruit juice concentration dates from 1935, and at the time of writing one of the important results is a substance known as apple treacle; it is being made on a large scale in the West of England, where the demand exceeds the supply. Food manufacturers find that it reduces their sugar problem to manageable dimensions for apple treacle contains up to 70 per cent. of pure natural fruit sugar and is rich in mineral salts. Other fruits than apple can have their juice concentrated advantageously without loss of flavour, vacuum evaporation being employed to remove the water from the natural juices until the sugar content of the residue is raised to a figure high enough to keep the concentrate from fermentation.

For apple treacle both sweet and bitter-sweet varieties may be used in certain specified proportions, and the fruit chosen should be ripe, or even a little more than ripe. A machine known as a triple circulation vacuum evaporator is employed for soft fruit like strawberry, raspberry, and black currant, as well as for apples, the various aromatic compounds being taken out in a vaporised form by a special attachment. These compounds are returned to give the natural and essential flavour to the finished product. In dealing with apples it is found that the Allington and Cox's Orange Pippins preserve their characteristic taste admirably.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the technical difficulties in the way of utilising the juices of surplus fruit have been overcome, largely by Mr. Charley's tenacity of purpose. When we remember that our orchards can provide jelly, treacle, wine and spirits, it is clear that the work of the Long Ashton Experimental Station is of the first importance. The writer has used apple treacle as a sweetener and finds it can replace golden syrup in cooking and supply the sugar content of puddings, apple charlotte and cakes.

The trouble is that apple treacle is not yet available for domestic distribution; we must wait another year for this, because manufacturers cannot get all they need. Another trouble is the need for an expensive plant. The private kitchen would require to be reinforced by a mill, a press and jelly bags, and even then clarification would not be possible. A small-scale vacuum plant of the kind used is not available, but we may be sure that if there is a sufficient demand for the complete utilisation of our ever-expanding apple crop, small plants will reach the market in due season. Then not only the well equipped large kitchen but the more spacious women's institute will be able to solve the problem of sugar shortage, just so long as the problem still persists. The production of the highly concentrated apple jelly which is so richly flavoured will also be possible.

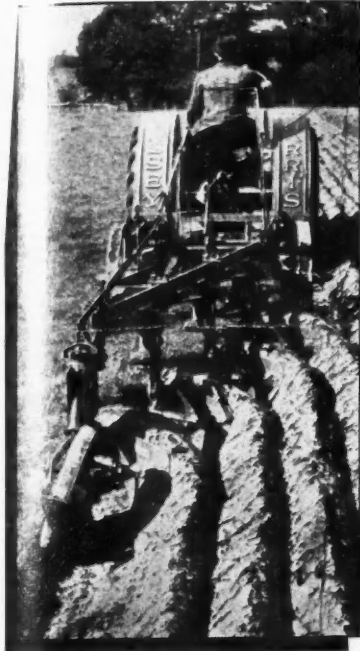


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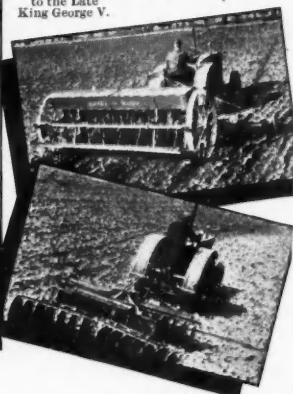
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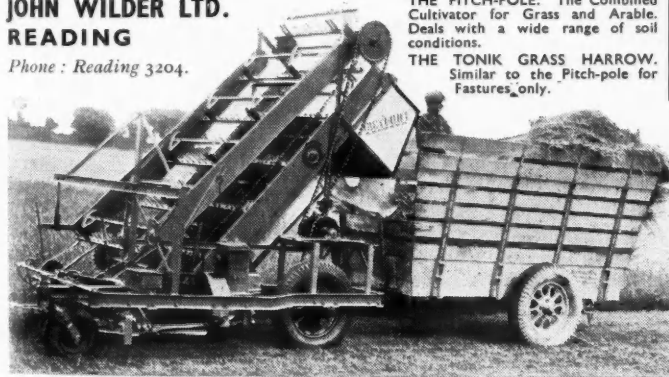
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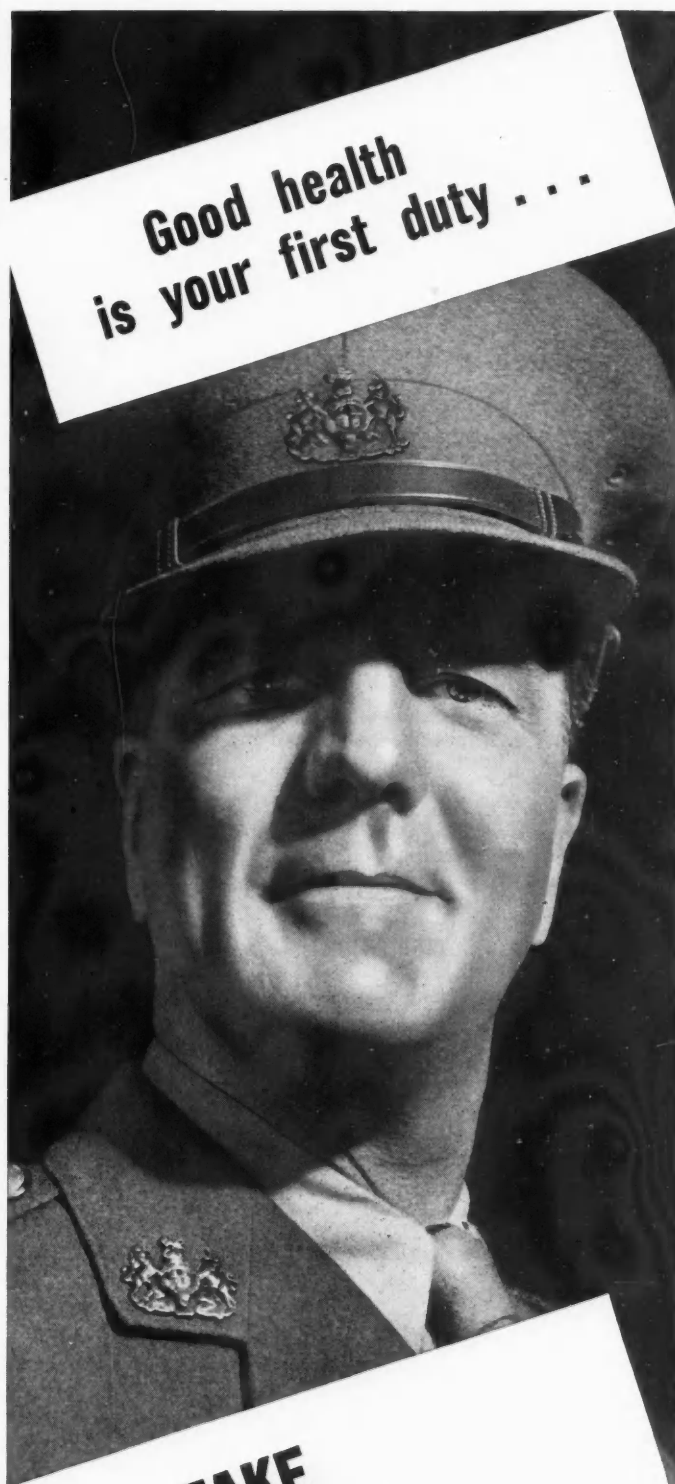
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## A SPORTING PICTURE AT CROOME

### THE RACEHORSE THAT FOUNDED A CHARITY

IT is mainly in the country houses of England that sporting history, those interesting facets and sidelights which illuminate the whole story, is to be found. And in my quest for the conversation pieces of the past which do so much to guide us as to the habits, lives, pleasures and sport of the days of our ancestors, I have found much good sporting history tucked away in castle, hall, manor and court.

So I found it recently while at Croome Court, the home of that good sportsman the late Lord Coventry, which is not only one of the cradles of fox-hunting but a storehouse of British art as well.

The picture which hangs upon the main staircase at Croome is an example of John Wootton's best work. There is a jolly realism about it and a fine conception of grouping, light and shade.

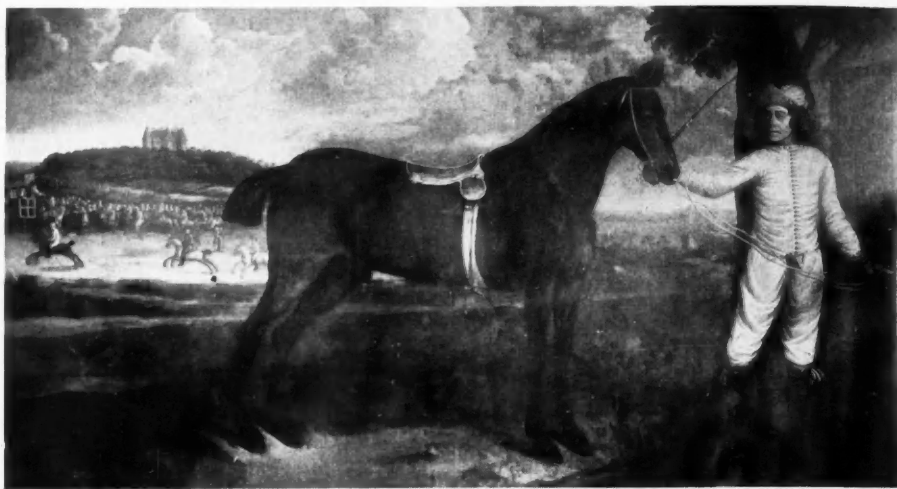
The subject is that of a racehorse and jockey, with a race in progress in the background and Westwood towers above the trees in the far distance.

It is a reminder of the early eighteenth century, the age of patches and ruffles, brocaded coats and dress swords, punch and claret on the board, horses in the stable and hounds in the kennel. Besides, the picture carries with it, as Dr. Watson would say, "a most singular story."

But first as to the picture. The horse, a dark bay with docked tail like the wheeler of a coach, is long-bodied, yet has some appearance of breeding in neck, crest and head. He wears a small plush saddle with white girths, and a snaffle bridle not unlike those used upon some American racehorses to-day.

The jockey with his ringlets and fine expressive countenance holds him under the shade of an oak tree, and wears his high, soft-legged black boots with silver spurs, baggy breeches with bunches of ribbon at the knee, a many-buttoned jacket, and a curious sort of cap with up-turned peak. And in his hand he bears a mighty whip. The jacket and cap are light blue, and as I gazed at the picture I was reminded of what J. de Solleysel wrote concerning these early racehorses.

"These kind of horses," he writes, "are never to be rid but with very small snaffles for fear of hindering their breathing and wind



SIR HENRY COVENTRY'S HORSE, BY WOOTTON  
From the picture at Croome, Westwood Hall in the distance

which one of our great bitts would certainly do; the rider is to lean a little forwards to prevent the wind taking too much upon his body and to have also cloathes very light and fit for him, but no flying or loose coat only a cap in place of a hat, very small and sharp spurs, and he is to spurr to the flanks with little stroaks . . . no curper or tie or potral, only a very light saddle and the rider too."

It seems that, one night after dinner, a dispute arose between Sir Henry Coventry and his brother-in-law Sir John Pakington of Westwood as to the merits of their respective racehorses. It was the England of the Restoration and the introduction of Eastern blood when, as Sir Theodore Cook wrote, "England was one vast racing stable."

A wager was accordingly made for a match to try the respective speed and stamina of the two horses.

The stake was a heavy one—£3,000, worth nearly seven times that amount to-day—and it was a condition of the match that the stake should endow a charity to be founded in the name of the winner.

The race duly took place upon a course at Ombersley. The site of this epic match may be seen to this day, a large field of rough grass about a couple of hundred yards from

the main road to Kidderminster and about the same distance from Hay Lane. Here the natives will tell was decided the "great race," when Sir Henry Coventry's horse won and Sir John Pakington paid his loss with a couple of farms, one of which, called "Egg Hill," was situate in St. Peter's, Droitwich. And hence arose the Coventry Almshouses at Droitwich, where the inmates may still be seen, shielded from the cares of this wicked world, smoking and gossiping in front of their almshouses, wearing with the pride of Chelsea Pensioners the old Coventry livery of "black with silver buttons."

Of the main actors of this drama of the Restoration something must be said. Sir John Pakington of Westwood, who married Lady Dorothy Coventry, is supposed by some to have been the original of Sir Roger de Coverley, and I like to think that he was, and that Will Wimble saw the "great race" between the equine representatives of Croome and Westwood.

But if Sir John Pakington was a warm-hearted English country gentleman, Sir Henry Coventry served the State well. Member of Parliament for Droitwich during the reign of Charles II, he was a son of Thomas, Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal during the time of Charles I, and served upon many diplomatic missions, subsequently becoming one of the Principal Secretaries of State and Lord of the Admiralty. That acute observer Pepys wrote of him as a "mighty, quick ready man," and he was an outstanding figure at the Court of the Restoration.

His retirement from active politics to the placid existence of country life was compelled by shattered health resulting from gout, which Bishop Burnet maliciously attributes to "the northern ways of entertainment to which he became accustomed when Envoy of Sweden and which grew on him with age."

Be that as it may, Sir Henry Coventry never enriched himself in the public service, as did many of his contemporaries, and he died unmarried in 1686 and is buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In many ways he was a great man, whose tether was in the green heart of Worcestershire.

The portrait which has stimulated this story of the past bears no date. It is probably one of Wootton's earliest paintings, as he was born in 1677, and when he came to take up the life-work which made him the art leader of his day, the story of the "great race" would still be fresh in the minds of sporting England—nay, the very horse would be still in the stables at Croome, and his performance an everlasting theme upon the lips of training groom and jockey. WILLIAM FAWCETT.



THE COVENTRY ALMSHOUSES, DROITWICH  
Founded as a result of the race depicted above



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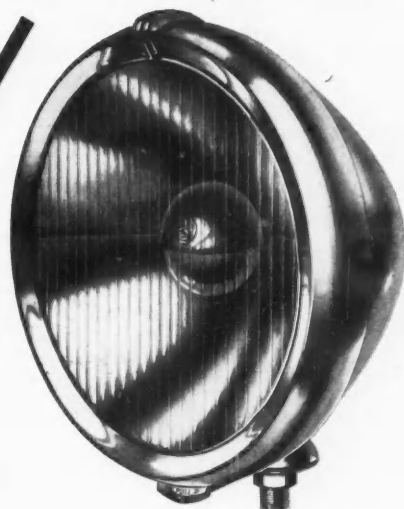
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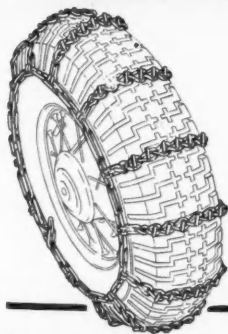
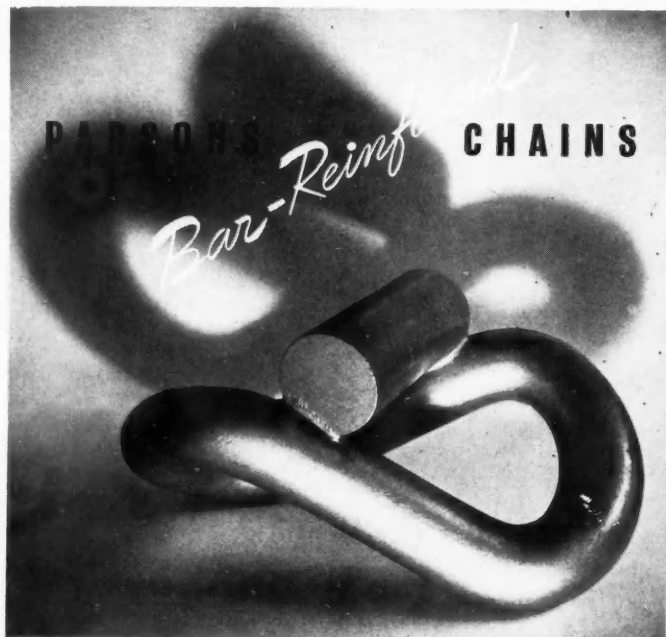


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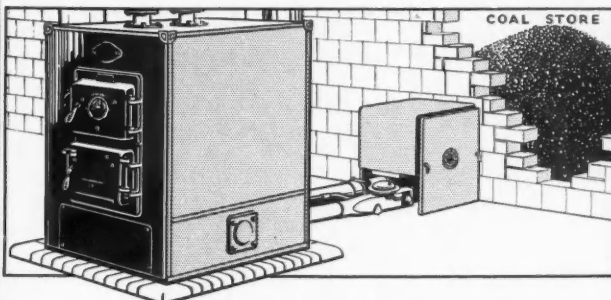
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# CHRISTMAS and CLOTHES

By ISABEL CRAMPTON



Karl Schenker

IN COSY NUTRIA COAT WITH CAP TO MATCH (Debenham and Freebody)

SINCE nothing can take away from us the inner happiness of Christmas-time, a happiness to which even the saddest and most anxious cannot perhaps be quite indifferent, it is surely our part to reflect the fact in our homes and ourselves so far as the curious circumstances of a war Christmas will allow us to. I feel this so much that it quite pleases me to be able to reproduce here the photographs of some charming clothes that will do very much to brighten the scene on Christmas Day wherever they are worn. To begin with, the really beautiful nutria coat, so soft and light and pliable, and yet so deliciously warm, and, moreover, being of a natural fur, one that will

emerge happily from a snow or rain storm, provided that it is well shaken and dried in a cool place. This comes from the Fur Department of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody (Wigmore Street, W.1), and the darling little high fur cap with its gay knot of ribbon which accompanies it so perfectly, comes from the same shop. I am glad that this becoming and eminently wearable kind of hat is again in fashion, and I do not know a better place at which to look for it.

So far as outdoor wear is concerned, I think the woollen dress, with or without the little coat for more formal moments, will be the most popular wear. I have chosen two to illustrate





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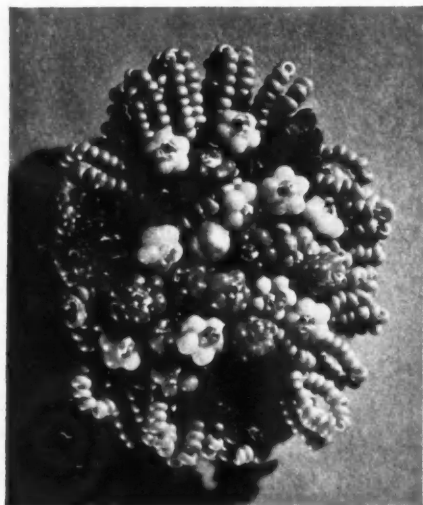
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(Left). "Garden Bouquet" a hand-made Brooch. (Harvey Nichols).

(Right). The gayest of woollen frocks in a lovely red and with fur revers to the little coat that accompanies it. (Marshall and Snelgrove).

as being very much in contrast to each other. The photograph on the right shows a two-piece from Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.1) Model Gown Department. It is made in a woollen material in an enchanting shade of red, as bright as geranium but softer. The embroidery at the throat of the dress tones with the fur lapels on the dainty little close-fitting coat which completes the two-piece. The hat is of the material of the dress, stitched and tucked. The lines of this frock, like its colour, are as different from those of the other one in the bottom photograph as they can possibly be, and yet they are equally of the moment and attractive.



Bertram Park.



Karl Schenker

For many women the second frock, which comes from Messrs. Gorringe (Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1), would be an absolutely ideal choice, for it is very easy to wear. It is in black wool with a small pattern in gold, a gold girdle and little breast pockets outlined in gold.

Christmas presents will probably be fewer and less expensive this year, but they are almost certain to be far more carefully chosen. One way of making sure of this is to supply oneself with the smart red and white booklet called "Christmas" which has just been got out by Messrs. Harvey Nichols (Knightsbridge, S.W.1). One of the many inexpensive but pretty gifts shown in it is pictured at the top of this page, a hand-made brooch whose beads are like a cluster of dainty flowers. It costs half a guinea, and is called "Garden Bouquet." Handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, inexpensive jewellery and very attractive leather goods, such as purses and cigarette-cases, for men and women in the Services, are among the things illustrated. Three good suggestions, in a most practical book, are wool for those who knit; pretty silks for making up *lingerie* for those who sew; and rugs, mattresses, thermos flasks, and a very nice electric lamp, charged during the day by plugging into an electric socket, for the shelter.

For many children, and for their elders too, it will be good news that the Toy Fair is open at Messrs. Harrods (Knightsbridge, S.W.1), and Father Christmas is there with his famous Little Visitors' Book. Among this year's toys are Service dolls, including A.F.S. ladies. The Street of Old London on the ground floor is now a street of gift shops, and there is a Christmas card and calendar room on the first floor and a huge array of crackers. Harrods have just issued in "Harrods News" a very good small catalogue covering all departments, with an inset describing many of their offers in the way of provisions and food-boxes for the Forces.

(Left). AN ORIGINAL AND VERY BECOMING WOOLLEN DRESS IN GOLD AND BLACK (Gorringe).



## "A Merry Christmas"

—will be the uppermost thoughts in everybody's minds—give practical and useful presents such as this . . .



This time our famous service Pyjama is in super quality spotted Ceylon. Jacket shape, for comfort and smartness, buttoned high to neck, girdled with cord. Ground colours of blue, green or peach, all with white spots. Size, S.W. and W.

**17/6** o.s. 20/-

Limited quantity only—please give second choice of colour when ordering. We are sorry, but goods cannot be sent on approval.

—and many others, gift ideas in our Christmas Catalogue—sent Post Free.

**Swan & Edgar**  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1  
Regent 1616

## THE Derry Post

With Christmas Supplement For Practical Gifting

### Please Note

It is necessary to order at once to anticipate the difficulties of transport. Orders cannot be given too early!

THIS Edition takes this format, as

As a fact gifts this present of sheets of shoes.

Gifts From Derrys . . .

"The wind blows shrill, but let it whistle as it will. We'll keep our merry Christmas still."

How Excellently

Gift Hall for practical presents Ground Floor

**BARGAIN 'SPECIAL'**  
2/5X11. 2/6X11 pairs Cotton Sheets  
Size 70 x 104in.  
For pair **12/9**  
Two pairs for 25/- Post free

**300 pairs Strong Hemmed COTTON SHEETS**  
2/5X11. For country, pair  
single bed size  
For pair **18/6**  
Post 7d. Double bed size, per pair 21/-

**WHITE TIGHTWEAVE Turkish BATH SHEET**  
2/5X11. Best quality. Size  
large 36 x 66in.  
For pair **5/-**  
Post 7d. Each

Telephone: Weymouth 8181

For the Children There will be, as usual,

A Toy Fair

not so large perhaps as other years, but full of the old attractions.

First Floor

THE Christmas festival is too British an institution to be foregone. Come what may, we must keep our Christmas. The old Saxons, who made of Yuletide a very merry feast, gave practical presents to relatives and friends at this season—clothes mostly, and intimate gifts; all useful. THAT will be the order this year—useful gifts to our men serving the King, here and overseas; to our friends at home; and, of course, to the children.

This little Gift-book will, it is hoped, help to solve the pleasing perplexity of "What to give."

Derry & Toms Kensington W

Send for the Derry Post and Gifts Supplement for Practical Gifting . .

THIS year, all merchandise can be regarded as gifts—and probably no more appropriate present can be suggested than something practical: a pair of sheets, a down quilt, a warm coat, a wool frock, a tweed costume, a pair of shoes, and dozens of articles not generally to be regarded as gifts.

*It is necessary to order at once to anticipate the difficulties of transport*

Something pleasing and acceptable is sure to suggest itself at Derrys.

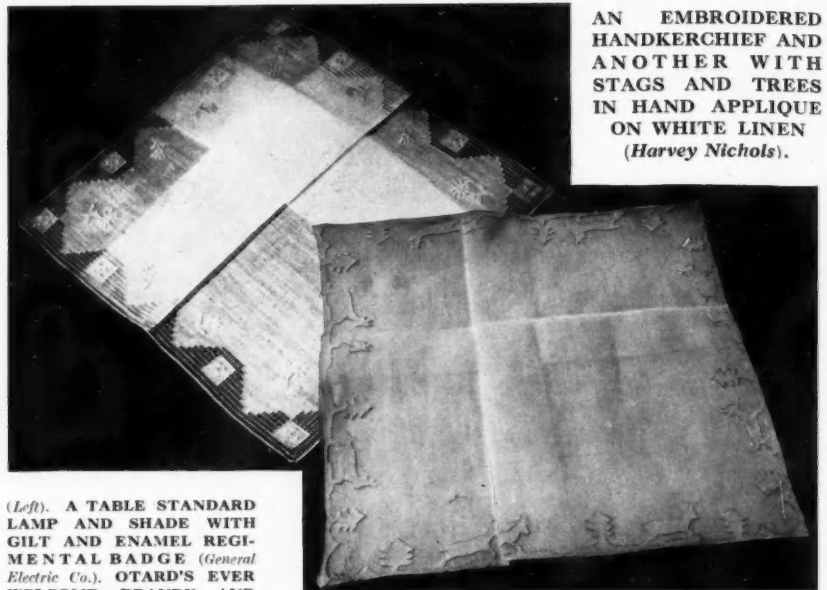
TO DERRYS—UNDER COVER ALL THE WAY

Derry & Toms  
Kensington W

# CHRISTMAS PURCHASES



(Left). A TABLE STANDARD LAMP AND SHADE WITH GILT AND ENAMEL REGIMENTAL BADGE (General Electric Co.). OTARD'S EVER WELCOME BRANDY AND PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.

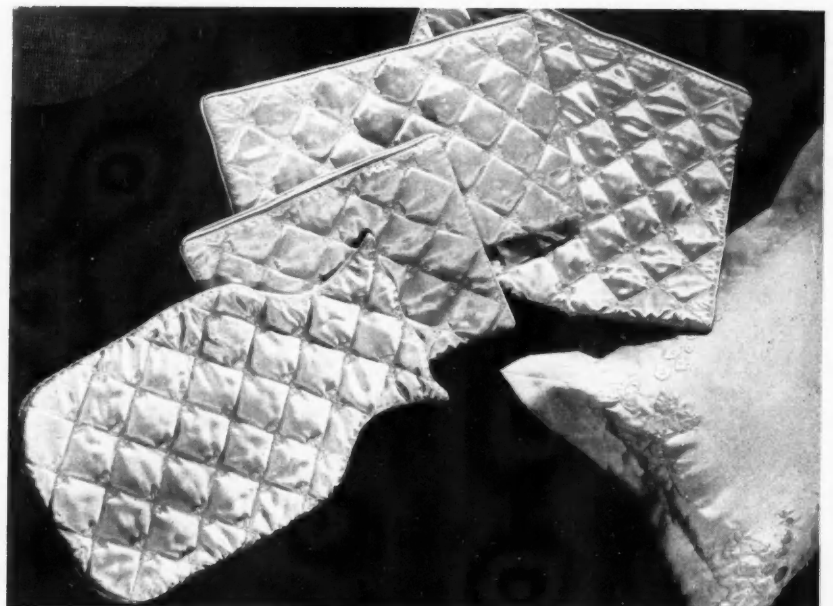


AN EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF AND ANOTHER WITH STAGS AND TREES IN HAND APPLIQUE ON WHITE LINEN (Harvey Nichols).



(Left). IN SPITE OF WAR MANY OF OUR OLDEST FRIENDS AMONG HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUITS ARE STILL FOR SALE AND SO IS VAT 69 WHISKY IN ITS ATTRACTIVE SQUAT BOTTLE.

(Above). FROM FORTNUM & MASON COMES THIS FASCINATING QUILTED BEDROOM SET IN PALEST PINK SATIN AND ITS ACCOMPANYING DAINLY EMBROIDERED CUSH ON THE APPLIQUE MAT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT IS ALSO THEIRS.



A GIFT OF GAYMER'S "POMMIE" IS ONE THAT COULD NEVER FAIL TO PLEASE



MACKINLAY'S EXCELLENT SCOTCH WHISKIES—V.O.B. AND M.L.—ARE AMONG THE GOOD THINGS OF WHICH WAR HAS NOT DEPRIVED US.



## Remember . . . .

. . . . that whatever you buy from us this Christmas constitutes a two-fold economy; firstly, because nearly all our large stock is at **pre-Purchase Tax prices**, and secondly, because it makes a lasting gift that will still be giving great joy when we are back again in the "piping days of peace."

A few items selected at random:—

Specimen Kashmir Sapphire ring, Diamond mount	£450
Fine quality single stone Diamond ring	£175
All baguette Diamond bracelet watch, French design	£250
Fine quality all Diamond bracelet	£385
Dainty Diamond bracelet incorporating baguettes	£350
Wonderful all Diamond double clip brooch in a vine design	£450
Pair of dainty Diamond clip earrings	£165
Pretty Ruby, Sapphire and Diamond flower clip	£75

38-40 James Street,  
Harrogate.

Tel. 4123.

**Ogden**  
James R.  
& Sons Ltd.  
of London & Harrogate

Dalmeny Court

Duke Street

St. James' S.W.1.



An attractive turban with shirt to match in a glorious "Blue Violet" Crepe Romain.

**MISS LUCY LTD.,**  
5, HAREWOOD PLACE, HANOVER SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Mayfair 4120.



*Handkerchiefs—*

1. **Half Dozen for 5/3.** Spcke stitch, so dainty. A pure white sheer linen handkerchief. **Six for 5/3**
2. **Decorative,** and unusually lovely. Sheer white linen. copy of Appenzell. Embroidered sprigs and drawn work— **Each 3/11**
3. **Stag and Trees.** Cleverly imaginative. Hand-appliqué border. Sheer white linen. Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. Sloane 3440. **Each 2/6**

**Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge**

# BOOKS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Come in, out of the war, out of the cold,  
And light the lamp by this forgotten  
shelf,  
Find in these titles, traced in faded gold,  
Escape from your last enemy, yourself.*

*The Water of the Wondrous Isles, the Well  
At the World's End, the Wood Beyond the  
World,  
Weave with their harmonies a runic spell  
To turn the edge of every weapon hurled*

*Out of the ravaged dark and still there's more;  
Roots of the Mountains, and the Glittering Plain,  
And Sundering Flood disclose a secret door,  
That opens on a world grown wise again.*

FREDA C. BOND.



From "The Seasons and the Gardener"  
(Cambridge University Press)

WHEN I compare the book situation this Christmas with that of other years the first and greatest difference that leaps to the eye is one of quantity. In many a November past these offices were well nigh submerged in masses of gay publications created for the Christmas trade, in which I and a gifted collaborator, now on the other side of the Atlantic, waded well nigh up to our chins, sorting into kinds and classes and then according to merit in each, only to have our judgments to make all over again at the delivery of the next publishers' parcel. Finally press day came and—though some of the best books were sure to arrive after it—ended our indecisions for the time being.

This year the Christmas books occupy three orderly shelves of a bookcase, very few of them are of the strange shapes and large sizes that were wont to make gift books so physically difficult to deal with, and very few of them belong to that class of book which offered so short an entertainment for its cost that it was really very little more than an expensive Christmas card. On the whole, to my way of thinking, since books should surely be something more than this, the Christmas book situation has improved.

Most of us who are going to give books as Christmas presents—and they are among the best, because they fit into almost all situations in life and last so long—will be obliged to be very careful in deciding what to buy. We have no money to waste, nor will we clutter up the post with parcels whose contents may or may not be liked. In those cases of uncertainty we shall send the ever-useful and convenient "Book Token," and all our difficulties will be solved. Where, however, we know the tastes of the person for whom we are choosing and what they possess already, there is something very satisfying in actually handling and packing their present, and a certain excitement in capturing something new and interesting for them, which few of us would willingly forego.

### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

To begin with books for younger readers is natural this year, because they have been deliberately catered for by most of the publishers who produce children's books; while, on the other hand, the Christmas books intended for grown-up people are not so many as usual though their quality is high, and a number of outstanding works produced in recent months afford an ample choice.

#### PICTURE BOOKS

On the whole, books where the pictures are the principal thing are few. *Babar and Father Christmas* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) is notable as one of the few large-sized, very fully illustrated books of the year, and no one will grudge him the position, for one more of Jean de Brunhoff's inimitable volumes is a thing to be grateful for, and Babar in anything but the largest of pages printed in the brightest of colours is unthinkable. In this book Babar's little elephants hear about Father Christmas from Zephir the monkey, and Babar travels to Father Christmas's

country and begs that little elephants may have Christmas presents like little boys and girls. It is an addition to the Babar Books which rivals the best of them. Another book, not so large but fully and very beautifully illustrated, is *His Little White Waistcoat to China* (Longmans, 6s.) by J. Kiddell-Monroe, with drawings by the author. It has one letterpress page to one drawing, and tells how the Little Giant Panda and his friend Boy the Tibetan went down into China looking for adventures and met with plenty, and only got safely home by the very skin of their teeth. In this category I suppose must come a dear little book by Enid Blyton, which tells how a doll, a toy mouse and a rabbit lived together and had great adventures. It is chock-full of the nicest line pictures, and when you have read the story you can have your fun all over again colouring them with paints or chalks. It is called *The Little Tree House* (Newnes, 2s.).

One of the nicest stories of the season is *Chi Lo, the Admiral* (Faber, 6s.), in which Mr. R. J. McGregor tells the story of a little fisher-boy who caught a wonderful fish and was made by his father to take it to the Emperor. The Emperor and his Chamberlain made a very odd pair, though the former proved not so odd as he seemed, and Chi Lo stood a very poor chance at times of keeping his head on his shoulders; but he got all the other fisher-boys on his side and won the day, and how he did it is told most attractively. Another very worth-while story is *Who Goes to the Wood?* (Lutterworth Press, 6s.), by Fay Inchfaun. I seldom like books in which animals live more or less human lives, but this is told with so pretty a touch that it quite charmed me; *Apple and Charlotte* (6s.),

the tale of two poor young folks who become King and Queen at the will of a dictator is prettily told by Edith L. Elias.

### BOOKS FOR READING

When it comes to books written for children, in which the reading matter is of the greater importance, though there may be excellent pictures to go with it, young folks have been extraordinarily lucky this year. For instance, Miss E. H. Young, who entranced all grown-up readers years ago with "Miss Mole," has written a first book for a young audience as well—I could not say "instead"—and of course it is one of the high lights of the Christmas season. It is called *Caravan Island* (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.), and it is the story of a holiday. Four young cousins who had never met before, with the aunt of two of them, go to one of the Western Isles of Scotland, and climb and swim and help on a farm and do all the things that make up the best of holidays. Over and beyond all this, every one of the little party and every one of the people they meet, is a creation, not a dummy labelled "man" or "boy," but a real living human being, looking at the events of their holiday in their own way, and Miss Young lets us see what each thinks and dreams and hopes, and the result is a singularly lovely book with some perfect illustrations, chiefly charming chapter heads, by H. F. Haley. This book, perfect in its realistic way, is for anyone between the ages of seven and—well, ever so much older, and should be a "winner" if ever there was one, and that reminds me to mention a book reviewed in these pages some time ago—Miss Cicely Fox Smith's stirring sea-adventure story, *The Ship Aground* (Oxford University Press, 6s.), which has perhaps the best illustrations of any story book of the year, by Walter C. Hodges. Another very good story book is *The Secret of Spriggly Holes* (Blackwell, 4s. 6d.), again by Enid Blyton, in which the children of "Secret Island" and the island itself again figure. A boy prince kept a prisoner by his wicked uncle, an exciting rescue by the children, who hide him on the island, where he is tracked down by the uncle, are incidents in it, and the King of Baronia arrives in time to end his son's troubles and give his young friends their reward in the shape of a real much longed-for motor boat.

Yet another story-book from the same author, who has a sure knowledge of pleasing her public and does it in ever so many ways; this is *The Children of Cherry Tree Farm* (Country Life, 6s.). I doubt whether a better introduction to British wild animal life has ever been written, and it is a good story too. Harry Rountree's illustrations are ideal. *Franz Schubert and His Merry Friends* (Faber, 6s.), by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deuchar, is a very jolly true story of the great composer's young days, with nice illustrations by Mary Greenwalt.

Everybody who remembers Kate Seredy's lovely book "The Good Master" will rejoice to find that she has written and illustrated another book this Christmas, *The Singing Tree* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.). It will be an additional delight that in this book Jancsi and his Cousin Kate again figure. The Great War comes and the cheerfulness of the Good Master's ranch suffers temporary eclipse, but the book ends happily, and every boy and girl, and many older readers, will delight in it for its story, and for its humanity.

A story about a little girl evacuated to the country is very much the thing this year, and Ursula Moray Williams has written one in *Pretenders' Islands*



From "The Ship Aground" (Oxford University Press)



**Pictures for**  
**Messrooms, Billets,**  
**Huts or Barracks**

# **PETER SCOTT PRINTS**

**3rd set**  
**selected by the artist**

A series of four prints by PETER SCOTT. Printed in 4 colours, these prints have been selected from those appearing in "Wild Chorus," Peter Scott's recent book, and of these paintings A. G. Macdonell in *The Observer* said, "Loveliest pictures I have ever seen in a book."

**No. 9 The Island Pool at Leighton**

*Print size 7 x 5½ inches.*

**No. 10 Mallards and the Mourne Mountains**

*Print size 7 x 5½ inches.*

**No. 11 Greylags Alighting**

*Print size 9 x 6 inches.*

**No. 12 Greylags on their Way to Brogden**

*Print size 9½ x 6½ inches.*

Unframed with mount 5s. 6d. net, plus 11d. per copy purchase tax.

In oak frame, 12s. 6d. net, plus 2s. 1d. per copy purchase tax.

There is only a limited supply of framed pictures.

*A prospectus illustrating the prints will be sent on request.*

**COUNTRY LIFE Ltd., 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2**



The new season's Token Card is after an original picture by JOHN NASH.

## **GIVE BOOKS—THE TAX-FREE GIFT**

"For the person who is uncertain what to select

# **BOOK TOKENS**

incorporate all the virtues of giving a book and sending a Christmas card."

*(Publisher's Circular)*

**J. B. PRIESTLEY says that**

# **BOOK TOKENS**

"remove the one great drawback to giving books as presents"

## **ORDER EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS**

Your bookseller may find it difficult to renew his stocks at the last minute. Prices from 3s. 9d., including the greeting card.



This is a monochrome reproduction of the new CHILDREN'S TOKEN CARD.

### The Gift Book of the Year



## Sweet Thames Run Softly

ROBERT GIBBINGS

Written in a punt, and illustrated with fifty wood-engravings, this enchanting book of natural history and natural fun is the Christmas Choice of the *Evening Standard* and recommended by the Book Society.

12/6

## Look to the Land

LORD NORTHBOURNE'S challenging book is the most discussed book on agriculture published for a long time.

7/6

DENT

### John Murray

## Lady Bessborough

AND HER FAMILY CIRCLE, 1772-1828

Hitherto Unpublished Letters from Family Archives. Edited by the EARL OF BESSBOROUGH, G.C.M.G., in collaboration with A. ASPINALL, Ph.D. The Cream of Whig Society, Cavendishes, Ponsonbys, Lambis, Leveson Gowers and Foxes. Home life, politics and travel. Illustrated. 15s.

## Years of Content, 1858-1886

Reminiscences of SIR GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER, K.B.E. Eton, Oxford under Jowett: Secretary to Mr. Gladstone. Politics, travel, social life, and many good stories. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

## Tim Harington Looks Back

Reminiscences of GEN. SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E. "Tim's association with Lord Plumer, his command of the Allied Forces in Turkey 1921-3, his spells in India, Aldershot, and his Governorship of Gibraltar during the Spanish Civil War, are the ingredients for this lively chronicle, which he saw through the press just before he died. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

## Family Homespun

Reminiscences of BLANCHE E. DUGDALE

Author of *The Life of Arthur James Balfour*

Here is all the leisurely charm of family life in three great houses—Inveraray, Whittinghame, and Hatfield, but the people were strongly individual, famous, and lively. The book has great entertainment value. Illustrated. 9s.

30,000 sold in a fortnight.

## Our Princesses at Home

Published by authority of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By LISA SHERIDAN. 32 Photographs by Studio Lisa. A delightful pictorial record of the Princesses at work and at play. "A book of charming pictures. They tell a story of a delightful and simple home life."—*The Times*. 2s. 6d.

A fine novel of the soil.

## Mother of the Smiths

By LORRAINE CARR

This is an unusual tale of Sabe Smith, whose earthy humour and grand, warm ripeness blend in a story which is uncommonly well worth reading. 7s. 6d.

All prices are net.

### John Murray

(Harrap, 6s.). Jane, with her governess Miss Hughes, goes to Little Pottering, and being the first arrival lays down the law for the other children when they arrive, who are not allowed on her island unless they "pretend" something. One "pretends" a Girl Guide, a boy a gang of crooks, another a goat all the week and a twin on Sunday. Miss Hughes "pretends" a garden. Finally the "pretends" become real. A fascinating story.

Prince, an Alsatian, is the hero of *Through the Pines* (Harrap, 5s.), and it is he who takes his young master on a journey through the Pine Forest which only those children can make who love animals. It is by Michael Scott. The life of a little Arab boy, which Sir Flinders Petrie commends as giving a true picture of the thoughts of the Arabs, is *Hassan of the Camels* (Harrap, 2s. 9d.), by Jan MacDonald. *An Ear for Uncle Emil* (Harrap 6s.) is written by E. R. Gaggin, and has quantities of Kate Seredy's lovely illustrations. It has an Alpine setting, and Uncle Emil, the Herdsman Doll whom Gigi the Goose almost picked to pieces, and a naughty old goat, are among the characters. Resi, the little heroine, is a darling.

One of the most attractive books of the year—if, unfortunately, though perhaps necessarily on account of the illustrations, it is in that large thin format which I incline to think that older children a little despise—is *Mudlarks* (Collins, 5s.), by Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett. The story of how Vicky and Bill, a hard-up little boy and girl who live on the shores of the Thames Estuary, struggle to save their dog Rosie when their father is out of work and cannot pay for her licence, it is true to life, true to childhood, amusing, well written, and so well illustrated that I can forgive the size of the page in the pleasure of looking at so many excellent drawings. Two books for boys coming from the same publishers are *The Frontier Mystery* (3s. 6d.), by John Mowbray, and *Trooper Takes Command*, (5s.), by L. Patrick Greene, another "Trooper Useless" story, which will be eagerly seized upon by his many admirers. A new volume of *Gulliver* (Collins, 5s.), designed particularly for children and illustrated very charmingly by A. H. Watson, will be a covetable possession.

The Lutterworth Press has, as usual, a large pile of new books to its credit; for instance, an excellent school story for girls, *Chloe Takes Control* (4s.), by Phyllis Matthewman, and *The Fourth Musketeer* (2s. 6d.), a story for senior Guides about Kay, whom they have met before, by Ivy Middleton. *The Shabby Cavalier* (5s.), by Dora James, is a tale of the days of Charles II for older girls; *The Disappearing Twins* (2s. 6d.) is a most satisfying open-air story with a mystery in it, by Theodora Wilson Wilson; and another is *The New Carthaginians* (5s.), by Doris Twinn. *The Grotto of Arratsu* (3s.), by Wallace Carr, describes two girls' strange adventures on the island of Fenilla, and *The Pharaoh's Secret* (3s.), by Catherine Christian, adventures perhaps stranger and more mystical in the land of Egypt.

Dashing adventures and terrible excitements are to be found in *The Dragon of the Moor* (2s. 6d.), by G. F. Cowen, *The Mine Detector* (3s.), by Frank Elias, and his *Altalic Spy* (3s.); and *The Seventh Swordsman* (4s.), by Gunby Hadath, deals also with international complications and secret activities. Three other popular books from the same publishers, with plenty of reading and many illustrations are *The Boy's Own Annual* (10s. 6d.), *The Girl's Own Annual* (10s. 6d.), and *Little Dot's* (2s. 6d.) for small people, and they complete the tale. Miss Enid Blyton has two more big books, published by Messrs. George Newnes at 3s. 6d. each, *The Boys' and Girls' Circus Book* and *The Boys' and Girls' Story Book*—not only good reading, but a great deal of it for their cost.

*The Emerald Crown* (Collins, 6s.) is by Violet Needham, whose "Black Riders" was such a success last year. It is a very exciting tale of a missing king and how he was found.

A very pretty book with illustrations by C. Walter Hodges is Elizabeth Goudges' *Smoky House* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.). This is a village story with smugglers and the Good People and a naughty, charming squire, and it is all most fascinating, and the illustrations are good.

### NURSERY TALES

For quite small people a book called *Mr. Meddles Mischief* (Newnes, 3s.) is to be highly recommended. It is the story of an interfering, pixy, and—yet once again—it is by Enid Blyton.

From Messrs. Collins come two charming books for small readers, *The Three Bears* (1s. 6d.), told by Constance Wickham and illustrated by Justin Michman. Many of the illustrations are in colours and, happily, the story has not been altered; it is told in the time-honoured form which every right-minded child expects. The other is *Paul and Mary*, with text and drawings by Klara (2s. 6d.), which is a really fascinating story of two children who help their father to sell his pictures, and is quite likely to be a big success.

Three darling little books for children old enough to appreciate funny letterpress and young enough to like amusing coloured pictures of animals in various human situations are *Albert the Camel's Son* and *Madam Hen and Little Horace* (both in



## ENGLAND The Joyous Wheel

Written and Illustrated by JAMES ARNOLD

Lovers of the countryside, whether cyclists or not, will delight in this book, designed to make a major contribution to solve 1940's gift-giving problem. 6s.

## Cheerfulness Breaks In

by ANGELA THIRKELL

'There could not be a better picture of gentle country dwellers in war-time.'—*Punch*. 7s. 6d.

## Time's Harvest

by DOROTHY CHARQUES

The book is a leisurely, ripe study of conditions and character a hundred years ago, an analysis of part of that heritage of ours which is and shall be for ever England.—*Country Life*. 9s.

### FRANCE

## The Last Days of Paris

by ALEXANDER WERTH

'How often does one wish for diaries like this to illuminate the major crises of history! Well, here is the actual thing.'—*Sunday Times*. 8s. 6d.

## The Development of Modern France

by D. W. BROGAN

'The time spent on this remarkable book will be a gilt-edged mental investment.'—*New Statesman and Nation*. 21s.

### HUMOUR

## Fables for Our Time

by JAMES THURBER

The fables are imperishably illustrated and are supplemented by Mr. Thurber's own pictorial interpretations of famous poems in a wonderful and joyful assemblage. 7s. 6d.

## My Elder Brother Jim

by ROBERT HOWARTH

Illustrated by

NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

Mr. Howarth combines a resourcefulness in absurdity which is characteristically his own. Mr. Mansbridge, also of *Punch*, has supplied illustrations for the book which match the author's turn of humour to a hair. 6s.

## FOR CHILDREN The House in the Mountains

by AVERIL DEMUTH

Illustrated by GRACE HUXTABLE

COMPTON MACKENZIE: 'The House in the Mountains is an exciting tale, that the magic of the author is even more powerful than the spells of her sorcerer and witch, and that children will enjoy this adventurous winter in Switzerland with Mr. Trog the Bear.' 7s. 6d. net

### Jeek

Written and Illustrated by G. E. STUDDY

The creator of 'Bonzo' has written a whole book and drawn a lot of pictures in two colours about another—equally adorable—dog called 'Jeek', who is sure to be voted a darling in numerous households this Christmas. 5s. net

HAMISH HAMILTON



verse), and *Professor Porky*. They are all by Hugh Heaton with clever drawings by H. E. M. Sellen, cost half a crown each, and are published by Messrs. Faber and Faber. The same publishers give us a new book by Alison Uttley, *Adventures of Sam Pig* (6s.). This is a story with plenty of letterpress and good illustrations, and it has all that attention to detail and cleverness in making the interests of the characters those of any normal child which marks those Books for the Young which will be, as this will, extremely successful. The same author has another attractive work, *Mouldy Warp the Mole* (2s. 6d.), with very nice coloured illustrations by Margaret Tempest, published by Messrs. Collins. Its get-up is somewhat that of the loved Beatrix Potter books and, after a slightly different fashion, it is an enchanting little volume. *Slintail's Friends* (Black, 2s. 6d.), written and illustrated by Mary Chell, is another book for the same public with much more reading in it, all about happenings in a mouse village—very good fun.

### STORIES FOR ANIMAL LOVERS

This is, as usual, a very strong section. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode send us *Two Lost on Dartmoor* (7s. 6d.), by Elizabeth Sprigge, the story of a young Canadian lost and found and then hidden deliberately, both setting and tale are good; and *Back to the Hills* (7s. 6d.) by V. E. Bannisdale, whose former book "Riders to the Hills" was so much liked: a collection of stories—one of the big snow last winter gives it a very topical significance. *Misty, the Grey Pony* (Country Life, 5s.) is another pony story told by the pony herself. The ups and downs of her life are many and make a good story, written by Joyce M. Lennon—a young pony-lover in her teens. It has excellent illustrations by Harry Rountree. *The Bunch Book* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 4s. 6d.) is a cheap edition of James Douglas's dog book, with its illustrations by Cecil Aldin; from the same publishers comes *Arrowflag* (6s.), by M. E. Buckingham, a well told tale of a young Tibetan and his dog. Primrose Cummings, whose handling of all horse and pony matters has given her a great following of enthusiastic readers, continues her story of a riding school in *Silver Eagle Carries On* (A. and C. Black, 6s.), and it is very good reading indeed. From Messrs. Macmillan comes an outstanding book, *More Sketches of Kenya* (3s. 6d.), by Lord Baden Powell, which will be welcomed eagerly by all who know its forerunner, and while I am writing of these publishers I should like to recommend *Mally: The*



From "Mudlarks" (Collins)

*Story of a Dog* (10s.), by Russell R. Cockburn. This story of a sledge dog in the north was published last year, but it is so good that, having discovered it, I cannot forbear to mention it.

*Animal Neighbours of the Countryside* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) deals with American animals too, but it is so interesting and readable that any nature loving boy or girl would like it. It is by Joseph Wharton Lippincott. *A Book of Animals* (Studio, 6s.), by Brian Holme, is a distinguished collection of drawings and photographs in small space. Messrs. Nelson have to offer us Harper Cory's really interesting *Wild Animals at Home* (7s. 6d.), with its many illustrations; and Lorna Lewis's *Nine Dogs* (3s. 6d.), in which she tells the tales of representative dogs of various nations. The portraits of the nine heroes are an additional recommendation.

### "SOMETHING TO DO" BOOKS

One altogether delightful book that Christmas has brought us is *The Seasons and the Gardener* (Cambridge University Press, 6s.). It is by Mr. H. E. Bates, of whose quality all grown-up readers must be aware, but it is his first book for children. The clearness and simplicity of his literary style are suited most excellently to his subject, which is nothing less than a treatise on gardening, at once, on the practical side, enough to help any intelligent boy or girl to become a real cultivator, and, on the other, to open the way to all sorts of interests in the origin or provenance of various plants, the habits of birds and insects, and generally to that widening of horizons that the intelligent follower

of any craft must find happening to him. The book is not only beautifully but helpfully illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. *The Young Shot* (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.), by N. M. Sedgwick and in the Young Sportsman Library, is absolutely the ideal book for the sensible boy who wants to use a gun and use it properly.

Artists all, and not only young artists, will like another book, *Hints for Artists*, by Cecil J. Trew (Black, 5s.), which gives most interesting and useful instruction in drawing in pen and ink, pencil and water-colour.

Two more Studio publications, *How to Draw Trees* (2s. 6d.), by Gregory Brown, and *Doll Making at Home* (2s. 6d.), by Grace Lovat Fraser, have their descriptions in their titles and other recommendations in authors and publisher.

The boy or girl who would like to study astronomy—and who would not—should persuade someone to give them *Diamonds in the Sky* (Collins, 3s. 6d.), in which Dr. A. C. D. Crommelin tells the story of the stars. It has excellent illustrations by which most of the important constellations can be recognised, and some very good photographs of such things as the Milky Way. Chapters on "Other Suns than Ours," "Double Stars," "Comets" and "Meteors" will give much enjoyment to young astronomers. From the same publishers and priced at 10s. 6d., *The Modern Illustrated Encyclopædia* is full of pictures and covers a wide field. For the boy or girl of an enquiring mind, and most boys and girls nowadays have them, it is an ideal Christmas present. In passing another book for the mind of the same kind, and

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particularly for the boy or girl whom aeroplanes fascinate, is *The Royal Air Force* (Collins, 3s. 6d.), by Squadron Leader T. Stanhope Sprigg.

Two more books that offer something to do are *Plays for Older Children* and *Plays for Younger Children* (Newnes, 5s. each), in which Enid Blyton, Alec Rowley and Alfred E. Bestall have conspired to give suitable easy plays with the music of some (generally optional) songs for each, suggestions for and illustrations of costumes and scenery. These are really excellent books and the plays are readable as well as actable and the drawings delicious.

A cheap edition of the famous *Junior Week End Book* (Gollancz, 3s. 6d.) is produced, and no schoolroom should be without it. It contains more to do than any other book I know.

#### OLD FAVOURITES

There are, of course, some books which no schoolroom or nursery should be without, and this Christmas might offer an ideal opportunity for supplying deficiencies. Among these *Westward Ho!* occupies an honoured place, and, in spite of a slight streak of morbidness belonging to its period, *Black Beauty*, too. *The Swiss Family Robinson* is as much part of one's education as the other and more famous *Robinson Crusoe*. *Little Women* and *Good Wives* every girl should read, and to miss the fairy stories of Hans Andersen is to be poorer all your life. Many children would appreciate the best of Mrs. Molesworth and Mrs. Orr-Ewing. Coming down to more recent times, many of Enid Blyton's books and the "Dr. Dolittle" books, Arthur Ransom's—he has a grand new book just out *The Big Six* (Cape, 7s. 6d.)—and *The Wind in the Willows*, perhaps the most loved of all modern children's books, are almost essential on a well filled junior bookshelf. In COUNTRY LIFE Junior Library is *Moorland Mousie* (3s. 6d.), a classic of recent years which runs to over a hundred pages, as do many of the volumes in this series, particularly the older titles. Quantity for many may be a recommendation, that in regard to books almost smacks of vulgarity, but this year it is definitely a consideration. We have only so much to spend, and with it we must buy as much happily passed time for our young friends as is possible. All the books mentioned under this heading can be obtained in editions that fulfill that ideal.

#### FOR OLDER READERS

##### GIFT BOOKS

As I remarked before, there are not many definitely Christmas books for the older reader. Mr. Nicholas Bentley's volume of clever sketches is one exception. He has always been witty and a fine draughtsman; sometimes a not very attractive mental attitude has detracted from one's enjoyment of his books, but *Animal, Vegetable and South Kensington* (Methuen, 5s.) is in his best vein in every sense. *The Changing Face of Britain* (6s.), also from Messrs. Methuen, is a small book, but huge in its wisdom and humour. His witty comment on our ways in war, his exquisitely funny lines make this Fougasse book one of the best things Christmas is likely to bring us in the way of gift books. Perhaps, though unillustrated, Anthony Armstrong's really light-hearted collection of short sketches on everyday topics with the welcome title *Nothing to Do with the War* (Methuen, 5s.), might be included here. *I Had a Dog and a Cat* (George Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.) from cover to cover is the real Karel Capek, the same Capek who wrote "The Gardener's Year," looking with the same humour and the same understanding of his subject and of the human attitude towards it, on pet animals, and even the illustrations by the author and his brother Josef are in the conspiracy. Light-hearted, very funny, and yet full of knowledge, the book is a little treasure.

Of gift books illustrated from photographs nothing will be more universally popular than *Our Princesses at Home* (Murray, 2s. 6d.), by Lisa Sheridan, a volume full of pictures taken chiefly at Royal Lodge and illustrating perfectly the simplicity and happiness of the family life of our King and Queen and their children—and their animals. *The Charm of the English Lakes and The Spell of Oxford* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d. each) are both by S. W. Colyer and sure of their own public, while a kindred book, very finely illustrated but conceived from a slightly different viewpoint is *Lakeland Through the Lens* (Chapman and Hall, 18s.), by W. A. Poucher. Messrs. Collins's Peacock Library should possibly come into this category; its slim volumes, very attractively printed, contain many reprints of famous or little-known pictures, and cost only 3s. each: *Dancing*, by S. Thompson; *River Thames*, by W. V. Emanuel; and *Children in the Past*, by Edith Hoffman, are all to be recommended.

Among gift books for grown-up people two collections of poetry rank very high. One is A. A. Milne's *Behind the Lines* (Methuen, 5s.); he strikes a deeper note here than we are accustomed to hear from him, but the overtones of humour are as delightful as ever. Can anyone who has occasion to go by train in the black-out fail to rejoice in that exquisite poem "Travel," with its ending:—

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The other volume, *Siren Song* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is by A. P. Herbert, not so humorous, perhaps, as Mr. Milne, but a harder hitter and with a wit that on occasion almost scorches the paper it is printed on. This is a book people with brains and hearts will revel in.

A beautiful big volume containing seven books in one appears under the title *Cautionary Verses* (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.). It includes all Hilaire Belloc's "Cautionary Verses" with all the illustrations by B. T. B. and Nicholas Bentley. I cannot imagine a better or more amusing book to own.

*I Was Himmler's Aunt* (Jenkins, 3s. 6d.) takes its name from one of seven wickedly funny skits, sketches or articles which R. C. Robertson Glasgow has written and Wyndham Robinson illustrated. If any book this year will occasion the loud guffaw or



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From "England is a Village" (Eyre and Spottiswoode)

call for the well slapped leg of wild amusement, this is it.

*Laughing Gas* (Methuen, 4s.) contains the best jokes gathered together by Cecil Hunt, who also at the same price and from the same publishers gives us *Hand-picked Proverbs*.

*The British Carry On* (Collins, 5s.), by Pont of "Punch," though it has as little letterpress as is compatible with clearness, is one of the funniest books of the year. Both in line and implication Pont excels—he knows his British, he loves them and he laughs at them—and they laugh with him. Here are criticism and wisdom sugar-coated with laughter, alas, that he will give us no more.

An anthology compiled by William Godfrey and entitled *The Compleat Lover* (Joseph, 7s. 6d.) is sure to have a great vogue, for lovers are, thanks be, always with us, and this will appeal to many of them, and to the world which loves them too.

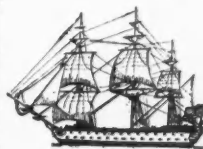
*The Wayfarer's Book* (Ward, Lock, 5s.), by F. Mansell, is a collection of odd and interesting facts from all over the countryside and will be a delight to country-minded readers. *Living in the Country* (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.) is a *vade mecum* for those embarking on rural life either for a time or merely as week-enders. It covers practically all points where newcomers may be in doubt very practically, and the authors, Frederick D. Smith and Barbara Wilcox, are to be congratulated on a very useful compilation, extraordinarily readable, too, when its practical nature is considered.

*Russet the Rover* (Western Gazette, 3s. 6d.) is a small volume by Anne Richardson telling the life of a fox and telling it remarkably well. If the lives of animals are, for grown-up readers, ever to be treated as stories, this is an excellent example of the genre.

Among new editions, no one will accuse me of partiality if I claim pride of place for *Wild Fowl and Waders* (Country Life, 21s.). This is the book of bird pictures, many in colour, by Frank Southgate, with letterpress by Hugh B. C. Pollard, which appeared some time ago in an *edition de luxe* and now is available at a popular price.

H. V. Morton's *London* (7s. 6d.) is a collection of the author's three books on London, illustrated

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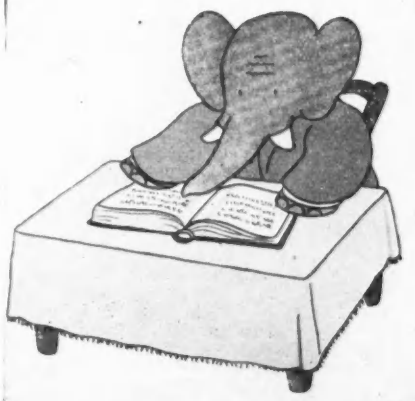
A new cheap edition of *Edward Wilson of the Antarctic* (Murray, 6s.), by George Seaver, should put into the hands of many more readers a book which tells a noble story in a noble fashion. Every boy should read it. Most welcome, too, is *Adrian Bell's Anthology of the Open Air* (Faber, 3s. 6d.), for it is a book which everyone who loves country ways and sports must wish to possess.

### FICTION

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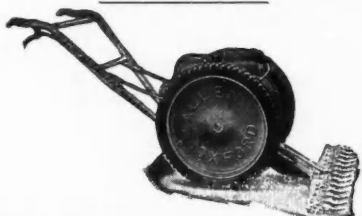
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BIRCHES IN THE GARDEN LANDSCAPE AT HASCOMBE COURT

THE truth of the saying that knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer, of the wise man is probably as strikingly revealed in gardening effort as in any other branch of human endeavour. Primed with the experience of a lifetime and the knowledge that goes with it, the older generation of gardeners invariably exhibit a critical faculty in regard to a choice of plants that younger amateurs might well emulate. This is especially noteworthy in the case of a selection of trees and shrubs.

To-day trees and shrubs have a greater claim to recognition than ever before. The economy of tree and shrub gardening compared with other forms has been stressed in these pages before, and there is no gainsaying the beauty that is to be had from a well planned lay-out where woody plants play the chief rôle in the display. Whichever object the garden owner may have in mind, there are trees and shrubs at his hand to fulfil the purpose.

Trees which add feet rather than inches to their stature annually obviously merit more consideration than others when it comes to the making of screens and shelters. Of these, some of the poplars are the most notable, especially *P. generosa*, which puts on as much as four or five feet a year when conditions are genial, and *P. trichocarpa*, which is a charming tree, worth a place as much for its rapidity of growth as its scent of balsam in the spring. *P. Bolleana*, of erect pyramidal habit with silvery foliage, and the handsome-leaved *P. lasiocarpa*, the so-called black poplar *P. regenerata*, and the Lombardy poplar are also worth planting where a quick-growing screen is desired. Some of the willows, especially the Cricket Bat willow, *Salix cœrulea*, will provide a good screen in a few years; and other deciduous trees that are quick to reach up include the white beam *Pyrus Aria*, selecting the variety *majestica* for preference, and some of the maples like *Acer dasycarpum*. Among

evergreens, many of the cypresses, including the well known Lawson's cypress, and the giant *Thuja Lobbii* are too good to overlook, and the same can be said of *Abies grandis*, the fine *Cotoneaster frigida*, and the Monterey pine (*P. insignis*), which well deserves a place in all southern and western districts. If less rapid in growth, the hornbeam and ash, lime and beech, as well as the Norway maple (*A. platanoides*) and the common sycamore (*A. pseudo-platanus*), are equally valuable for screening and shelter purposes, particularly in exposed positions and, along with the thorns, should be borne in mind by all faced with the problem of providing windbreaks.

For avenue and lawn planting as well as for a border one need hardly look any further than the ranks of the *prunus* and *pyrus*. The almonds, peaches, plums and cherries offer a host of desirable medium-sized trees, and any choice of them should include the fine *Amygdalus Pollardii*, David's peach (*P. Davidiana*), Clara Meyer and Russell's Red among the almonds and peaches, and *Avium fl. pl.* Kwanzan, Fugenzo, Shidarezakura, Tai-haku, Amanogawa, *Prunus Sargentii* and *P. subhirtella* and its forms, and *P. Blicreiana* and *P. Pissartii* and varieties among the cherries and plums. In the *Pyrus* family, which includes the crab apples as well as the mountain ashes and white beams, no one will go wrong with *Malus floribunda* and its variety *atrosanguinea*, *purpurea*, *Lemoinei* and John Downie among the cherries, and *Sorbus Vilmorinii*, *discolor*, *scularis*, *hupehensis* and *Wilsoniana* among the mountain ashes.

There are numerous other fine small trees to be had for a limited outlay. *Laburnum Vossii* should have a place in any list, as well as Paul's Scarlet thorn. Room might be found for a Snowy Mespilus, as lovely in autumn as in spring, for *Davidia Vilmoriniana* and *Magnolia Soulangeana* or *denudata*. The Chinese birch, *Betula albo-*

*sinensis*, looks well anywhere, and so does *Cercidiphyllum japonicum*. Where there is space, one or two of the maples should be represented, preference being given to *A. griseum*, as well as the scarlet oak, *Quercus coccinea splendens*, *Liquidambar styraciflua*, *Styrax Hemsleyana*, and the horse-chestnut called *Æsculus carnea Briotii*.

Shrubs for ornamental planting offer an almost bewildering choice. Brooms, spiræas and philadelphus are three families rich in floral beauty, while the cotoneasters and berberis are no less generous in leaf colour and berry. The viburnums offer both flower and berry with such species as *V. tomentosum plicatum*, *V. t. Mariesii* and *V. fragrans*, and *V. Opulus*, *V. theiferum* and *V. betulifolium*. Among the witch hazels, *Hamelis mollis* is without a rival, as, in its own class, is *Forsythia intermedia spectabilis*. There are many good hydrangeas from which to choose nowadays for late summer effect, and along with them should be considered *Hypericum patulum Forrestii*, some of the azureus class of the *ceanothus* like the well known *Gloire de Versailles*, the hibiscus, buddleias, hoherias, caryopteris, and the incomparable *Eucryphia pinnatifolia* and *nymansensis*.

The pyracanthas are another valuable race for hedge planting as well as for border and wall decoration, and the same can be said of the beautiful polished evergreen *Choisya ternata*. Azaleas and rhododendrons provide a wealth of choice for those who have the lime-free soil to suit them, and where these are happy, some of the heaths and their allies the *vacciniums* and *gaultherias* should have a place. Those who indulge in autumn colour effects cannot afford to be without one or two of the sumachs, especially Notcutt's variety of *Rhus Cotinus*, some of the Japanese maples like *Osakazuki*, *Disanthus cercidifolius*, a few of the *enkianthus* such as *E. perulatus*, the two *fothergillas*, *F. monticola* and *F. Gardneri*, and the *euonymus*. G. C. TAYLOR.



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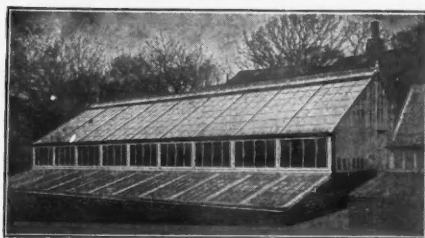
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# “AND THEREFORE BE MERRY”

**B**E merry: set sorrow aside” says the old carol. It does not suggest that all is well with the world, but it does emphasise the fact that the light that Christmas sheds on life is so starry, so radiant that it shows our troubles in their true perspective, as something very different from the all-engulfing darkness that we generally imagine them to be. “Set sorrow aside,” because the joy that Christmas brings is the ultimate good that must triumph over the griefs of the world. This year a great many people in comfortable circumstances will find it difficult to forget their own griefs and very many more will have no means of being merry even if their hearts are ready for merriment. Never, perhaps, has there been in the history of our country more people separated from those they love, more people who have lost their homes owing to cruel circumstances, more sufferers, more old people needing actual material cheer, and beyond all this there are the ranks of the refugees, strangers in a strange land. And when all these are helped, we have soldiers, sailors, airmen and Home Guard and the brave girls, who are part of the Services, watching and waiting for the safety of us all, at Christmas often far from their families. No one who wants to set sorrow aside this year need fail of an opportunity, be the sorrow his own—growing less in thinking of those of other people—or that of someone else.

*The Shipwrecked Mariners’ Society* (52D Carlton House, Regent Street, S.W.1).—The King himself is Patron of this splendid Society which cares for the shipwrecked and the widows, orphans and other dependents of those lost at sea. There has never been a moment when greater demands were made on the Society’s resources. The war has taken a cruel toll in life and sufferings from our sailors, and we owe the very necessities of life to their courage and endeavour.

*The Church Army* (Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1).—This is a channel by

which help may be sent to relieve many different types of suffering. To lonely old people, gentlewomen in distress, the homes of the poor, and the air-raid shelters in crowded districts, the Church Army is hoping to carry Christmas cheer, and it is already doing and continues to do all in its power to help victims of the bombing of London. As much as possible, the Church Army’s splendid peace-time activities are being carried on and its great resources and experience are being used nobly to serve the men and women of the Services.

*The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free)* (Fulham Road, S.W.3.).—One of the saddest things about the waste and ravage caused by war is the fact that good and splendid things that could have been brought to pass for the benefit of the whole race must now be delayed, perhaps indefinitely. Among these, the discovery of the cure for the ghastly scourge of cancer, which seemed so hopefully near, is one. But the Cancer Hospital is still carrying on, war has not destroyed this other terror, and help is very urgently needed.

*The Allied Navies War Comforts Fund* (The Royal Ocean Racing Club, Pall Mall Place, St. James’s, S.W.1).—A fund with this name has been created with the intention of doing for the men of the Dutch, Norwegian, Polish, Belgian, and Free French Navies, and now that of Greece, what is done for our own men by the Royal Naval War Amenities Fund. The men of the Allied Navies can hope for little or nothing from their own countries, and a particular appeal for them is being made to yacht clubs of the British Isles and the Empire, and is meeting with a generous response. It is felt that many of the general public will also wish to help, and if funds are forthcoming the committee of the Royal Naval War Amenities Fund will undertake that comforts such as our own men have shall be provided.

*R.A.F. Pilots’ and Crews Fund* (Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent, or any branch of the National

Provincial Bank, Limited).—An opportunity for “the many” who owe so much to “the few” to do something, however small, for them in return is offered by this Fund, for which an appeal has just been issued by the Auctioneers’ and Estate Agents’ Institute, which has subscribed five hundred guineas. It is hoped to raise, by subscriptions and the sale of gifts, a fund large enough to assist the settlement of our airmen in civil life after the war and to help the education of the children of those who fall. The King and Queen have already sent contributions.

*Reedham Orphanage* (34, Walbrook, E.C.4).—There are nearly three hundred fatherless children always in the charge of this Orphanage. Over three thousand of its old boys and girls, drawn from all over the country and from all classes, are making good in all parts of the world. A Christmas gift to help this most excellent benevolent institution over the difficulties of these times would be very well bestowed.

*Dr. Barnardo’s Homes* (98, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1).—Many of the children now in these homes are war sufferers, in fact 400 out of the great family of 8,250 children now in their care. The costs of keeping this army of little people are higher than ever, and it is the proud boast of these great homes that no needy child is ever refused assistance.

*National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children* (Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2).—The remarkably difficult times in which we live, the sudden shifting of the population, evacuation with its problems, and the confusion in family life caused by air attack, have added considerably to the need of the work of this Society in ensuring the protection and care of children. All that we are fighting for will be imperilled if our children are not fit in every sense to serve the nation in the future. Here is an opportunity to ensure that our future citizens shall be worthy of their fathers’ sacrifices.

## SOLUTION to No. 565

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of Nov. 23rd, will be announced next week.

L O R D C H A N C E L L O R  
O E A E D I O  
W I S H C R O C O D I L E S  
E O S V K I Y E  
R E L I C E A S I E R  
H U A T S M A G  
O T T E R T E M P L E B A R  
U I C E A E B E  
S T O N E C R O P M E R R Y  
E N U L O O E F  
S W E R V E N E V E R  
L M H A T S I I  
E L E M E N T A R Y B A L A  
A N L E E T E R  
F O U R P O S T E R B E D S

### ACROSS.

1. Bulb or insects? Neither. Birds (10)
6. This head is off Hampshire (4)
9. Milton’s “goddess sage and holy” (10)
10. The bird with a musical instrument (4)
12. On the edge of the target area (5)
13. An apple that has no rival (9)
14. A little bit of a fight (5)
16. Campbell’s poem: “The Battle of the —” (6)
20. Though dried is in the rain (6)
21. Fountains, for instance (5)
25. A tree seems to have been a target in this military centre (9)
26. “Bare ruined —s where late the sweet birds sang.” —Shakespeare (5)
27. The fallow, perhaps (4)
28. The last one in this country took place in 1937 (10)
29. Signifies assent (4)
30. What 8 and 24 down should have ridden? (three words, 1, 4, 5).

## “COUNTRY LIFE” CROSSWORD No. 566

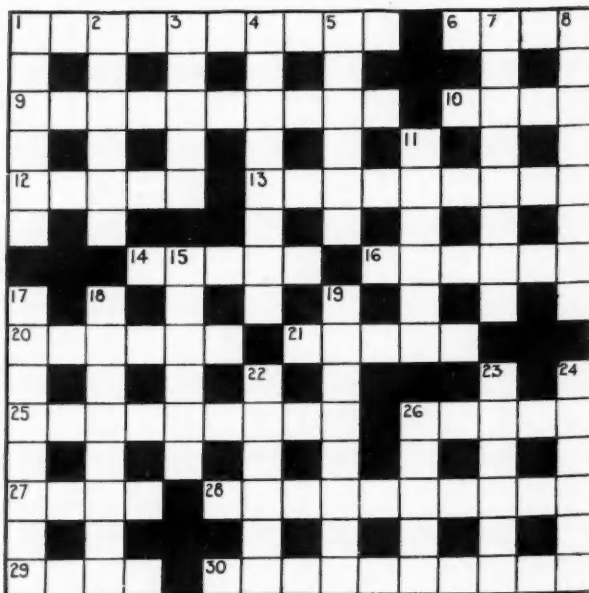
A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) “Crossword No. 566, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2,” and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Friday, December 6th, 1940.**

The winner of  
Crossword No. 564 is  
The Hon. Mrs. Vereker,  
Hamsterley Hall,  
Rowlands Gill,  
Co. Durham.

### DOWN.

- 1 and 17. Public or private property? Quite ordinary, anyhow (three words, 6, 2, 6)
2. An ex-sapper, so they say (6)
3. Possessive person (6)
4. From the Greek capital (8)
5. Roofing reconstructed in gilt (6)
7. May spent. In exchange for what she received? (8)
- 8 and 24. A knight of the night? (three words, 3, 5, 6)
11. “See how the flowers, as at —, Under their colours stand.” —Marvell (6)
15. Oyes-men (6)
17. See 1 down
18. Moorland that yields the head of a female 27 (8)
19. A scene of slaughter (8)
22. “White his — as the mountain snow.” —Shakespeare (6)
23. What a healthier tinge on things should make them look (6)
24. See 8 down
26. An outcome of aerobatic rashness (5).

### “COUNTRY LIFE” CROSSWORD No. 566



Name.....

Address.....



## WHERE HELP IS NEEDED

### WE MUST



additional donations and subscriptions to assist us to carry on our great National Work of training poor boys in the 'Arethusa' for the Royal and Merchant Navies, so essential to the welfare of our Country in these very anxious days. Hundreds of our Old Boys are now helping the Empire.

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— let us make it the best ever!

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The Church Army is making plans to give them a Christmas worth remembering . . . a Christmas that will surpass all others in kindness and goodwill.

Your special gift will help to ensure this. Please send all you can to the Church Army. It means so much to those who have so little.

Cheques, etc., should be sent to *Preb. Carlile, CH., D.D.,*  
*The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, W.1.*



### ENEMY ACTION by U-Boats, Mines and Bombers

has enormously increased the dangers of the sea. It has correspondingly increased the strain upon the Society's funds. Your financial support is greatly needed for the care of the shipwrecked, and of widows, orphans and other dependents of those lost at sea, of whom 4,553 have received temporary assistance, and 15,473 survivors have been cared for on landing, since the outbreak of war. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by F. L. SIDEBOTHAM, Secretary.

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PATRON: H.M. KING GEORGE VI.  
PRESIDENT: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES, BART.  
Central Office: 52D, Carlton House, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

## Think of the day when CANCER IS CONQUERED!

Think of the thousands of lives saved from this terrible disease. Think of the time when Cancer will no longer be a spectre of pain and slow death to countless people in all walks of life.

Think of the many poor patients who are, at this moment, undergoing acute suffering, and we who are striving to hunt out the cause and find the cure for this dread disease.

Will you help by Legacy, Subscription or Donation to care for those already suffering and to help maintain and continue the intensive research. When the cure is found you will have joined in spreading these four words throughout the world "*We have conquered Cancer.*"

Please send to the Secretary,

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(FREE)

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because their plight became known to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. More than 100,000 are rescued annually from all forms of ill-treatment and neglect.

To-day the Society is bringing long experience to help smooth out difficulties of War-time child welfare.

Will you help this National Service to ensure a happy childhood for our future citizens.

Do please send a Christmas gift for unhappy children to  
*Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer,*



Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

### Miss Smallwood's Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances

*Under Royal Patronage*

## Christmas . . .

Do please remember our three hundred poor ladies this CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME. Will you help us to turn sadness into gladness by sending a GIFT OF MONEY TOWARDS EXTRA COMFORTS, COALS and FOOD? Many of our poor ladies are SICK and ELDERLY, and are SUFFERING GREAT HARDSHIPS during these dark and dangerous days. Every donation is gratefully received. Please make cheques payable to—  
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Photo: Copyright. Tate Gallery, London.  
Colonel T. E. LAWRENCE  
After the painting by Augustus John, R.A.

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Tate Gallery, London.  
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**"BLACK & WHITE"**  
BECAUSE *it's the Scotch!*